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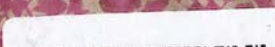

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BYEWAYS OF EUROPE.

BYEWAYS OF EUROPE.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

58953

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
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DEDICATED

TO MY FRIEND OF MANY YEARS,

HORACE GREELEY.

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A FAMILIAR LETTER TO THE READER.

WHOEVER you may be, my friendly reader,—whether I may assume the footing of familiar aquaintance which comes of your having read my former books of travel, or whether we stand for the first time face to face, self-introduced to each other, and uncertain, as yet, how we shall get on together,—will you let me take you by the button-hole and tell you some things which must be said now, if at all?

This is probably the last book of travels which I shall ever publish. It closes a series of personal and literary experiences which cannot be renewed, and which I have no belief will be extended. Now, therefore, all that I have done as a traveller detaches itself from my other labours, lies clear behind me as a life by itself, and may be considered with a degree of self-criticism which was scarcely possible while it lay nearer. The brief review which I desire to make, must necessarily

be autobiographical in its character, and I am aware that this is questionable ground. But as I have been specially styled, for so many years and little to my own satisfaction, "a traveller" or "a tourist," and in either character have received praise and blame, equally founded on a misconception of the facts and hopes of my life, I claim the privilege, this once, to set the truth before those who may care to hear it.

Only one of two courses is open to an author: either to assume a dignified reserve, as who should say to his reader, "There is my book—it is all that concerns you—how or why it was written is my own secret;" or, to take the reader frankly into his confidence, and brave the ready charge of vanity or over-estimation of self, by the free communication of his message. Generally, the latter course is only to anticipate the approval which is sure to come in the end, if there is any vitality in an author's work. To most critics the personal gossip of an acknowledged name is delightful; posthumous confidences also somehow lose the air of assertion which one finds in the living man. Death, or that fixed renown which rarely comes during life, sets aside the conventionalities of literature; and the very modesty and reticence which are supposed to be a part of them then become matters of regret. So there are transitions in life which seem posthumous to its preceding phases, and the present self looks upon the past as akin, indeed, but not identical.

During the past twenty-two years I have written

and published ten volumes of travel, which have been extensively read, and are still read by newer classes of readers. Whatever may be the quality or value of those works, I may certainly assume that they possess an interest of some kind, and that the reader whom I so often meet, who has followed me from first to last, (a fidelity which, I must confess, is always grateful and always surprising,) will not object if, now, in offering him this eleventh and final volume, I suspend my rôle of observer long enough to relate how the series came to be written.

The cause of my having travelled so extensively has been due to a succession of circumstances, of a character more or less accidental. My prolonged wanderings formed no part of my youthful programme of life. I cannot disconnect my early longings for a knowledge of the Old World from a still earlier passion for Art and Literature. To the latter was added a propensity, which I have never unlearned, of acquiring as much knowledge as possible through the medium of my own experience rather than to accept it, unquestioned, from anybody else. When I first set out for Europe I was still a boy, and less acquainted with life than most boys of my age. I was driven to the venture by the strong necessity of providing for myself sources of education which, situated as I was, could not be reached at home. In other words, the journey offered me a chance of working my way.

At that time, Europe was not the familiar neighbour-

continent which it has since become. The merest superficial letters, describing cities, scenery, and the details of travel, were welcome to a very large class of readers, and the narrative of a youth of nineteen, plodding afoot over the Old World, met with an acceptance which would have been impossible ten years later. I am fully aware how little literary merit that narrative possesses. It is the work of a boy who was trying to learn something, but with a very faint idea of the proper method or discipline; who had an immense capacity for wonder and enjoyment, but not much power, as yet, to discriminate between the important and the trivial, the true and the false. Perhaps the want of development which the book betrays makes it attractive to those passing through the same phase of mental growth. I cannot otherwise account for its continued vitality.

Having been led, after returning home, into the profession of journalism, the prospect of further travel seemed very remote. I felt, it is true, that a visit to Greece, Egypt, and Syria was desirable in order to complete my acquaintance with the lands richest in the history of civilisation; and I would have been quite willing to relinquish all chance of seeing more of the world, had that much been assured to me. I looked forward to years of steady labour as a servant of the Press; but, being a servant, and by necessity an obedient one, I was presently sent forth, in the line of my duty, to fresh wanderings. The *New York Tribune* required a special correspondent in California, in 1849, and the choice of

its editor fell upon me. After performing the stipulated service, I returned by way of Mexico, in order to make the best practicable use of my time. Thus, and not from any roving propensity, originated my second journey.

When, two years later, a change of scene and of occupation became imperative, from the action of causes quite external to my own plans and hopes, my first thought naturally, was to complete my imperfect scheme of travel by a journey to Egypt and the Orient. I was, moreover, threatened with an affection of the throat, for which the climate of Africa offered a sure remedy. The journey was simply a change of position, from assistant-editor to correspondent, enabling me to obtain the strength which I sought, without giving up the service on which I relied for support. How it came to be extended to Central Africa is partly explained by the obvious advantage of writing from a new and but partially explored field; but there were other influences acting upon me which I did not fully comprehend at the time, and cannot now describe without going too deeply into matters of private history. I obeyed an instinct, rather than followed a conscious plan.

After having completed my African journeys, I traversed Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor, and finally reached Constantinople, intending to return homewards through Europe. There, however, I found letters from my associates of *The Tribune*, insisting that I should proceed speedily to China, for the purpose of attaching

myself to the American Expedition to Japan, under Commodore Perry. I cannot say that the offer was welcome, yet its conditions were such that I could not well refuse, and, besides, I had then no plan of my own of sufficient importance to oppose to it. The circumstances of my life made me indifferent, so long as the service required was not exactly distasteful, and in this mood I accepted the proposition. Eight months still intervened before the squadron could reach China, and I determined to turn the time to good advantage, by including Spain and India in the outward journey. Thus the travel of one year was extended to two and a half, and instead of the one volume which I had premeditated, I brought home the material for three.

It would be strange if an experience so prolonged should not sensibly change the bent of an author's mind. It was not the sphere of activity which I should have chosen, had I been free to choose, but it was a grateful release from the drudgery of the editorial room. After three years of clipping and pasting, and the daily arrangement of a chaos of ephemeral shreds, in an atmosphere which soon exhausts the vigour of the blood, the change to the freedom of Oriental life, to the wonders of the oldest art, and to the easy record of impressions so bright and keen that they put themselves into words, was like that from night to day. With restored health, the life of the body became a delight in itself; a kindly fortune seemed to attend my steps; I learned something of the patience and fatalistic content of the races

among whom I was thrown, and troubled myself no longer with an anxious concern for the future.

I confess, too, that while floating upon the waters of the White Nile, while roaming through the pine forests of Phrygia, or over the hills of Loo-Choo, I learned to feel the passion of the Explorer. Almost had I eaten of that fruit which gives its restless poison to the blood. It is very likely that, had I *then* been able to have marked out my future path, I might have given it the character which was afterwards ascribed to me.

I will further confess that the unusual favour with which those three volumes of travel were received,—perhaps, also, the ever-repeated attachment of "traveller" to my name, and that demand for oral report of what I had seen and learned, which threw me suddenly into the profession of lecturing, with much the sensation of the priest whom Henri Quatre made general by mistake,—I will confess, I say, that these things did for a time mislead me as to the kind of work which I was best fitted to do. I did not see, then, that my books were still a continuation of the process of development, and that, tried by a higher literary standard, they stopped short of real achievement. My plan, in writing them, had been very simple. Within the limits which I shall presently indicate, my faculty of observation had been matured by exercise; my capacity to receive impressions was quick and sensitive, and the satisfaction I took in descriptive writing was much the same as that of an artist who should paint the same scenes. I en-

deavoured, in fact, to make words a substitute for pencil and palette. Having learned, at last, to analyse and compare, and finding that the impression produced upon my readers was proportionate to its degree of strength upon my own mind, I fancied that I might acquire the power of bringing home to thousands of firesides clear pictures of the remotest regions of the earth, and that this would be a service worth undertaking.

With a view of properly qualifying myself for the work, I made a collection of the narratives of the noted travellers of all ages, from Herodotus to Humboldt. It was a rich and most instructive field of study; but the first result was to open my eyes to the many requirements of a successful traveller—a list which increases with each generation. I was forced to compare myself with those wanderers of the Middle Ages, whose chief characteristic was a boundless capacity for wonder and delight, but, alas! this age would not allow me their naïve frankness of speech. Moreover, I had now discovered that Man is vastly more important than Nature, and the more I dipped into anthropological and ethnological works, the more I became convinced that I could not hope to be of service unless I should drop all other purposes and plans, and give my life wholly to the studies upon which those sciences are based. But the latter lay so far away from my intentions—so far from that intellectual activity which is joyous because it is spontaneous—that I was forced to pause and consider the matter seriously.

A writer whose mind has been systematically trained from the start will hardly comprehend by what gradual processes I attained unto a little self-knowledge. The faculties called into exercise by travel so repeated and prolonged, continued to act from the habit of action, and subsided very slowly into their normal relation to other qualities of the mind. They still continued to affect my plans, when I left home, in 1856, for another visit to Europe. It will therefore be easily understood how I came to combine a winter and summer trip to the Arctic Zone with my design of studying the Scandinavian races and languages: the former was meant as a counterpart to my previous experiences in tropical lands. This journey, and that to Greece and Russia, which immediately followed, were the receding waves of the tide. While I was engaged with them I found that my former enjoyment of new scenes, and the zest of getting knowledge at first-hand, were sensibly diminished by regret for the lack of those severe preparatory studies which would have enabled me to see and learn so much more.

I never thought it worth while to contradict a story which for eight or nine years past has appeared from time to time in the newspapers—that Humboldt had said of me: "He has travelled more and seen less than any man living." The simple publication of a letter from Humboldt to myself would have silenced this invention; but I desisted, because I knew its originator, and did not care to take that much notice of him. The

same newspapers afterwards informed me that he had confessed the slander, shortly before his death. I mention the circumstance now, in order to say that the sentence attributed to Humboldt was no doubt kept alive by the grain of truth at the bottom of it. Had Humboldt actually said: "No man who has published so many volumes of travel has contributed so little to positive science"—he would have spoken the truth, and I should have agreed with him. But when, during my last interview with that great student of Nature, I remarked that he would find in my volumes nothing of the special knowledge which he needed, it was very grateful to me when he replied: "But you paint the world as we, explorers of science, cannot. Do not undervalue what you have done. It is a real service; and the unscientific traveller who knows the use of his eyes, observes for us always, without being aware of it." Dr Peterman, the distinguished geographer, made almost the same remark to me, four or five years afterwards.

I should have been satisfied with such approval and with certain kindly messages which I received from Dr Barth and other explorers, and have gone forward in the path into which I was accidentally led, had I not felt that it was diverging more and more from the work wherein I should find my true content. I may here be met by the threadbare platitude that an author is no judge of his own performance. Very well: let me, then, be the judge of my own tastes! On the one hand, there was still the temptation of completing an unful-

filled scheme. Two additional journeys—one to the Caucasus, Persia, and the more accessible portions of Central Asia, and the other to South America—would have rounded into tolerable completeness my personal knowledge of Man and Nature. Were these once accomplished, I might attempt the construction of a work, the idea of which hovered before my mind for a long time —a *human* cosmos, which should represent the race in its grand divisions, its relation to soil and climate, its varieties of mental and moral development, and its social, political, and spiritual phenomena, with the complex causes from which they spring. The field thus opened was grander than that which a mere "tourist" could claim: it had a genuine charm for the imagination, and even failure therein was more attractive than success in a superficial branch of literature.

On the other hand, I began to feel very keenly the demoralising influence (if one may apply such a term to intellectual effort) of travel. The mind flags under the strain of a constant receptivity: it must have time to assimilate and arrange its stores of new impressions. Moreover, without that ripe knowledge which belongs to the later rather than the earlier life of a man, the traveller misses the full value of his opportunities. His observations, in many respects, must be incomplete, and tantalise rather than satisfy. While he grows weary of describing the external forms of Nature and the more obvious peculiarities of races, he has little chance of following the clues to deeper and graver

knowledge which are continually offered to his hands. Where, as in my case, other visions, of very different features, obscured for a time but never suppressed, beckon him onward, he must needs pause before the desultory habit of mind, engendered by travel, becomes confirmed.

It was easy for me, at this "parting of the ways," to decide which was my better road. While I was grateful for the fortune which had led me so far and through such manifold experience, I saw that I should only reach the best results of what I had already gained, by giving up all further plans of travel. The favour with which my narratives had been received was, in great measure, due to a reflection in them of the lively interest which I had taken in my own wanderings,—to an appetite for external impressions which was now somewhat cloyed, and a delight in mere description which I could no longer feel. My activity in this direction appeared to me as a field which had been traversed in order to reach my proper pastures. It had been broad and pleasant to the feet, and many good friends cried to me: "Stay where you are—it is the path which you should tread!" yet I preferred to press onward towards the rugged steeps beyond. It seemed to me that the pleasure of reading a book must be commensurate with the author's pleasure in writing it, and that those books which do not grow from the natural productive force of the mind will never possess any real vitality.

The poet Tennyson once said to me: "A book of

travels may be so written that it shall be as immortal as a great poem." Perhaps so: but in that case its immortality will be dependent upon intellectual qualities which the traveller, as a traveller, does not absolutely require. The most interesting narrative of exploration is that which is most simply told. A poetic apprehension of Nature, a sparkling humour, graces of style—all these are doubtful merits. We want the naked truth, without even a fig-leaf of fancy. We may not appreciate all the facts of science which the explorer has collected, but to omit them would be to weaken his authority. Narratives of travel serve either to measure our knowledge of other lands, in which case they stand only until superseded by more thorough research, or to exhibit the colouring which those lands take when painted for us by individual minds, in which case their value must be fixed by the common standards of literature. For the former class, the widest scientific culture is demanded: for the latter, something of the grace and freedom and keen mental insight which we require in a work of fiction. The only traveller in whom the two characters were thoroughly combined, was Goethe.

Should I hesitate to confess that to be styled "a great American traveller," has always touched me with a sense of humiliation? It is as if one should say "a great American pupil;" for the books of travel which I have published appear to me as so many studies, so many processes of education, with the one advantage that, however immature they may be, nothing in them

is forced or affected. The journeys they describe came, as I have shown, through a natural series of circumstances, one leading on the other: no particular daring or energy, and no privation from which a healthy man need shrink, was necessary. Danger is oftener a creation of one's own mind than an absolute fact, and I presume that my share of personal adventure was no more than would fall to the lot of any man, in the same period of travel. To be praised for virtues which one does not feel to be such, is quite as unwelcome as to be censured for faults which are not made evident to one's self.

If I wish that these volumes of mine were worthier of the opportunities granted to me, at least I do not regret that they were written. Hardly a week passes, but I receive letters from young men who have been stimulated by them to achieve the education of travel; and, believing as I do that the more broad and cosmopolitan in his views a man becomes through his knowledge of other lands, the purer and more intelligent shall be his patriotic sentiment—the more easily he shall lift himself out of the narrow sphere of local interests and prejudices—I rejoice that I have been able to assist in giving this direction to the minds of the American youth. It is hardly necessary to say that I had no such special intention in the beginning, for I never counted beforehand on the favour of the public: but the fact, as it has been made manifest to me, is something for which I am exceedingly grateful.

In this volume I have purposely dropped the form of

continuous narrative, which, indeed, was precluded by the nature of my material. The papers it contains, each devoted to a separate Byeway of Europe, were written at various times, during two journeys abroad, within the past five or six years. I employed the intervals of other occupation, from time to time in making excursions to outlying corners of the Old World, few of which are touched by the ordinary round of travel. Nearly all of them, nevertheless, attracted me by some picturesque interest, either of history or scenery, or popular institutions and customs. Such points, for instance, as Lake Ladoga, Appenzell, Andorra, and the Teutoburger Forest, although lying near the frequented highways and not difficult of access, are very rarely visited, and an account of them is not an unnecessary contribution to the literature of travel. A few of the places I have included—St Petersburg in winter, Capri and Ischia—cannot properly be classed as "Byeways," yet they form so small a proportion of the contents of the volume that I may be allowed to retain its title. Being the result of brief intervals of leisure, and the desire to turn my season of recreation to some good account, the various papers were produced without regard to any plan, and each is meant to be independent of the others. If I had designed to present a tolerably complete description of *all* the interesting Byeways of Europe, I must have included Auvergne, Brittany, the Basque provinces of Spain, Friesland, the Carpathians, Apulia, Croatia, and Transylvania.

In laying down the mantle of a traveller, which has been thrown upon my shoulders rather than voluntarily assumed, I do not wish to be understood as renouncing all the chances of the future. I cannot foresee what compulsory influences, what inevitable events, may come to shape the course of my life: the work of the day is all with which a man need concern himself. One thing, only, is certain; I shall never, from the mere desire of travel, go forth to the distant parts of the earth. Some minds are so constituted that their freest and cheerfulest activity will not accompany the body from place to place, but is dependent on the air of home, on certain familiar surroundings, and an equable habit of life. Each writer has his own peculiar laws of production, which the reader cannot always deduce from his works. It amuses me, who have set my household gods upon the soil which my ancestors have tilled for near two hundred years, to hear my love of home questioned by men who have changed theirs a dozen times.

I therefore entreat of you, my kindly reader, that you will not ascribe my many wanderings to an inborn propensity to wander,—that you will believe me when I say that culture, in its most comprehensive sense, is more to me than the chance of seeing the world,—and, finally, that you will consider whether I have any legitimate right to assume the calling of an author, unless I choose the work that seems fittest, without regard to that acceptance of it which is termed popularity.

If you have found enough in my former volumes of travel to persuade you to accompany me into other walks of literature, I shall do my best to convince you that I am right in the conclusions at which I have arrived. If, believing me mistaken, you decide to turn away, let us at least shake hands, and, while I thank you for your company thus far on my way, still part as friends!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

CEDARCROFT, *Sept.* 1868.

A CRUISE ON LAKE LADOGA.

A CRUISE ON LAKE LADOGA.

"DEAR T.,—The steamboat *Valamo* is advertised to leave on Tuesday, the 26th (July 8th, New Style), for Serdopol, at the very head of Lake Ladoga, stopping on the way at Schlüsselburg, Konewitz Island, Kexholm, and the island and monastery of Valaam. The anniversary of Saints Sergius and Herrmann, miracle-workers, will be celebrated at the last-named place on Thursday, and the festival of the Apostles Peter and Paul on Friday. If the weather is fine, the boat will take passengers to the Holy Island. The fare is nine rubles for the trip. You can be back again in St Petersburg by six o'clock on Saturday evening. Provisions can be had on board, but (probably) not beds; so, if you are luxurious in this particular, take along your own sheets, pillow-cases, and blankets. I intend going, and depend upon your company. Make up your mind by ten o'clock, when I will call for your decision.—Yours, P."

I laid down the note, looked at my watch, and found that I had an hour for deliberation before P.'s arrival. "Lake Ladoga!" said I to myself; "it is the largest lake in Europe—I learned that at school. It is full of fish; it is stormy; and the Neva is its outlet. What else?" I took down a geographical dictionary, and obtained the following additional particulars:—The name *Lad'oga* (not *Lado'ga*, as it is pronounced in America) is Finnish, and means "new." The lake lies between 60° and 61° 45′ north latitude; is 175 versts—about 117 miles—in length, from north to south, and

100 versts in breadth; receives the great river Volkhoff on the south, the Svir, which pours into it the waters of Lake Onega, on the east, and the overflow of nearly half the lakes of Finland, on the west; and is, in some parts, fourteen hundred feet deep.

Vainly, however, did I ransack my memory for the narrative of any traveller who had beheld and described this lake. The red hand-book, beloved of tourists, did not even deign to notice its existence. The more I meditated on the subject, the more I became convinced that here was an untrodden corner of the world, lying within easy reach of a great capital, yet unknown to the eyes of conventional sight-seers. The name of Valaam suggested that of Barlaam, in Thessaly, likewise a Greek monastery; and though I knew nothing about Sergius and Herrmann, the fact of their choosing such a spot was the beginning of a curious interest in their history. The very act of poring over a map excites the imagination: I fell into conjectures about the scenery, vegetation, and inhabitants; and thus, by the time P. arrived, was conscious of a violent desire to make the cruise with him. To our care was confided an American youth whom I shall call R.,—we three being, as we afterwards discovered, the first of our countrymen to visit the northern portion of the lake.

The next morning, although it was cloudy and raw, R. and I rose betimes, and were jolted on a *droshky* through the long streets to the *Valamo's* landing-place. We found a handsome English-built steamer, with

tonnage and power enough for the heaviest squalls, and an after-cabin so comfortable that all our anticipations of the primitive modes of travel were banished at once. As men not ashamed of our health, we had decided to omit the sheets and pillow-cases, and let the tooth-brush answer as an evidence of our high civilisation; but the broad divans and velvet cushions of the cabin brought us back to luxury in spite of ourselves. The captain, smoothly shaven and robust, as befitted his station,—English in all but his eyes, which were thoroughly Russian,—gave us a cordial welcome in passable French. P. drove up presently, and the crowd on the floating pier rapidly increased, as the moment of departure approached. Our fellow-pilgrims were mostly peasants and deck-passengers: two or three officers and a score of the *bourgeois* were divided, according to their means, between the first and second cabins. There were symptoms of crowding, and we hastened to put in pre-emption-claims for the bench on the port side, distributing our travelling sacks and pouches along it, as a guard against squatters. The magic promise of *na chai* (something to buy tea with) further inspired the waiters with a peculiar regard for our interest, so that, leaving our important possessions in their care, we went on deck to witness the departure.

By this time the Finnish sailors were hauling in the slack hawsers, and the bearded stevedores on the floating quay tugged at the gangway. Many of our presumed passengers had only come to say good-bye, which they

were now waving and shouting from the shore. The rain fell dismally, and a black, hopeless sky settled down upon the Neva. But the Northern summer, we knew, is as fickle as the Southern April, and we trusted that Sergius and Herrmann, the saints of Valaam, would smooth for us the rugged waters of Ladoga. At last the barking little bell ceased to snarl at the tardy pilgrims. The swift current swung our bow into the stream, and, as we moved away, the crowd on deck uncovered their heads, not to the bowing friends on the quay, but to the spire of a church which rose to view behind the houses fronting the Neva. Devoutly crossing themselves with the joined three fingers, symbolical of the Trinity, they doubtless murmured a prayer for the propitious completion of the pilgrimage, to which I am sure, we could have readily echoed the Amen.

The *Valamo* was particularly distinguished, on this occasion, by a flag at the fore, carrying the white Greek cross on a red field. This proclaimed her mission as she passed along, and the bells of many a little church pealed God-speed to her and her passengers. The latter, in spite of the rain, thronged the deck, and continually repeated their devotions to the shrines on either bank. On the right, the starry domes of the Smolnoi, rising from the lap of a linden-grove, flashed upon us; then, beyond the long front of the college of *demoiselles nobles* and the military store-houses, we hailed the silver hemispheres which canopy the tomb and shrine of St Alexander of the Neva. On the left, huge brick

factories pushed back the gleaming groves of birch, which flowed around and between them, to dip their hanging boughs in the river; but here and there peeped out the bright green cupolas of some little church, none of which, I was glad to see, slipped out of the panorama without its share of reverence.

For some miles we sailed between a double row of contiguous villages—a long suburb of the capital, which stretched on and on, until the slight undulations of the shore showed that we had left behind us the dead level of the Ingrian marshes. It is surprising what an interest one takes in the slightest mole-hill, after living for a short time on a plain. You are charmed with an elevation which enables you to look over your neighbour's hedge. I once heard a clergyman, in his sermon, assert that "the world was perfectly smooth before the fall of Adam, and the present inequalities in its surface were the evidences of human sin." I was a boy at the time, and I thought to myself, "How fortunate it is that we are sinners!" Peter the Great, however, had no choice left him. The piles he drove in these marshes were the surest foundation of his empire.

The Neva, in its sudden and continual windings, in its clear, cold, sweet water, and its fringing groves of birch, maple, and alder, compensates, in a great measure, for the flatness of its shores. It has not the slow magnificence of the Hudson or the rush of the Rhine, but carries with it a sense of power, of steady, straightforward force, like that of the ancient warriors who

disdained all clothing except their swords. Its river-god is not even crowned with reeds, but the full flow of his urn rolls forth undiminished by summer, and unchecked beneath its wintry lid. Outlets of large lakes frequently exhibit this characteristic, and the impression they make upon the mind does not depend on the scenery through which they flow. Nevertheless, we discovered many points, the beauty of which was not blotted out by rain and cloud, and would have shone freshly and winningly under the touch of the sun. On the north bank there is a palace of Potemkin (or Potchómkin, as his name is pronounced in Russian,) charmingly placed at a bend, whence it looks both up and down the river. The gay colour of the building, as of most of the *datchas*, or country-villas, in Russia, makes a curious impression upon the stranger. Until he has learned to accept it as a portion of the landscape, the effect is that of a scenic design on the part of the builder. These dwellings, these villages and churches, he thinks, are scarcely intended to be permanent; they were erected as part of some great dramatic spectacle, which has been, or is to be, enacted under the open sky. Contrasted with the sober, matter-of-fact aspect of dwellings in other countries, they have the effect of temporary decorations. But when one has entered within those walls of green and blue and red arabesques, inspected their thickness, viewed the ponderous porcelain stoves, tasted, perhaps, the bountiful cheer of the owner, he realises their palpable comforts, and begins to suspect that all the

external adornment is merely an attempt to restore to Nature that colouring of which she is stripped by the cold sky of the North.

A little farther on, there is a summer villa of the Empress Catharine—a small, modest building, crowning a slope of green turf. Beyond this, the banks are draped with foliage, and the thinly-clad birches, with their silver stems, shiver above the rush of the waters. We, also, began to shiver under the steadily-falling rain, and retreated to the cabin on the steward's first hint of dinner. A *table-d'hôte* of four courses was promised us, including the preliminary *zakouski* and the supplementary coffee—all for sixty *copêks*, which is about two shillings sterling. The *zakouski* is an arrangement peculiar to Northern countries, and readily adopted by foreigners. In Sweden it is called the *smörgås*, or "butter-goose," but the American term (if we had the custom) would be "the whetter." On a side-table there are various plates of anchovies, cheese, chopped onions, raw salt-herring, and bread, all in diminutive slices, while glasses of corresponding size surround a bottle of *kümmel*, or cordial of carraway-seed. This, at least, was the *zakouski* on board the *Valamo*, and to which our valiant captain addressed himself, after first bowing and crossing himself towards the Byzantine Christ and Virgin in either corner of the cabin. We, of course, followed his example, finding our appetites, if not improved, certainly not at all injured thereby. The dinner which followed far

surpassed our expectations. The national *shchee*, or cabbage soup, is better than the sound of its name: the fish, fresh from the cold Neva, is sure to be well cooked where it forms an important article of diet; and the partridges were accompanied by those plump little Russian cucumbers, which are so tender and flavourous that they deserve to be called fruit rather than vegetables.

When we went on deck to light our Riga cigars, the boat was approaching Schlüsselburg, at the outlet of the lake. Here the Neva, just born, sweeps in two broad arms around the island which bears the Key-fortress—the key by which Peter opened this river-door to the Gulf of Finland. The pretty town of the same name is on the south bank, and in the centre of its front yawn the granite gates of the canal, which for a hundred versts skirts the southern shore of the lake, forming, with the Volkhoff river and another canal beyond, a summer communication with the vast regions watered by the Volga and its affluents. The Ladoga canal, by which the heavy barges laden with hemp from Mid-Russia, and wool from the Ural, and wood from the Valdaï Hills, avoid the sudden storms of the lake, was also the work of Peter the Great. I should have gone on shore to inspect the locks, but for the discouraging persistence of the rain. Huddled against the smoke-stack, we could do nothing but look on the draggled soldiers and *mujiks* splashing through the mud, the low yellow fortress, which has long outlived its im-

portance, and the dark-gray waste of lake which loomed in front, suggestive of rough water and kindred abominations.

There it was, at last,—Lake Ladoga,—and now our prow turns to unknown regions. We steamed past the fort, past a fleet of brigs, schooners, and brigantines, with huge, rounded stems and sterns, laden with wood from the Wolkonskoi forests, and boldly entered the gray void of fog and rain. The surface of the lake was but slightly agitated, as the wind gradually fell, and a thick mist settled on the water. Hour after hour passed away, as we rushed onward through the blank, and we naturally turned to our fellow-passengers in search of some interest or diversion to beguile the time. The heavy-bearded peasants and their weather-beaten wives were scattered around the deck in various attitudes, some of the former asleep on their backs, with open mouths beside the smoke-stack. There were many picturesque figures among them, and, if I possessed the quick pencil of Kaulbach, I might have filled a dozen leaves of my sketch-book. The *bourgeoisie* were huddled on the quarter-deck benches, silent, and fearful of sea-sickness. But a very bright, intelligent young officer turned up, who had crossed the Ural, and was able to entertain us with an account of the splendid sword-blades of Zlatáoust. He was now on his way to the copper mines of Pitkaranda, on the north-eastern shore of the lake.

About nine o'clock in the evening, although still be-

fore sunset, the fog began to darken, and I was apprehensive that we should have some difficulty in finding the Island of Konewitz, which was to be our stopping-place for the night. The captain ordered the engine to be slowed, and brought forward a brass half-pounder, about a foot long, which was charged and fired. In less than a minute after the report, the sound of a deep, solemn bell boomed in the mist, dead ahead. Instantly every head was uncovered, and the rustle of whispered prayers fluttered over the deck, as the pilgrims bowed and crossed themselves. Nothing was to be seen; but, stroke after stroke, the hollow sounds, muffled and blurred in the opaque atmosphere, were pealed out by the guiding bell. Presently a chime of smaller bells joined in a rapid accompaniment, growing louder and clearer as we advanced. The effect was startling. After voyaging for hours over the blank water, this sudden and solemn welcome, sounded from some invisible tower, assumed a mystic and marvellous character. Was it not rather the bells of a city ages ago submerged, and now sending its ghostly summons up to the pilgrims passing over its crystal grave?

Finally, a tall mast, its height immensely magnified by the fog, could be distinguished; then the dark hulk of a steamer, a white gleam of sand through the fog, indistinct outlines of trees, a fisherman's hut, and a landing-place. The bells still rang out from some high station near at hand, but unseen. We landed as soon as the steamer had made fast, and followed the direc-

tion of the sound. A few paces from the beach stood a little chapel, open, and with a lamp burning before its brown Virgin and Child. Here our passengers stopped, and made a brief prayer before going on. Two or three beggars, whose tattered dresses of tow suggested the idea of their having clothed themselves with the sails of shipwrecked vessels, bowed before us so profoundly and reverently that we at first feared they had mistaken us for the shrines. Following an avenue of trees, up a gentle eminence, the tall white towers and green domes of a stately church gradually detached themselves from the mist, and we found ourselves at the portal of the monastery. A group of monks, in the usual black robes, and high, cylindrical caps of crape, the covering of which overlapped and fell upon their shoulders, were waiting apparently to receive visitors. Recognising us as foreigners, they greeted us with great cordiality, and invited us to take up our quarters for the night in the house appropriated to guests. We desired, however, to see the church before the combined fog and twilight should make it too dark; so a benevolent old monk led the way, hand in hand with P., across the court-yard.

The churches of the Greek faith present a general resemblance in their internal decorations. There is a glitter of gold, silver, and flaring colours in the poorest. Statues are not permitted, but the pictures of dark Saviours and saints are generally covered with a drapery of silver, with openings for the head and

hands. Konewitz, however, boasts of a special sanctity, in possessing the body of Saint Arsenius, the founder of the monastery. His remains are inclosed in a large coffin of silver, elaborately chased. It was surrounded, as we entered, by a crowd of kneeling pilgrims; the tapers burned beside it, and at the various altars; the air was thick with incense, and the great bell still boomed from the misty tower. Behind us came a throng of our own deck-passengers, who seemed to recognise the proper shrines by a sort of devotional instinct, and were soon wholly absorbed in their prayers and prostrations. It is very evident to me that the Russian race still requires the formulas of the Eastern Church; a fondness for symbolic ceremonies and observances is far more natural to its character than to the nations of Latin or Saxon blood. In Southern Europe the peasant will exchange merry salutations while dipping his fingers in the holy water, or turn in the midst of his devotions to inspect a stranger; but the Russian, at such times, appears lost to the world. With his serious eyes fixed on the shrine or picture, or, maybe, the spire of a distant church, his face suddenly becomes rapt and solemn, and no lurking interest in neighbouring things interferes with its expression.

One of the monks, who spoke a little French, took us into his cell. He was a tall, frail man of thirty-five, with a wasted face, and brown hair flowing over his shoulders, like most of his brethren of the same age.

In those sharp, earnest features, one could see that the battle was not yet over. The tendency to corpulence does not appear until after the rebellious passions have been either subdued, or pacified by compromise. The cell was small, but neat and cheerful, on the ground-floor, with a window opening on the court, and a hard, narrow pallet against the wall. There was also a little table, with books, sacred pictures, and a bunch of lilacs in water. The walls were whitewashed, and the floor cleanly swept. The chamber was austere, certainly, but in no wise repulsive.

It was now growing late, and only the faint edges of the twilight glimmered overhead, through the fog. It was not night, but a sort of eclipsed day, hardly darker than our winter days under an overcast sky. We returned to the tower, where an old monk took us in charge. Beside the monastery is a special building for guests, a room in which was offered to us. It was so clean and pleasant, and the three broad sofa-couches, with leather cushions, looked so inviting, that we decided to sleep there, in preference to the crowded cabin. Our supply of shawls, moreover, enabled us to enjoy the luxury of undressing. Before saying good-night, the old monk placed his hand upon R.'s head. "We have matins at three o'clock," said he; "when you hear the bell, get up, and come to the church; it will bring blessing to you." We were soon buried in a slumber which lacked darkness to make it profound. At two o'clock the sky was so bright that I thought it

six, and fell asleep again, determined to make three hours before I stopped. But presently the big bell began to swing: stroke after stroke, it first aroused, but was fast lulling me, when the chimes struck in and sang all manner of incoherent and undevout lines. The brain at last grew weary of this, when, close to our door, a little, petulant, impatient bell commenced barking for dear life. R. muttered and twisted in his sleep, and brushed away the sound several times from his upper ear, while I covered mine—but to no purpose. The sharp, fretful jangle went through shawls and cushions, and the fear of hearing it more distinctly prevented me from rising for matins. Our youth, also, missed his promised blessing, and so we slept until the sun was near five hours high—that is, seven o'clock.

The captain promised to leave for Kexholm at eight, which allowed us only an hour for a visit to the *Konkamen*, or Horse Rock, distant a mile in the woods. P. engaged as guide a long-haired acolyte, who informed us that he had formerly been a lithographer in St Petersburg. We did not ascertain the cause of his retirement from the world: his features were too commonplace to suggest a romance. Through the mist, which still hung heavy on the lake, we plunged into the fir-wood, and hurried on over its uneven carpet of moss and dwarf whortleberries. Small gray boulders then began to crop out, and gradually became so thick that the trees thrust them aside as they

grew. All at once the wood opened on a rye-field belonging to the monks, and a short turn to the right brought us to a huge rock, of irregular shape, about forty feet in diameter by twenty in height. The crest overhung the base on all sides except one, up which a wooden staircase led to a small square chapel perched upon the summit.

The legends attached to this rock are various, but the most authentic seems to be, that in the ages when the Carelians were still heathen, they were accustomed to place their cattle upon this island in summer, as a protection against the wolves, first sacrificing a horse upon the rock. Whether their deity was the Perun of the ancient Russians or the Jumala of the Finns is not stated; the inhabitants at the present day say, of course, the devil. The name of the rock may also be translated "Petrified Horse," and some have endeavoured to make out a resemblance to that animal in its form. Our acolyte, for instance, insisted thereupon, and argued very logically—"Why, if you omit the head and legs, you must see that it is exactly like a horse." The peasants say that the devil had his residence in the stone, and point to a hole which he made, on being forced by the exorcisms of Saint Arsenius to take his departure. A reference to the legend is also indicated in the name of the island, Konewitz, which our friend, the officer, gave to me in French as *Chevalisé*, or, in literal English, *The Horsefied.*

The stones and bushes were dripping from the visit-

ation of the mist, and the mosquitoes were busy with my face and hands while I made a rapid drawing of the place. The quick chimes of the monastery, through which we fancied we could hear the warning boat-bell, suddenly pierced through the forest, recalling us. The *Valamo* had her steam up, when we arrived, and was only waiting for her rival, the *Letuchie*, (Flyer,) to get out of our way. As we moved from the shore, a puff of wind blew away the fog, and the stately white monastery, crowned with its bunch of green domes, stood for a moment clear and bright in the morning sun. Our pilgrims bent, bareheaded, in devotional farewell; the golden crosses sparkled an answer, and the fog rushed down again like a falling curtain.

We steared nearly due north, making for Kexholm, formerly a frontier Swedish town, at the mouth of the River Wuoxen. For four hours it was a tantalising struggle between mist and sunshine—a fair blue sky overhead, and a dense cloud sticking to the surface of the lake. The western shore, though near at hand, was not visible; but our captain, with his usual skill, came within a quarter of a mile of the channel leading to the landing-place, The fog seemed to consolidate into the outline of trees; hard land was gradually formed, as we approached; and as the two river-shores finally inclosed us, the air cleared, and long, wooded hills arose in the distance. Before us lay a single wharf, with three wooden buildings leaning against a hill of sand.

"But where is Kexholm?"

"A verst inland," says the captain; "and I will give you just half an hour to see it."

There were a score of peasants with clumsy two-wheeled carts and shaggy ponies at the landing. Into one of these we clambered, gave the word of command, and were whirled off at a gallop. There may have been some elasticity in the horse, but there certainly was none in the cart. It was a perfect conductor, and the shock with which it passed over stones and leaped ruts was instantly communicated to the *os sacrum*, passing thence along the vertebræ, to discharge itself in the teeth. Our driver was a sun-burnt Finn, who was bent upon performing his share of the contract, in order that he might afterwards, with a better face, demand a ruble. On receiving just the half, however, he put it into his pocket, without a word of remonstrance.

"*Suomi?*" I asked, calling up a Finnish word with an effort.

"*Suomi-läinen*," he answered proudly enough, though the exact meaning is, "I am a Swamplander."

Kexholm, which was founded in 1295, has attained since then a population of several hundreds. Grass grows between the cobble-stones of its broad streets, but the houses are altogether so bright, so clean, so substantially comfortable, and the geraniums and roses peeping out between snowy curtains in almost every window suggested such cozy interiors, that I found

myself quite attracted towards the plain little town. "Here," said I to P., "is a nook which is really out of the world. No need of a monastery, where you have such perfect seclusion, and the indispensable solace of natural society to make it endurable." Pleasant faces occasionally looked out, curiously, at the impetuous strangers; had they known our nationality, I fancy the whole population would have run together. Reaching the last house, nestled among twinkling birch-trees, on a bend of the river beyond, we turned about and made for the fortress—another conquest of the Great Peter. Its low ramparts had a shabby, neglected look; an old drawbridge spanned the moat, and there was no sentinel to challenge us as we galloped across. In and out again, and down the long, quiet street, and over the jolting level to the top of the sand hill—we had seen Kexholm in half an hour.

At the mouth of the river still lay the fog, waiting for us, now and then stretching a ghostly arm over the woods and then withdrawing it, like a spirit of the lake, longing and yet timid to embrace the land. With the Wuoxen came down the waters of the Saïma, that great irregular lake, which, with its innumerable arms, extends for a hundred and fifty miles into the heart of Finland, clasping the forests and mountains of Savolax, where the altar-stones of Jumala still stand in the shade of sacred oaks, and the song of the Kalewala is sung by the descendants of Waïnamöinen. I registered a vow to visit those Finnish solitudes as we shot out upon

the muffled lake, heading for the holy isles of Valaam. This was the great point of interest in our cruise, the shrine of our pilgrim-passengers. We had heard so little of these islands before leaving St Petersburg, and so much since, that our curiosity was keenly excited; and thus, though too well seasoned by experience to worry unnecessarily, the continuance of the fog began to disgust us. We shall creep along as yesterday, said we, and have nothing of Valaam but the sound of its bells. The air was intensely raw; the sun had disappeared, and the bearded peasants again slept, with open mouths on the deck.

Saints Sergius and Herrmann, however, were not indifferent either to them or to us. About the middle of the afternoon we suddenly and unexpectedly sailed out of the fog, passing, in the distance of a ship's length, into a clear atmosphere, with a far, sharp horizon. The nuisance of the lake lay behind us, a steep, opaque, white wall. Before us, rising in bold cliffs from the water and dark with pines, were the islands of Valaam. Off went hats and caps, and the crowd on deck bent reverently towards the consecrated shores. As we drew near, the granite fronts of the separate isles detached themselves from the plane in which they were blended, and thrust boldly out between the dividing inlets of blue water; the lighter green of birches and maples mingled with the sombre woods of coniferæ; but the picture, with all its varied features, was silent and lonely. No sail shone over the lake, no boat was

hauled up between the tumbled masses of rock, no fisher's hut sat in the sheltered coves—only, at the highest point of the cliff, a huge wooden cross gleamed white against the trees.

As we drew around to the northern shore, point came out behind point, all equally bold with rock, dark with pines, and destitute of any sign of habitation. We were looking forward, over the nearest headland, when, all at once, a sharp glitter through the tops of the pines struck our eyes. A few more turns of the paddles, and a bulging dome of gold flashed splendidly in the sun. Our voyage, thus far, had been one of surprises, and this was not the least. Crowning a slender, pointed roof, its connexion with the latter was not immediately visible: it seemed to spring into the air and hang there, like a marvellous meteor shot from the sun. Presently, however, the whole building appeared,—a hexagonal church, of pale-red brick, the architecture of which was an admirable reproduction of the older Byzantine forms. It stood upon a rocky islet, on either side of which a narrow channel communicated with a deep cove, cleft between walls of rock.

Turning in towards the first of these channels, we presently saw the inlet of darkest-blue water, pushing its way into the heart of the island. Crowning its eastern bank, and about half a mile distant, stood an immense mass of buildings, from the centre of which tall white towers and green cupolas shot up against the sky. This was the monastery of Valaam. Here, in

the midst of this lonely lake, on the borders of the Arctic zone, in the solitude of unhewn forests, was one of those palaces which religion is so fond of rearing, to show her humility. In the warm afternoon sunshine, and with the singular luxuriance of vegetation which clothed the terraces of rock on either hand, we forgot the high latitude, and, but for the pines in the rear, could have fancied ourselves approaching some cove of Athos or Eubœa. The steamer ran so near the rocky walls that the trailing branches of the birch almost swept her deck; every ledge traversing their gray, even masonry, was crowded with wild red pinks, geranium, saxifrage, and golden-flowered purslane; and the air, wonderfully pure and sweet in itself, was flavoured with delicate woodland odours. On the other side, under the monastery, was an orchard of large apple-trees in full bloom, on a shelf near the water; above them grew huge oaks and maples, heavy with their wealth of foliage; and over the tops of these the level coping of the precipice, with a balustrade, upon which hundreds of pilgrims, who had arrived before us, were leaning and looking down.

Beyond this point, the inlet widened into a basin where the steamer had room to turn around. Here we found some forty or fifty boats moored to the bank, while the passengers they had brought, (principally from the eastern shore of the lake, and the district lying between it and Onega,) were scattered over the heights. The captain pointed out to us a stately, two-

story brick edifice, some three hundred feet long, flanking the monastery, as the house for guests. Another of less dimensions, on the hill in front of the landing-place, appeared to be appropriated especially to the use of the peasants. A rich succession of musical chimes pealed down to us from the belfry, as if in welcome, and our deck-load of pilgrims crossed themselves in reverent congratulation as they stepped upon the sacred soil.

We had determined to go on with our boat to Serdopol, at the head of the lake, returning the next morning in season for the solemnities of the anniversary. Postponing, therefore, a visit to the church and monastery, we climbed to the summit of the bluff, and beheld the inlet in all its length and depth, from the open, sunny expanse of the lake to the dark strait below us, where the overhanging trees of the opposite cliffs almost touched above the water. The honeyed bitter of lilac and apple blossoms in the garden below steeped the air; and as I inhaled the scent, and beheld the rich green crowns of the oaks which grew at the base of the rocks, I appreciated the wisdom of Sergius and Herrmann that led them to pick out this bit of privileged summer, which seems to have wandered into the North from a region ten degrees nearer the sun. It is not strange if the people attribute miraculous powers to them, naturally mistaking the cause of their settlement on Valaam for its effect.

The deck was comparatively deserted, as we once

more entered the lake. There were two or three new passengers, however, one of whom inspired me with a mild interest. He was a St Petersburger, who according to his own account, had devoted himself to art, and, probably for that reason, felt constrained to speak in the language of sentiment. "I enjoy above all things," said he to me, "communion with Nature. My soul is uplifted, when I find myself removed from the haunts of men. I live an ideal life, and the world grows more beautiful to me every year." Now there was nothing objectionable in this, except the manner of his saying it. Those are only shallow emotions which one imparts to every stranger, at the slightest provocation. Your true lover of Nature is as careful of betraying his passion as the young man who carries a first love in his heart. But my companion evidently delighted in talking of his feelings on this point. His voice was soft and silvery, his eyes gentle, and his air languishing; so that, in spite of a heavy beard, the impression he made was remarkably smooth and unmasculine. I involuntarily turned to one of the young Finnish sailors, with his handsome, tanned face, quick, decided movements, and clean, elastic limbs, and felt, instinctively, that what we most value in every man, above even culture or genius, is the stamp of sex—the asserting, self-reliant, conquering air which marks the male animal.

After some fifteen or twenty miles from the island, we approached the rocky archipelago in which the lake

terminates at its northern end—a gradual transition, from water to land. Masses of gray granite, wooded wherever the hardy northern firs could strike root, rose on all sides, divided by deep and narrow channels. "This is the *scheer*," said our captain, using a word which recalled to my mind, at once, the Swedish *skär*, and the English *skerry*, used alike to denote a coast-group of rocky islets. The rock encroached more and more as we advanced; and finally, as if sure of its victory over the lake, gave place, here and there, to levels of turf, gardens, and cottages. Then followed a calm, land-locked basin, surrounded with harvest-fields, and the spire of Serdopol arose before us.

Of this town I may report that it is called, in Finnish, *Sordovala*, and was founded about the year 1640. Its history has no doubt been very important to its inhabitants, but I do not presume that it would be interesting to the world, and therefore spare myself a great deal of laborious research. Small as it is, and so secluded that Ladoga seems a world's highway in comparison with its quiet harbour, it nevertheless holds three races and three languages in its modest bounds. The government and its tongue are Russian; the people are mostly Finnish, with a very thin upper-crust of Swedish tradition, whence the latter language is cultivated as a sign of aristocracy.

We landed on a broad wooden pier, and entered the town through a crowd which was composed of all these elements. There was to be a fair on the morrow, and

from the northern shore of the lake, as well as the wild inland region towards the Saïma, the people had collected for trade, gossip, and festivity. Children in ragged garments of hemp, bleached upon their bodies, impudently begged for pocket-money; women in scarlet kerchiefs curiously scrutinised us; peasants carried bundles of freshly-mown grass to the horses which were exposed for sale; ladies with Hungarian hats, crushed their crinolines into queer old cabriolets; gentlemen with business faces and an aspect of wealth, smoked paper-cigars; and numbers of hucksters offered baskets of biscuit and cakes of a disagreeable yellow colour and great apparent toughness. It was a repetition, with slight variations, of a village-fair anywhere else, or an election-day in America.

Passing through the roughly-paved and somewhat dirty streets, past shops full of primitive hardware, groceries which emitted powerful whiffs of salt fish or new leather, bakeries with crisp padlocks of bread in the windows, drinking-houses plentifully supplied with *qvass* and *vodki*, and, finally, the one watchmaker, and the vendor of paper, pens, and Finnish almanacs, we reached a broad suburban street, whose substantial houses, with their courts and gardens, hinted at the aristocracy of Serdopol. The inn, with its Swedish sign, was large and comfortable, and a peep into the open windows disclosed as pleasant quarters as a traveller could wish. A little farther the town ceased, and we found ourselves upon a rough, sloping common,

at the top of which stood the church with its neighbouring belfry. It was unmistakably Lutheran in appearance,—very plain and massive and sober in colour, with a steep roof for shedding snow. The only attempt at ornament was a fanciful shingle-mosaic, but in pattern only, not in colour. Across the common ran a double row of small booths, which had just been erected for the coming fair; and sturdy young fellows from the country, with their rough carts and shaggy ponies, were gathering along the highway, to skirmish a little in advance of their bargains.

The road enticed us onwards into the country. On our left, a long slope descended to an upper arm of the harbour, the head of which we saw to be near at hand. The opposite shore was fairly laid out in grain-fields, through which cropped out, here and there, long walls of granite, rising higher and higher towards the west, until they culminated in the round, hard forehead of a lofty hill. There was no other point within easy reach which promised much of a view; so rounding the head of the bay, we addressed ourselves to climbing the rocks, somewhat to the surprise of the herd-boys, as they drove their cows into the town to be milked.

Once off the cultivated land, we found the hill a very garden of wild blooms. Every step and shelf of the rocks was cushioned with tricoloured violets, white anemones, and a succulent, moss-like plant with a golden flower. Higher up there were sheets of fire-red pinks, and on the summit an unbroken carpet of the

dwarf whortleberry, with its waxen bells. Light exhalations seemed to rise from the damp hollows, and drift towards us; but they resolved themselves into swarms of mosquitoes, and would have made the hill-top untenable, had they not been dispersed by a sudden breeze. We sat down upon a rock and contemplated the wide-spread panorama. It was nine o'clock, and the sun, near his setting, cast long gleams of pale light through the clouds, softening the green of the fields and forests where they fell, and turning the moist evening haze into lustrous pearl. Inlets of the lake here and there crept in between the rocky hills; broad stretches of gently undulating grain-land were dotted with the houses, barns, and clustered stables of the Finnish farmers; in the distance arose the smokes of two villages; and beyond all, as we looked inland, ran the sombre ridges of the fire-clad hills. Below us, on the right, the yellow houses of the town shone in the subdued light—the only bright spot in the landscape, which elsewhere seemed to be overlaid with a tint of dark, transparent gray, It was wonderfully silent. Not a bird twittered; no bleat of sheep, or low of cattle was heard from the grassy fields; no shout of children, or evening hail from the returning boats of the fishers. Over all the land brooded an atmosphere of sleep, of serene, perpetual peace. To sit and look upon it was in itself a refreshment like that of healthy slumber. The restless devil which lurks in the human brain was quieted for the time, and we dreamed—knowing all the

while the vanity of the dream—of a pastoral life in some such spot, among an ignorant and simple-hearted people, ourselves as untroubled by the agitations of the world.

We had scarce inhaled—or, rather, *insuded*, to coin a word for a sensation which seems to enter at every pore—the profound quiet and its suggestive fancies for the space of half an hour, when the wind fell at the going down of the sun, and the humming mist of mosquitoes arose again. Returning to the town, we halted at the top of the common to watch the farmers of the neighbourhood at their horse-dealing. Very hard, keen, weather-browned faces had they, eyes tight-set for the main chance, mouths worn thin by biting farthings, and hands whose hard fingers crooked with holding fast what they had earned. Faces almost of the Yankee type, many of them, and relieved by the twinkling of a humorous faculty or the wild gleam of imagination. The shaggy little horses, of a dun or dull tan-colour, seemed to understand that their best performance was required, and rushed up and down the road with an amazing exhibition of mettle. I could understand nothing of the Finnish tongue except its music; but it was easy to perceive that the remarks of the crowd were shrewd, intelligent, and racy. One young fellow, less observant, accosted us in the hope that we might be purchasers. The boys, suspecting that we were as green as we were evidently foreign, held out their hands for alms, with a very unsuccessful air of distress, but readily

succumbed to the Russian interjection "*proch!*" (be off!) the repetition of which, they understood, was a reproach.

That night we slept on the velvet couches of the cabin, having the spacious apartment to ourselves. The bright young officer had left for the copper mines, the pilgrims were at Valaam, and our stout, benignant captain looked upon us as his only faithful passengers. The stewards, indeed, carried their kindness beyond reasonable anticipations. They brought us real pillows and other conveniences, bolted the doors against nightly intruders, and in the morning conducted us into the pantry, to wash our faces in the basin sacred to dishes. After I had completed my ablutions, I turned dumbly, with dripping face and extended hands, for a towel. My steward understood the silent appeal, and, taking a napkin from a plate of bread, presented it with alacrity. I made use of it, I confess, but hastened out of the pantry, lest I should happen to see it restored to its former place. *How not to observe* is a faculty as necessary to the traveller as its reverse. I was reminded of this truth at dinner, when I saw the same steward take a napkin (probably my towel!) from under his arm, to wipe both his face and a plate which he carried. To speak mildly, these people on Lake Ladoga are not sensitive in regard to the contact of individualities. But the main point is to avoid seeing what you don't like.

We got off at an early hour, and hastened back to

Valaam over glassy water and under a superb sky. This time the lake was not so deserted, for the white wings of pilgrim-boats drew in towards the dark island, making for the golden sparkle of the chapel dome, which shone afar like a light-house of the day-time. As we rounded to in the land-locked inlet, we saw that the crowds on the hills had doubled since yesterday, and, although the chimes were pealing for some religious service, it seemed prudent first to make sure of our quarters for the night. Accordingly we set out for the imposing house of guests beside the monastery, arriving in company with the visitors we had brought with us from Serdopol. The entrance-hall led into a long, stone-paved corridor, in which a monk, bewildered by many applications, appeared to be seeking relief by promises of speedy hospitality. We put in our plea, and also received a promise. On either side of the corridor were numbered rooms, already occupied, the fortunate guests passing in and out with a provoking air of comfort and unconcern. We ascended to the second story, which was similarly arranged, and caught hold of another benevolent monk, willing, but evidently powerless to help us. Dinner was just about to be served: the brother in authority was not there; we must be good enough to wait a little while;—would we not visit the shrines, in the meantime?

The advice was sensible, as well as friendly, and we followed it. Entering the great quadrangle of the monastery, we found it divided, gridiron-fashion, into

long, narrow court-yards by inner lines of buildings. The central court, however, was broad and spacious, the church occupying a rise of ground on the eastern side. Hundreds of men and women—Carelian peasants —thronged around the entrance, crossing themselves in unison with the congregation. The church, we found, was packed, and the most zealous wedging among the blue *caftans* and shining flaxen heads brought us no farther than the inner door. Thence we looked over a tufted level of heads that seemed to touch—intermingled tints of gold, tawny, *silver*-blond, and the various shades of brown, touched with dim glosses through the incense-smoke, and occasionally bending in concert, with an undulating movement, like grain before the wind. Over these heads rose the vaulted nave, dazzling with gold and colours, and blocked up, beyond the intersection of the transept, by the *ikonostast*, or screen before the Holy of Holies, gorgeous with pictures of saints overlaid with silver. In front of the screen the tapers burned, the incense rose thick and strong, and the chant of the monks gave a peculiar solemnity to their old Sclavonic litany. The only portion of it which I could understand was the recurring response, as in the English Church, of "Lord, have mercy upon us!"

Extricating ourselves with some difficulty, we entered a chapel-crypt, which contains the bodies of Sergius and Herrmann. They lie together, in a huge coffin of silver, covered with cloth of gold. Tapers of immense size burned at the head and foot, and the pilgrims

knelt around, bending their foreheads to the pavement at the close of their prayers. Among others, a man had brought his insane daughter, and it was touching to see the tender care with which he led her to the coffin and directed her devotions. So much of habit still remained, that it seemed, for the time being, to restore her reason. The quietness and regularity with which she went through the forms of prayer, brought a light of hope to the father's face. The other peasants looked on with an expression of pity and sympathy. The girl, we learned, had but recently lost her reason, and without any apparent cause. She was betrothed to a young man who was sincerely attached to her, and the pilgrimage was undertaken in the hope that a miracle might be wrought in her favour. The presence of the shrine, indeed, struck its accustomed awe through her wandering senses, but the effect was only momentary.

I approached the coffin, and deposited a piece of money on the offering-plate, for the purpose of getting a glimpse of the pictured faces of the saints, in their silver setting. Their features were hard and regular, flatly painted, as if by some forerunner of Cimabue, but sufficiently modern to make the likeness doubtful. I have not been able to obtain the exact date of their settlement on the island, but I believe it is referred to the early part of the fifteenth century. The common people believe that the island was first visited by Andrew, the apostle of Christ, who, according to the Russian patriarch Nestor, made his way to Kiev and

Novgorod. The latter place is known to have been an important commercial city as early as the fourth century, and had a regular intercourse with Asia. The name of Valaam does not come from Balaam, as one might suppose, but seems to be derived from the Finnish *varamo*, which signifies "herring-ground." The more I attempted to unravel the history of the island, the more it became involved in obscurity, and this fact, I must confess, only heightened my interest in it. I found myself ready to accept the tradition of Andrew's visit, and I accepted without a doubt the grave of King Magnus of Sweden.

On issuing from the crypt, we encountered a young monk, who had evidently been sent in search of us. The mass was over, and the court-yard was nearly emptied of its crowd. In the farther court, however, we found the people more dense than ever, pressing forward towards a small door. The monk made way for us with some difficulty—for, though the poor fellows did their best to fall back, the pressure from the outside was tremendous. Having at last run the gauntlet, we found ourselves in the refectory of the monastery, inhaling a thick steam of fish and cabbage. Three long tables were filled with monks and pilgrims, while the attendants brought in the fish on large wooden trenchers. The plates were of common white ware, but the spoons were of wood. Officers in gay uniforms were scattered among the dark anchorites, who occupied one end of the table, while the *bourgeoisie*, with

here and there a blue-caftaned peasant wedged among them, filled the other end. They were eating with great zeal, while an old priest, standing, read from a Sclavonic Bible. All eyes were turned upon us as we entered, and there was not a vacant chair in which we could hide our intrusion. It was rather embarrassing, especially as the young monk insisted that we should remain, and the curious eyes of the eaters as constantly asked, "Who are these, and what do they want?" We preferred returning through the hungry crowd, and made our way to the guests' house.

Here a similar process was going on. The corridors were thronged with peasants of all ages and both sexes, and the good fathers, more than ever distracted, were incapable of helping us. Seeing a great crowd piled up against a rear basement-door, we descended the stairs, and groped our way through manifold steams and noises to a huge succession of kitchens, where cauldrons of cabbage were bubbling, and shoals of fish went in raw and came out cooked. In another room some hundreds of peasants were eating with all the energy of a primitive appetite. Soup leaked out of the bowls as if they had been sieves; fishes gave a whisk of the tail and vanished; great round boulders of bread went off, layer after layer, and still the empty plates were held up for more. It was *grand* eating,—pure appetite, craving only food in a general sense: no picking out of tidbits, no spying here and there for a favourite dish, but, like a huge fire, devouring every-

thing that came in its way. The stomach was here a patient, unquestioning serf, not a master full of whims, requiring to be petted and conciliated. So, I thought, people must have eaten in the Golden Age: so Adam and Eve must have dined, before the fall made them epicurean and dyspeptic.

We—degenerate through culture—found the steams of the strong, coarse dishes rather unpleasant, and retreated by a back way, which brought us to a spiral staircase. We ascended for a long time, and finally emerged into the garret of the building, hot, close, and strawy as a barn-loft. It was divided into rooms, in which, on the floors covered deep with straw, the happy pilgrims who had finished their dinner were lying on their bellies, lazily talking themselves to sleep. The grassy slope in front of the house, and all the neighbouring heights, were soon covered in like manner. Men, women, and children threw themselves down, drawing off their heavy boots, and dipping their legs, knee-deep, into the sun and air. An atmosphere of utter peace and satisfaction settled over them.

Being the only foreign and heterodox persons present, we began to feel ourselves deserted, when the favour of Sergius and Herrmann was again manifested. P. was suddenly greeted by an acquaintance, an officer connected with the Imperial Court, who had come to Valaam for a week of devotion. He immediately interested himself in our behalf, procured us a room with a lovely prospect, transferred his bouquet of lilacs and

peonies to our table, and produced his bottle of lemon-syrup to flavour our tea. The rules of the monastery are very strict, and no visitor is exempt from their observance. Not a fish can be caught, not a bird or beast shot, no wine or liquor of any kind, nor tobacco in any form, used on the island. Rigid as the organisation seems, it bears equally on every member of the brotherhood : the equality upon which such associations were originally based is here preserved. The monks are only in an ecclesiastical sense subordinate to the abbot. Otherwise, the fraternity seems to be about as complete as in the early days of Christianity.

The *Valamo* and her rival, the *Letuchie*, had advertised a trip to the Holy Island, the easternmost of the Valaam group, some six miles from the monastry, and the weather was so fair that both boats were crowded, many of the monks accompanying us. Our new-found friend was also of the party, and I made the acquaintance of a Finnish student from the Lyceum at Kuopio, who gave me descriptions of the Saïma Lake and the wilds of Savolax. Running eastward along the headlands, we passed Chernoi Noss, (Black-Nose,) the name of which again recalled a term common in the Orkneys and Shetlands — *noss*, there, signifying a headland. The Holy Island rose before us, a circular pile of rock, crowned with wood, like a huge, unfinished tower of Cyclopean masonry, built up out of the deep water. Far beyond it, over the rim of the lake, glimmered the

blue eastern shore. As we drew near, we found that the tumbled fragments of rock had been arranged, with great labour, to form a capacious foot-path around the base of the island. The steamers drew up against this narrow quay, upon which we landed, under a granite wall, which rose perpendicularly to the height of seventy or eighty feet. The firs on the summit grew out to the very edge and stretched their dark arms over us. Every cranny of the rock was filled with tufts of white and pink flowers, and the moisture, trickling from above, betrayed itself in long lines of moss and fern.

I followed the pilgrims around to the sunny side of the island, and found a wooden staircase at a point where the wall was somewhat broken away. Reaching the top of the first ascent, the sweet breath of a spring woodland breathed around me. I looked under the broken roofage of the boughs upon a blossoming jungle of shrubs and plants which seemed to have been called into life by a more potent sun. The lily of the valley, in thick beds, poured out the delicious sweetness of its little cups ; spikes of a pale-green orchis emitted a rich cinnamon odour; anemones, geraniums, sigillarias, and a feathery flower, white, freckled with purple, grew in profusion. The top of the island, five or six acres in extent, was a slanting plane, looking to the south, whence it received the direct rays of the sun. It was an enchanting picture of woodland bloom, lighted with sprinkled sunshine, in the cold blue setting of the lake,

which was visible on all sides, between the boles of the trees. I hailed it as an idyl of the North—a poetic secret, which the earth, even where she is most cruelly material and cold, still tenderly hides and cherishes.

A peasant, whose scarlet shirt flashed through the bushes like a sudden fire, seeing me looking at the flowers, gathered a handful of lilies, which he offered to me, saying, "*Prekrasnie*," (beautiful.) Without waiting for thanks, he climbed a second flight of steps and suddenly disappeared from view. I followed, and found myself in front of a narrow aperture in a rude wall, which had been built up under an overhanging mass of rocks. A lamp was twinkling within, and presently several persons crawled out, crossing themselves and muttering prayers.

"What is this?" asked a person who had just arrived.

"The cave of Alexander Svirski," was the answer.

Alexander of the Svir—a river flowing from the Onega Lake into Ladoga—was a hermit who lived for twenty years on the Holy Island, inhabiting the hole before us through the long, dark, terrible winters, in a solitude broken only when the monks of Valaam came over the ice to replenish his stock of provisions. Verily, the hermits of the Thebaïd were Sybarites, compared to this man! There are still two or three hermits who have charge of outlying chapels on the islands, and live wholly secluded from their brethren. They wear dresses covered with crosses and other symbols, and are con-

sidered as dead to the world. The ceremony which consecrates them for this service is that for the burial of the dead.

I managed, with some difficulty, to creep into Alexander Svirski's den. I saw nothing, however, but the old, smoky, and sacred picture before which the lamp burned. The rocky roof was so low that I could not stand upright, and all the walls I could find were the bodies of pilgrims who had squeezed in before me. A confused whisper surrounded me in the darkness, and the air was intolerably close. I therefore made my escape and mounted to the chapel, on the highest part of the island. A little below it, an open pavilion, with seats, has been built over the sacred spring from which the hermit drank, and thither the pilgrims thronged. The water was served in a large wooden bowl, and each one made the sign of the cross before drinking. By waiting for my turn I ascertained that the spring was icy-cold, and very pure and sweet.

I found myself lured to the highest cliff, whence I could look out, through the trees, on the far, smooth disk of the lake. Smooth and fair as the Ægean it lay before me, and the trees were silent as olives at noonday on the shores of Cos. But how different in colour, in sentiment! Here, perfect sunshine can never dust the water with the purple bloom of the South,—can never mellow its hard, cold tint of greenish-blue. The distant hills, whether dark or light, are equally cold, and are seen too nakedly through the crystal air to

admit of any illusion. Bracing as is this atmosphere, the gods could never breathe it. It would revenge on the ivory limbs of Apollo his treatment of Marsyas. No foam-born Aphrodite could rise warm from yonder wave; not even the cold, sleek Nereïds could breast its keen edge. We could only imagine it disturbed, temporarily, by the bath-plunge of hardy Vikings, who must have come out from it red and tingling from head to heel.

"Come!" cried P., "the steamer is about to leave!"

We all wandered down the steps, I with my lilies in my hand. Even the rough peasants seemed reluctant to leave the spot, and not wholly for the sake of Alexander Svirski. We were all safely embarked and carried back to Valaam, leaving the island to its solitude. Alexis, (as I shall call our Russian friend,) put us in charge of a native artist who knew every hidden beauty of Valaam, and suggested an exploration of the inlet, while he went back to his devotions. We borrowed a boat from the monks, and impressed a hardy fisherman into our service. I supposed we had already seen the extent of the inlet, but on reaching its head a narrow side-channel disclosed itself, passing away under a quaint bridge and opening upon an inner lake of astonishing beauty. The rocks were disposed in every variety of grouping—sometimes rising in even terraces, step above step, sometimes thrusting out a sheer wall from the summit, or lying slantwise in masses split off by the wedges of the ice. The fairy birches, in their thin foliage, stood on the edge of the water like Dryads un-

dressing for a bath, while the shaggy male firs elbowed each other on the heights for a look at them. Other channels opened in the distance, with glimpses of other and as beautiful harbours in the heart of the islands. "You may sail for seventy-five versts," said the painter, "without seeing them all."

The fearlessness of all wild creatures showed that the rules of the good monks had been carefully obeyed. The wild ducks swam around our boat, or brooded, in conscious security, on their nests along the shore. Three great herons, fishing in a shallow, rose slowly into the air and flew across the water, breaking the silence with their hoarse trumpet note. Farther in the woods there are herds of wild reindeer, which are said to have become gradually tame. This familiarity of the animals took away from the islands all that was repellent in their solitude. It half restored the broken link between man and the subject forms of life.

The sunset light was on the trees when we started, but here in the North it is no fleeting glow. It lingers for hours even, fading so imperceptibly that you scarcely know when it has ceased. Thus, when we returned after a long pull, craving the Lenten fare of the monastery, the same soft gold tinted its clustering domes. We were not called upon to visit the refectory, but a table was prepared in our room. The first dish had the appearance of a salad, with the accompaniment of black bread. On carefully tasting, I discovered the ingredients to be raw salt fish chopped fine, cucumbers,

and—beer. The taste of the first spoonful was peculiar, of the second tolerable, of the third decidedly palatable. Beyond this I did not go, for we had fresh fish, boiled in enough water to make a soup. Then the same, fried in its own fat, and, as salt and pepper were allowed, we did not scorn our supper.

The next day was the festival of Peter and Paul, and Alexis had advised us to make an excursion to a place called Jelesniki. In the morning, however, we learned that the monastery and its grounds were to be consecrated in solemn procession. The chimes pealed out quick and joyously, and soon a burst of banners and a cloud of incense issued from the great gate. All the pilgrims—nearly two thousand in number—thronged around the double line of chanting monks, and it was found necessary to inclose the latter in a hollow square formed by a linked chain of hands. As the morning sun shone on the bare-headed multitude, the beauty of their unshorn hair struck me like a new revelation. Some of the heads, of lustrous, flossy gold, actually shone by their own light. It was marvellous that skin so hard and coarse in texture should produce such beautiful hair. The beards of the men, also, were strikingly soft and rich. They never shave, and thus avoid bristles, the down of adolescence thickening into a natural beard.

As the procession approached, Alexis, who was walking behind the monks, inside the protecting guard, beckoned to us to join him. The peasants respectfully made way, two hands unlinked to admit us, and we

became, unexpectedly, participants in the ceremonies. From the south side the procession moved around to the east, where a litany was again chanted. The fine voices of the monks lost but little of their volume in the open air; there was no wind, and the tapers burned and the incense diffused itself, as in the church. A sacred picture, which two monks carried on a sort of litter, was regarded with particular reverence by the pilgrims, numbers of whom crept under the line of guards to snatch a moment's devotion before it. At every pause in the proceedings there was a rush from all sides, and the poor fellows who formed the lines held each other's hands with all their strength. Yet flushed, sweating, and exhausted as they were, the responsibility of their position made them perfectly proud and happy. They were the guardians of cross and shrine, of the holy books, the monks, and the abbot himself.

From the east side we proceeded to the north, where the dead monks sleep in their cemetery, high over the watery gorge. In one corner of this inclosure, under a group of giant maples, is the grave of King Magnus of Sweden, who is said to have perished by shipwreck on the island. Here, in the deep shade, a solemn mass for the dead was chanted. Nothing could have added to the impressiveness of the scene. The tapers burning under the thick-leaved boughs, the light smoke curling up in the shade, the grave voices of the monks, the bending heads of the beautiful-haired crowd, and the

dashes of white, pink, scarlet, blue, and gold in their dresses, made a picture the solemnity of which was only heightened by its pomp of colour. I can do no more than give the features; the reader must re-combine them in his own mind.

The painter accompanied us to the place called Jelesniki, which, after a walk of four miles through the forests, we found to be a deserted village, with a chapel on a rocky headland. There was a fine bridge across the dividing strait, and the place may have been as picturesque as it was represented. On that side of the islands, however, there was a dense fog, and we could get no view beyond a hundred yards. We had hoped to see reindeer in the woods, and an eagle's nest, and various other curiosities; but where there was no fog there were mosquitoes, and the search became discouraging.

On returning to the monastery, a register was brought to us, in which, on looking back for several years, we could find but one foreign visitor—a Frenchman. We judged, therefore, that the abbot would possibly expect us to call upon him, and, indeed, the hospitality we had received exacted it. We found him receiving visitors in a plain but comfortable room, in a distant part of the building. He was a man of fifty-five, frank and self-possessed in his manners, and of an evident force and individuality of character. His reception of the visitors, among whom was a lady, was at once courteous and kindly. A younger monk brought us glasses of tea.

Incidentally learning that I had visited the Holy Places in Syria, the abbot sent for some pictures of the monastery and its chosen saints, which he asked me to keep as a souvenir of Valaam. He also presented each of us with a cake of unleavened bread, stamped with the cross, and with a triangular piece cut out of the top, to indicate the Trinity. On parting, he gave his hand, which the orthodox visitors devoutly kissed. Before the steamer sailed, we received fresh evidence of his kindness, in the present of three large loaves of consecrated bread, and a bunch of lilacs from the garden of the monastery.

Through some misunderstanding, we failed to dine in the refectory, as the monks desired, and their hospitable regret on this account was the only shade on our enjoyment of the visit. Alexis remained, in order to complete his devotions by partaking of the Communion on the following Sabbath; but as the anniversary solemnities closed at noon, the crowd of pilgrims prepared to return home. The *Valamo*, too, sounded her warning bell, so we left the monastery as friends where we had arrived as strangers, and went on board. Boat after boat, gunwale-deep with the gay Carelians, rowed down the inlet, and in the space of half an hour but a few stragglers were left of all the multidude. Some of the monks came down to say another good-bye, and the under-abbot, blessing R., made the sign of the cross upon his brow and breast.

When we reached the golden dome of St Nicholas,

at the outlet of the harbour, the boats had set their sails, and the lake was no longer lonely. Scores of white wings gleamed in the sun, as they scattered away in radii from the central and sacred point, some north, some east, and some veering south around Holy Island. Sergius and Herrmann gave them smooth seas, and light, favourable airs; for the least roughness would have carried them, overladen as they were, to the bottom. Once more the bells of Valaam chimed farewell, and we turned the point to the westward, steering back to Kexholm.

Late that night we reached our old moorage at Konewitz, and on Saturday, at the appointed hour, landed in St Petersburg. We carried the white cross at the fore as we descended the Neva, and the bells of the churches along the banks welcomed our return. And now, as I recall those five days among the islands of the Northern Lake, I see that it is good to go on a pilgrimage, even if one is not a pilgrim.

BETWEEN EUROPE AND ASIA.

BETWEEN EUROPE AND ASIA.

"Pushed off from one shore, and not yet landed on the other."
—*Russian Proverb.*

THE railroad from Moscow to Nijni-Novgorod had been opened but a fortnight before. It was scarcely finished, indeed; for, in order to facilitate travel during the continuance of the Great Fair at the latter place, the gaps in the line left by unbuilt bridges were filled up with temporary trestle-work. The one daily express-train was so thronged that it required much exertion, and the freest use of the Envoy's prestige, to secure a private carriage for our party. The sun was sinking over the low, hazy ridge of the Sparrow Hills as we left Moscow: and we enjoyed one more glimpse of the inexhaustible splendour of the city's thousand golden domes and pinnacles, softened by luminous smoke and transfigured dust, before the dark woods of fir intervened, and the twilight sank down on cold and lonely landscapes.

Thence, until darkness, there was nothing more to claim attention. Whoever has seen one landscape of

Central Russia is familiar with three-fourths of the whole region. Nowhere else—not even on the levels of Illinois—are the same features so constantly reproduced. One long, low swell of earth succeeds to another; it is rare that any other woods than birch and fir are seen; the cleared land presents a continuous succession of pasture, rye, wheat, potatoes, and cabbages; and the villages are as like as peas, in their huts of unpainted logs, clustering around a white church with five green domes. It is a monotony which nothing but the richest culture can prevent from becoming tiresome. Culture is to Nature what good manners are to man, rendering poverty of character endurable.

Stationing a servant at the door to prevent intrusion at the way-stations, we let down the curtains before our windows, and secured a comfortable privacy for the night, whence we issued only once, during a halt for supper. I entered the refreshment-room with very slender expectations, but was immediately served with plump partridges, tender cutlets, and green peas. The Russians made a rush for the great *samovar* (tea-urn) of brass, which shone from one end of the long table; and presently each had his tumbler of scalding tea, with a slice of lemon floating on the top. These people drink beverages of a temperature which would take the skin off Anglo-Saxon mouths. My tongue was more than once blistered, on beginning to drink after they had emptied their glasses. There is no station without its steaming samovar; and some persons, I

verily believe, take their thirty-three hot teas between Moscow and St Petersburg.

There is not much choice of dishes in the interior of Russia; but what one does get is sure to be tolerably good. Even on the Beresina and the Dnieper I have always fared better than at most of the places in our country where "Ten minutes for refreshments!" is announced day by day and year by year. Better a single beef-steak, where tenderness is, than a stalled ox, all gristle and grease. But then our cooking (for the public at least) is notoriously the worst in the civilised world; and I can safely pronounce the Russian better, without commending it very highly.

Some time in the night we passed the large town of Vladimir, and with the rising sun were well on our way to the Volga. I pushed aside the curtains, and looked out, to see what changes a night's travel had wrought in the scenery. It was a pleasant surprise. On the right stood a large, stately residence, embowered in gardens and orchards; while beyond it, stretching away to the south-east, opened a broad, shallow valley. The sweeping hills on either side were dotted with shocks of rye; and their thousands of acres of stubble shone like gold in the level rays. Herds of cattle were pasturing in the meadows, and the peasants (serfs no longer) were straggling out of the villages to their labour in the fields. The crosses and polished domes of churches sparkled on the horizon. Here the patches of primitive forest were of larger growth, the trunks cleaner

and straighter, than we had yet seen. Nature was half-conquered, in spite of the climate, and, for the first time since leaving St Petersburg, wore a habitable aspect. I recognised some of the features of Russian country-life which Puschkin describes so charmingly in his poem of "Eugene Onägin."

The agricultural development of Russia has been greatly retarded by the indifference of the nobility, whose vast estates comprise the best land of the empire in those provinces where improvements might be most easily introduced. Although a large portion of the noble families pass their summers in the country, they use the season as a period of physical and pecuniary recuperation from the dissipations of the past, and preparation for those of the coming winter. Their possessions are so large (those of Count Scheremetieff, for instance, contain one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants) that they push each other too far apart for social intercourse; and they consequently live *en déshabille*, careless of the great national interests in their hands. There is a class of our Southern planters which seems to have adopted a very similar mode of life—families which shabbily starve for ten months, in order to make a lordly show at "the Springs" for the other two. A most accomplished Russian lady, the Princess D——, said to me—"The want of an active, intelligent country society is our greatest misfortune. Our estates thus become a sort of exile. The few, here and there, who try to improve the condition of the

people, through the improvement of the soil, are not supported by their neighbours, and lose heart. The more we gain in the life of the capital, the more we are oppressed by the solitude and stagnation of the life of the country."

This open, cheerful region continued through the morning. The railroad was still a novelty; and the peasants everywhere dropped their scythes and shovels to see the train pass. Some bowed with the profoundest gravity. They were a fine, healthy, strapping race of men, only of medium height, but admirably developed in chest and limbs, and with shrewd, intelligent faces. Content, not stupidity, is the cause of their stationary condition. They are not yet a people, but the germ of one, and, as such, present a grand field for anthropological studies.

Towards noon the road began to descend, by easy grades, from the fair, rolling uplands into a lower and wilder region. When the train stopped, women and children whose swarthy skin and black eyes betrayed a mixture of Tartar blood, made their appearance, with wooden bowls of cherries and huckleberries for sale. These bowls were neatly carved and painted. They were evidently held in high value; for I had great difficulty in purchasing one. We moved slowly, on account of the many skeleton bridges; but presently a long, blue ridge, which for an hour past had followed us in the south-east, began to curve around to our front I now knew that it must mark the course of the

Oka River, and that we were approaching Nijni-Novgorod.

We soon saw the river itself; then houses and gardens scattered along the slope of the hill; then clusters of sparkling domes on the summit; then a stately, white-walled citadel; and the end of the blue ridge slanted down in an even line to the Volga. We were three hundred miles from Moscow, on the direct road to Siberia.

The city being on the farther side of the Oka, the railroad terminates at the Fair, which is a separate city, occupying the triangular level between the two rivers. Our approach to it was first announced by heaps of cotton-bales bound in striped camel's-hair cloth, which had found their way hither from the distant valleys of Turkestan and the warm plains of Bukharia. Nearly fifty thousand camels are employed in the transportation of this staple across the deserts of the Aral to Orenburg, a distance of a thousand miles. The increase of price had doubled the production since the previous year, and the amount which now reaches the factories of Russia through this channel cannot be less than seventy-five thousand bales. The advance of modern civilisation has so intertwined the interests of all zones and races, that a civil war in the United States affects the industry of Central Asia!

Next to these cotton-bales which, to us, silently proclaimed the downfall of that arrogant monopoly which has caused all our present woe, came the representatives

of those who produced them. Groups of picturesque Asians—Bashkirs, Persians, Bukharians, and Uzbeks—appeared on either side, staring impassively at the wonderful apparition. Though there was sand under their feet, they seemed out of place in the sharp north-wind and among the hills of fir and pine.

The train stopped : we had reached the station. As I stepped upon the platform, I saw, over the level lines of copper roofs, the dragon-like pinnacles of Chinese buildings, and the white minaret of a mosque. Here was the certainty of a picturesque interest to balance the uncertainty of our situation. We had been unable to engage quarters in advance : there were two hundred thousand strangers before us, in a city the normal population of which is barely forty thousand ; and four of our party were ladies. The Envoy, indeed, might claim the Governor's hospitality ; but our visit was to be so brief that we had no time to expend on ceremonies, and preferred rambling at will through the teeming bazaars to being led about under the charge of an official escort.

A friend at Moscow, however, had considerately telegraphed in our behalf to a French resident of Nijni, and the latter gentleman met us at the station. He could give but slight hope of quarters for the night, but generously offered us his services. Droshkies were engaged to convey us to the old city, on the hill beyond the Oka ; and, crowded two by two into the shabby little vehicles, we set forth. The sand was knee-deep,

and the first thing that happened was the stoppage of our procession by the tumbling down of several horses. They were righted with the help of some obliging spectators; and with infinite labour we worked through this strip of desert into a region of mud, with a hard, stony bottom somewhere between us and the earth's centre. The street we entered, though on the outskirts of the Fair, resembled Broadway on a sensation-day. It was choked with a crowd, composed of the sweepings of Europe and Asia. Our horses thrust their heads between the shoulders of Christians, Jews, Moslems, and Pagans, slowly shoving their way towards the floating bridge, which was a jam of vehicles from end to end. At the corners of the streets, the wiry Don Cossacks, in their dashing blue uniforms and caps of black lamb's-wool, regulated, as best they could, the movements of the multitude. It was curious to notice how they, and their small, well-knit horses,—the equine counterparts of themselves,—controlled the fierce, fiery life which flashed from every limb and feature, and did their duty with wonderful patience and gentleness. They seemed so many spirits of Disorder tamed to the service of Order.

It was nearly half an hour before we reached the other end of the bridge, and struck the suberb inclined highway which leads to the top of the hill. We were unwashed and hungry; and neither the tumult of the lower town, nor the view of the Volga, crowded with vessels of all descriptions, had power to detain us.

Our brave little horses bent themselves to the task; for task it really was—the road rising between three and four hundred feet in less than half a mile. Advantage has been taken of a slight natural ravine, formed by a short, curving spur of the hill, which incloses a *pocket* of the greenest and richest foliage—a bit of unsuspected beauty, quite invisible from the other side of the river. Then, in order to reach the level of the Kremlin, the road is led through an artificial gap, a hundred feet in depth, to the open square in the centre of the city.

Here, all was silent and deserted. There were broad, well-paved streets, substantial houses, the square towers and crenelated walls of the Old Kremlin, and the glittering cupolas of twenty-six churches before us, and a lack of population which contrasted amazingly with the whirlpool of life below. Monsieur D., our new, but most faithful friend, took us to the hotel, every corner and cranny of which was occupied. There was a possibility of breakfast only, and water was obtained with great exertion. While we were lazily enjoying a tolerable meal, Monsieur D. was bestirring himself in all quarters, and came back to us radiant with luck. He had found four rooms in a neighbouring street; and truly, if one were to believe De Custine or Dumas, such rooms are impossible in Russia. Charmingly clean, elegantly furnished, with sofas of green leather and beds of purest linen, they would have satisfied the severe eye of an English housekeeper. We thanked both our good friend and St Macarius

(who presides over the Fair) for this fortune, took possession, and then hired fresh droshkies to descend the hill.

On emerging from the ravine, we obtained a bird's-eye view of the whole scene. The waters of both rivers, near at hand, were scarcely visible through the shipping which covered them. Vessels from the Neva, the Caspian, and the rivers of the Ural, were here congregated; and they alone represented a floating population of between thirty and forty thousand souls. The Fair, from this point, resembled an immense flat city,—the streets of booths being of a uniform height,—out of which rose the great Greek church, the Tartar mosque, and the curious Chinese roofs. It was a vast, dark, humming plain, vanishing towards the west and north-west in clouds of sand. By this time there was a lull in the business, and we made our way to the central bazaar with less trouble than we had anticipated. It is useless to attempt an enumeration of the wares exposed for sale: they embraced everything grown, trapped, dug, or manufactured between Ireland and Japan. We sought, of course, the Asiatic elements, which first met us in the shape of melons from Astrachan, and grapes from the southern slopes of the Caucasus. Then came wondrous stuffs from the looms of Turkestan and Cashmere, turquoises from the Upper Oxus, and glittering strings of Siberian topaz and amethyst, side by side with Nuremberg toys, Lyons silks, and Sheffield cutlery. About one-third of the population of the Fair was of

Asiatic blood, embracing representatives from almost every tribe north and west of the Himalayas.

This temporary city, which exists during only two months of the year, contained two hundred thousand inhabitants at the time of our visit. During the remaining ten months it is utterly depopulated, the bazaars are closed, and chains are drawn across the streets to prevent the passage of vehicles. A single statement will give an idea of its extent: the combined length of the streets is twenty-five miles. The Great Bazaar is substantially built of stone, after the manner of those in Constantinople, except that it incloses an open court, where a government band performs every afternoon. Here the finer wares are displayed, and the shadowed air under the vaulted roofs is a very kaleidoscope for shifting colour and sparkle. Tea, cotton, leather, wool, and the other heavier and coarser commodities, have their separate streets and quarters. The several nationalities are similarly divided, to some extent; but the stranger, of course, prefers to see them jostling together in the streets,—a Babel not only of tongues, but of feature, character, and costume.

Our ladies were eager to inspect the stock of jewellery, especially those heaps of exquisite colour, with which the Mohammedans very logically load the trees of Paradise; for they resemble fruit in a glorified state of existence. One can imagine virtuous grapes promoted to amethysts, blueberries to turquoises, cherries to rubies, and greengages to aqua-marine. These, the

secondary jewels, (with the exception of the ruby,) are brought in great quantities from Siberia, but most of them are marred by slight flaws or other imperfections, so that their cheapness is more apparent than real. An amethyst an inch long, throwing the most delicious purple light from its hundreds of facets, quite takes you captive, and you put your hand in your pocket for the fifteen dollars which shall make you its possessor; but a closer inspection is sure to show you either a broad transverse flaw, or a spot where the colour fades into transparency. The white topaz, known as the "Siberian diamond," is generally flawless, and the purest specimens are scarcely to be distinguished from the genuine brilliant. A necklace of these, varying from a half to a quarter of an inch in diameter, may be had for about twenty-five dollars. There were also golden and smoky topaz and beryl, in great profusion.

A princely Bashkir drew us to his booth, first by his beauty and then by his noble manners. He was the very incarnation of Boker's "Prince Adeb."

> "The girls of Damar paused to see me pass,
> I walking in my rags, yet beautiful.
> One maiden said, 'He has a prince's air!'
> I am a prince; the air was all my own."

This Bashkir, however, was not in rags, he was elegantly attired. His silken vest was bound with a girdle of gold thread studded with jewels, and over it he wore a caftan, with wide sleeves, of the finest dark-blue cloth. The round cap of black lamb's-wool became his hand-

some head. His complexion was pale olive, through which the red of his cheeks shone, in the words of some oriental poem, "like a rose-leaf through oil;" and his eyes, in their dark fire, were more lustrous than smoky topaz. His voice was mellow and musical, and his every movement and gesture a new exhibition of human grace. Among thousands, yea, tens of thousands of handsome men, he stood pre-eminent.

As our acquaintance ripened, he drew a pocket-book from his bosom, and showed us his choicest treasures: turquoises, bits of wonderful blue heavenly forget-me-nots; a jacinth, burning like a live coal, in scarlet light; and lastly, a perfect ruby, which no sum less than twenty-five hundred dollars could purchase. From him we learned the curious fluctuations of fashion in regard to jewels. Turquoises were just then in the ascendant; and one of the proper tint, the size of a parsnip-seed, could not be had for a hundred dollars, the full value of a diamond of equal size. Amethysts of a deep plum-colour, though less beautiful than the next paler shade, command very high prices; while jacinth, beryl, and aqua-marine—stones of exquisite hue and lustre—are cheap. But then, in this department, as in all others, fashion and beauty are not convertible terms.

In the next booth there were two Persians, who unfolded before our eyes some of their marvellous shawls, where you forget the barbaric pattern in the exquisite fineness of the material and the triumphant harmony

of the colours. Scarlet with palm-leaf border,—blue clasped by golden bronze, picked out with red,—browns, greens, and crimsons struggling for the mastery in a war of tints,—how should we choose between them? Alas! we were not able to choose; they were a thousand dollars a-piece! But the Persians still went on unfolding, taking our admiration in pay for their trouble, and seeming even, by their pleasant smiles, to consider themselves well paid. When we came to the booths of European merchants, we were swiftly impressed with the fact that civilisation, in following the sun westward, loses its grace in proportion as it advances. The gentle dignity, the serene patience, the soft, fraternal, affectionate demeanour of our Asiatic brethren vanished utterly when we encountered French and German salesmen; and yet these latter would have seemed gracious and courteous, had there been a few Yankee dealers beyond them. The fourth or fifth century, which still exists in Central Asia, was undoubtedly, in this particular, superior to the nineteenth. No gentleman, since his time, I suspect, has equalled Adam.

Among these Asiatics Mr Buckle would have some difficulty in maintaining his favourite postulate, that tolerance is the result of progressive intelligence. It is also the result of courtesy, as we may occasionally see in well-bred persons of limited intellect. Such, undoubtedly, is the basis of that tolerance which no one who has had much personal intercourse with the Semitic

races can have failed to experience. The days of the sword and faggot are past; but it was reserved for Christians to employ them in the name of religion alone. Local or political jealousies are at the bottom of those troubles which still occur from time to time in Turkey; the traveller hears no insulting epithet, and the green-turbaned Imâm will receive him as kindly and courteously as the sceptical Bey educated in Paris. I have never been so aggressively assailed, on religious grounds, as at home,—never so coarsely and insultingly treated, on account of a presumed difference of opinion, as by those who claim descent from the Cavaliers. The bitter fierceness of some of our leading reformers is overlooked by their followers, because it springs from "earnest conviction;" but in the Orient intensest faith co-exists with the most gracious and gentle manners.

Be not impatient, beloved reader; for this digression brings me naturally to the next thing we saw at Novgorod. As we issued from the bazaar, the sunlit minaret greeted us through whirling dust and rising vapour, and I fancied I could hear the muezzin's musical cry. It was about time for the *asser* prayer. Droshkies were found, and we rode slowly through the long, low warehouses of "caravan tea" and Mongolian wool to the mound near the Tartar encampment. The mosque was a plain, white, octagonal building, conspicuous only through its position. The turbaned faithful were already gathering; and we entered,

and walked up the steps among them, without encountering an unfriendly glance. At the door stood two Cossack soldiers, specially placed there to prevent the worshippers from being insulted by curious Christians. (Those who have witnessed the wanton profanation of mosques in India by the English officers will please notice this fact.) If we had not put off our shoes before entering the hall of worship, the Cossacks would have performed that operation for us.

I am happy to say that none of our party lacked a proper reverence for devotion, though it was offered through the channels of an alien creed. The ladies left their gaiters beside our boots, and we all stood in our stockings on the matting, a little in the rear of the kneeling crowd. The priest occupied a low daïs in front, but he simply led the prayer, which was uttered by all. The windows were open, and the sun poured a golden flood into the room. Yonder gleamed the Kremlin of Novgorod, yonder rolled the Volga, all around were the dark forests of the North,—yet their faces were turned, and their thoughts went southward, to where Mecca sits among the burning hills, in the feathery shade of her palm-trees. And the tongue of Mecca came from their lips, "*Allah!*" "*Allah akhbar!*" as the knee bent and the forehead touched the floor.

At the second repetition of the prayers we quietly withdrew; and good Monsieur D., forgetful of nothing, suggested that preparations had been made for a dinner

in the great cosmopolitan restaurant. So we drove back again through the Chinese street, with its red-horned houses, the roofs terminating in gilded dragons' tails, and, after pressing through an immense multitude, enveloped in tobacco-smoke and the steam of tea-urns, found ourselves at last in a low room with a shaky floor and muslin ceiling. It was an exact copy of the dining-room of a California hotel. If we looked blank a moment, Monsieur D.'s smile reassured us. He had given all the necessary orders, he said, and would step out and secure a box in the theatre before the *zakouski* was served. During his absence, we looked out of the window on either side upon surging, whirling, humming pictures of the Great Fair, all vanishing in perspectives of dust and mist.

In half an hour our friend returned, and with him entered the *zakouski*. I cannot remember half the appetising ingredients of which it was composed: anchovies, sardines, herrings, capers, cheese, caviare, *paté de foie*, pickles, cherries, oranges, and olives, were among them. Instead of being a prelude to dinner, it was almost a dinner in itself. Then, after a Russian soup, which always contains as much solid nutriment as meat-biscuit or Arctic pemmican, came the glory of the repast, a mighty *sterlet*, which was swimming in Volga water when we took our seats at the table. This fish, the exclusive property of Russia, is, in times of scarcity, worth its weight in silver. Its unapproachable flavour is supposed to be as evanescent as the hues of a dying

dolphin. Frequently, at grand dinner-parties, it is carried around the table in a little tank, and exhibited, *alive*, to the guests, when their soup is served, that its freshness, ten minutes afterwards, may be put beyond suspicion. The fish has the appearance of a small, lean sturgeon; but its flesh resembles the melting pulp of a fruit rather than the fibre of its watery brethren. It sinks into juice upon the tongue, like a perfectly ripe peach. In this quality no other fish in the world can approach it; yet I do not think the flavour quite so fine as that of a brook-trout. Our *sterlet* was nearly two feet long, and may have cost twenty or thirty dollars.

With it appeared an astonishing salad, composed of water-melons, cantaloupes, pickled-cherries, cucumbers, and certain spicy herbs. Its colour and odour were enticing, and we had all applied the test of taste most satisfactorily before we detected the curious mixture of ingredients. After the second course,—a ragout of beef, accompanied with a rich, elaborate sauce,—three heavy tankards of chased silver, holding two quarts a-piece, were placed upon the table. The first of these contained *kvass*, the second *kislischi*, and the third hydromel. Each one of these national drinks, when properly brewed, is very palatable and refreshing. I found the *kislischi* nearly identical with the ancient Scandinavian mead: no doubt it dates from the Varangian rule in Russia. The old custom of passing the tankards around the table, from mouth to mouth, is

still observed, and will not be found objectionable, even in these days of excessive delicacy, when ladies and gentlemen are seated alternately at the banquet.

The Russian element of the dinner here terminated. Cutlets and roast fowls made their appearance, with bottles of Rüdesheimer and Lafitte, followed by a dessert of superb Persian melons, from the southern shore of the Caspian Sea.

By this time night had fallen, and Monsieur D. suggested an immediate adjournment to the theatre. What should be the entertainment? Dances of *almehs*, songs of gypsies, or Chinese jugglers? One of the Ivans brought a programme. It was not difficult to decipher the word "МАКБЕТЪ" and to recognise further, in the name of "Ira Aldridge" a distinguished mulatto tragedian, to whom Maryland has given birth (if I am rightly informed) and Europe fame. We had often heard of him, yea, seen his portrait in Germany, decorated with the orders conferred by half a dozen sovereigns; and his presence here, between Europe and Asia, was not the least characteristic feature of the Fair. A mulatto Macbeth, in a Russian theatre, with a Persian and Tartar audience!

On arriving, we were ushered into two whitewashed boxes, which had been reserved for our party. The manager, having been informed of the Envoy's presence in Nijni-Novgorod, had delayed the performance half an hour, but the audience bore this infliction patiently. The building was deep and narrow, with space for about

eight hundred persons, and was filled from top to bottom. The first act was drawing to a close as we entered. King Duncan, with two or three shabby attendants, stood in the court-yard of the castle,—the latter represented by a handsome French door on the left, with a bit of Tartar wall beyond,—and made his observations on the "pleasant seat" of Macbeth's mansion. He spoke Russian, of course. Lady Macbeth now appeared, in a silk-dress of the latest fashion, expanded by the amplest of crinolines. She was passably handsome, and nothing could be gentler than her face and voice. She received the royal party like a well-bred lady, and they all entered the French door together.

There was no change of scene. With slow step and folded arms, Ira Macbeth entered and commenced the soliloquy, "If it were done," &c., to our astonishment, in English! He was a dark, strongly-built mulatto, of about fifty, in a fancy tunic, and light stockings over Forrestian calves. His voice was deep and powerful; and it was very evident that Edmund Kean, once his master, was also the model which he carefully followed in the part. There were the same deliberate, over-distinct enunciation, the same prolonged pauses and gradually-performed gestures, as I remember, in imitations of Kean's manner. Except that the copy was a little too apparent, Mr Aldridge's acting was really very fine. The Russians were enthusiastic in their applause, though very few of them, probably, understood the

language of the part. The Oriental auditors were perfectly impassive, and it was impossible to guess how they regarded the performance.

The second act was in some respects the most amusing thing I ever saw upon the stage. In the dagger-scene, Ira was, to my mind, quite equal to Forrest; it was impossible to deny him unusual dramatic talent; but his complexion, continually suggesting Othello, quite confounded me. The amiable Russian Lady Macbeth was much better adapted to the part of Desdemona: all softness and gentleness, she smiled as she lifted her languishing eyes, and murmured in the tenderest accents, "Infirm of purpose! give me the the dagger!" At least, I took for granted that these were her words, for Macbeth had just said, "Look on't again I dare not." Afterwards, six Russian soldiers, in tan-coloured shirts, loose trousers, and high boots, filed in, followed by Macduff and Malcolm in the costume of Wallenstein's troopers. The dialogue—one voice English, and all the others Russian—proceeded smoothly enough, but the effect was like nothing which our stage can produce. Nevertheless, the audience was delighted, and when the curtain fell there were vociferous cries of "*Aïra! Aïra! Aldreetch! Aldreetch!*" until the swarthy hero made his appearance before the foot-lights.

Monsieur D. conducted our friend P. into the green-room, where he was received by Macbeth in costume. He found the latter to be a dignified, imposing person-

age, who carried his tragic chest-tones into ordinary conversation. On being informed by P. that the American minister was present, he asked—

"Of what persuasion?"

P. hastened to set him right, and Ira then remarked, in his gravest tone, "I shall have the honour of waiting upon him to-morrow morning;" which, however, he failed to do.

This son of the South, no doubt, came legitimately (or, at least, naturally) by his dignity. His career, for a man of his blood and antecedents, has been wonderfully successful, and is justly due, I am convinced, since I have seen him, to his histrionic talents. Both black and yellow skins are sufficiently rare in Europe to excite a particular interest in those who wear them; and I had surmised, up to this time, that much of his popularity might be owing to his colour. But he certainly deserves an honourable place among tragedians of the second rank.

We left the theatre at the close of the third act, and crossed the river to our quarters on the hill. A chill mist hung over the Fair, but the lamps still burned, the streets were thronged, and the Don Cossacks kept patient guard at every corner. The night went by like one unconscious minute, in beds unmolested by bug or flea; and when I arose, thoroughly refreshed, I involuntarily called to mind a frightful chapter in De Custine's "Russia," describing the prevalence of an insect which he calls the *persica*, on the banks of the

Volga. He was obliged to sleep on a table, the legs whereof were placed in basins of water, to escape their attacks. I made many inquiries about these terrible *persicas*, and finally discovered that they were neither more nor less than—cockroaches!—called *Prossaki* (Prussians) by the Russians, as they are sometimes called *Schwaben* (Suabians) by the Germans. Possibly they may be found in the huts of the serfs, but they are rare in decent houses.

We devoted the first sunny hours of the morning to a visit to the citadel and a walk around the crest of the hill. On the highest point, just over the junction of the two rivers, there is a commemorative column to Minim, the patriotic butcher of Novgorod, but for whose eloquence, in the year 1610, the Russian might possibly now be the Polish empire. Vladislas, son of Sigismund of Poland, had been called to the throne by the boyards, and already reigned in Moscow, when Minim appealed to the national spirit, persuaded General Pojarski to head an anti-Polish movement, which was successful, and thus cleared the way for the election of Michael Romanoff, the first sovereign of the present dynasty. Minim is therefore one of the historic names of Russia.

When I stood beside his monument, and the finest landscape of European Russia was suddenly unrolled before my eyes, I could believe the tradition of his eloquence, for here was its inspiration. Thirty or forty miles away stretched the rolling swells of forest and grain-land, fading into dimmest blue to the westward

and northward, dotted with villages and sparkling domes, and divided by shining reaches of the Volga. It was truly a superb and imposing view, changing with each spur of the hill as we made the circuit of the citadel. Eastward, the country rose into dark, wooded hills, between which the river forced its way in a narrower and swifter channel, until it disappeared behind a purple headland, hastening southward to find a warmer home in the unfrozen Caspian. By embarking on the steamers anchored below us, we might have reached Perm, among the Ural Mountains, or Astrachan, in less than a week; while a trip of ten days would have taken us past the Caucasus, even to the base of Ararat or Demavend. Such are the splendid possibilities of travel in these days.

The Envoy, who visited Europe for the first time, declared that this panorama from the hill of Novgorod was one of the finest things he had seen. There could, truly, be no better preparation to enjoy it than fifteen hundred miles of nearly unbroken level, after leaving the Russian frontier; but I think it would be a noted landscape anywhere. Why it is not more widely celebrated I cannot guess. The only person in Russia whom I heard speak of it with genuine enthusiasm was Alexander II.

Two hours upon the breezy parapet, beside the old Tartar walls, were all too little; but the droshkies waited in the river-street a quarter of a mile below us; our return to Moscow was ordered for the afternoon;

there were amethysts and Persian silks yet to be bought; and so we sighed farewell to an enjoyment rare in Russia, and descended the steep foot-path.

P. and I left the rest of the party at the booth of the handsome Bashkir, and set out upon a special mission to the Tartar camp. I had ascertained that the national beverage of Central Asia might be found there,—the genuine *koumiss* or fermented milk of the mares of the Uralian steppes. Having drunk palm-wine in India, *samshoo* in China, *saki* in Japan, *pulque* in Mexico, *bouza* in Egypt, mead in Scandinavia, ale in England, *bock-bier* in Germany, *mastic* in Greece, *calabogus* in Newfoundland, and—soda-water in the United States, I desired to complete the bibulous cosmos, in which *koumiss* was still lacking. My friend did not share my curiosity, but was ready for an adventure, which our search for mare's milk seemed to promise.

Beyond the mosques we found the Uzbeks and Kirghiz,—some in tents, some in rough shanties of boards. But they were without *koumiss*: they had had it, and showed us some empty kegs, in evidence of the fact. I fancied a gleam of diversion stole over their grave, swarthy faces, as they listened to our eager inquiries in broken Russian. Finally we came into an extemporised village, where some women, unveiled and ugly, advised us to apply to the traders in the khan or caravanserai. This was a great barn-like building, two storys high, with broken staircases and creaking floors. A corridor ran the whole length of the second floor

with some twenty or thirty doors opening into it from the separate rooms of the traders. We accosted the first Tartar whom we met, and he promised, with great readiness, to procure us what we wanted. He ushered us into his room, cleared away a pile of bags, saddles, camel-trappings, and other tokens of a nomadic life, and revealed a low divan covered with a ragged carpet. On a sack of barley sat his father, a blind graybeard, nearly eighty years old. On our way through the camp, I had noticed that the Tartars saluted each other with the Arabic, "*Salaam aleikoom!*" and I therefore greeted the old man with the familiar words. He lifted his head: his face brightened, and he immediately answered, "*Aleikoom salaam*, my son!"

"Do you speak Arabic?" I asked.

"A little; I have forgotten it," said he. "But thine is a new voice. Of what tribe art thou?"

"A tribe far away, beyond Bagdad and Syria," I answered.

"It is the tribe of Damascus. I know it now, my son. I have heard the voice, many, many years ago."

The withered old face looked so bright, as some pleasant memory shone through it, that I did not undeceive the man. His son came in with a glass, pulled a keg from under a pile of coarse caftans, and drew out the wooden peg. A gray liquid, with an odour at once sour and pungent, spirted into the glass, which he presently handed to me, filled to the brim. In such cases no hesitation is permitted. I thought of home and

family, set the glass to my lips, and emptied it before the flavour made itself clearly manifest to my palate.

"Well, what is it like?" asked my friend, who curiously awaited the result of the experiment.

"Peculiar," I answered, with preternatural calmness, —"peculiar, but not unpleasant."

The glass was filled a second time; and P., not to be behindhand, emptied it at a draught. Then he turned to me with tears (not of delight) in his eyes, swallowed very hard two or three times, suppressed a convulsive shudder, and finally remarked, with the air of a martyr, "Very curious, indeed!"

"Will your Excellencies have some more?" said the friendly Tartar.

"Not before breakfast, if you please," I answered; "your *koumiss* is excellent, however, and we will take a bottle with us,"—which we did, in order to satisfy the possible curiosity of the ladies. I may here declare that the bottle was never emptied.

The taste was that of aged buttermilk mixed with ammonia. We could detect no flavour of alcohol, yet were conscious of a light exhilaration from the small quantity we drank. The beverage is said, indeed, to be very intoxicating. Some German physician has established a "*koumiss*-cure" at Piatigorsk, at the northern base of the Caucausus, and invites invalids of certain kinds to come and be healed by its agency. I do not expect to be one of the number.

There still remained a peculiar feature of the Fair,

which I had not yet seen. This is the subterranean net-work of sewerage, which reproduces, in massive masonry, the streets on the surface. Without it, the annual city of two months would become uninhabitable. The peninsula between the two rivers being low and marshy—frequently overflowed during the spring freshets—pestilence would soon be bred from the immense concourse of people: hence a system of *cloacæ*, almost rivalling those of ancient Rome. At each street-corner there are wells containing spiral staircases, by which one can descend to the spacious subterranean passages, and there walk for miles under arches of hewn stone, lighted and aired by shafts at regular intervals. In St Petersburg you are told that more than half the cost of the city is under the surface of the earth: at Nijni-Novgorod the statement is certainly true. Peter the Great at one time designed establishing his capital here. Could he have foreseen the existence of railroads, he would certainly have done so. Nijni-Novgorod is now nearer to Berlin than the Russian frontier was fifty years ago. St Petersburg is an accidental city; nature and the destiny of the empire are both opposed to its existence; and a time will come when its long lines of palaces shall be deserted for some new capital, in a locality at once more southern and more central.

Another walk through the streets of the Fair enabled me to analyse the first confused impression, and separate the motley throng of life into its several elements.

I shall not attempt, however, to catch and paint its ever-changing, fluctuating character. Our limited visit allowed us to see only the more central and crowded streets. Outside of these, for miles, extend suburbs of iron, of furs, wool, and other coarser products, brought together from the Ural, from the forests towards the Polar Ocean, and from the vast extent of Siberia. Here, from morning till night, the beloved *kvass* flows in rivers, the strong steam of *shchee* (cabbage-soup) sends up its perpetual incense, and the samovar of cheap tea is never empty. Here, although important interests are represented, the intercourse between buyers and sellers is less grave and methodical than in the bazaar. There are jokes, laughter, songs, and a constant play of that repartee in which even the serfs are masters. Here, too, jugglers and mountebanks of all sorts ply their trade; gipsies sing, dance, and tell fortunes; and other vocations, less respectable than these, flourish vigorously. For, whether the visitor be an Ostiak from the Polar circle, an Uzbek from the Upper Oxus, a Crim-Tartar or Nogaï, a Georgian from Tiflis, a Mongolian from the Land of Grass, a Persian from Ispahan, a Jew from Hamburg, a Frenchman from Lyons, a Tyrolese, Swiss, Bohemian, or an Anglo-Saxon from either side of the Atlantic, he meets his fellow-visitors to the Great Fair on the common ground, not of human brotherhood, but of human appetite; and all the manifold nationalities succumb to the same allurements. If the various forms of indulgence could be so

used as to propagate ideas, the world would speedily be regenerated; but as things go, "cakes and ale" have more force than the loftiest ideas, the noblest theories of improvement; and the impartial observer will make this discovery as readily at Nijni-Novgorod as anywhere else.

Before taking leave of the Fair, let me give a word to the important subject of tea. It is a much-disputed question with the connoisseurs of that beverage which neither cheers nor inebriates, (though, I confess, it is more agreeable than *koumiss*,) whether the Russian "caravan tea" is really superior to that which is imported by sea. After much patient observation, combined with serious reflection, I incline to the opinion that the flavour of tea depends, not upon the method of transportation, but upon the price paid for the article. I have tasted bad caravan tea in Russia, and delicious tea in New York. In St Petersburg you cannot procure a good article for less than three roubles ($2.25, *gold*) per pound; while the finer kinds bring twelve and even sixteen roubles. Whoever is willing to import at that price can no doubt procure tea of equal excellence. The fact is, that this land-transportation is slow, laborious, and expensive; hence the finer kinds of tea are always selected, a pound thereof costing no more for carriage than a pound of inferior quality; whence the superior flavour of caravan tea. There is, however, one variety to be obtained in Russia which I have found nowhere else, not even in the Chinese sea-

ports. It is called "imperial tea," and comes in elegant boxes of yellow silk emblazoned with the dragon of the Hang dynasty, at the rate of from six to twenty dollars a pound. It is yellow, and the decoction from it is almost colourless. A small pinch of it, added to ordinary black tea, gives an indescribably delicious flavour—the very aroma of the tea-blossom; but one cup of it, unmixed, is said to deprive the drinker of sleep for three nights.

Monsieur D. brought our last delightful stroll through the glittering streets to an untimely end. The train for Moscow was to leave at three o'clock; and he had ordered an early dinner at the restaurant. By the time this was concluded, it was necessary to drive at once to the station, in order to secure places. We were almost too late; the train, long as it was, was crammed to overflowing; and although both station-master and conductor assisted us, the eager passengers disregarded their authority. With great difficulty, one compartment was cleared for the ladies; in the adjoining one four merchants, in long caftans, with sacks of water-melons as provision for the journey, took their places, and would not be ejected. A scene of confusion ensued, in which station-master, conductor, Monsieur D., my friend P., and the Russian merchants were curiously mixed; but when we saw the sacks of water-melons rolling out of the door, we knew the day was ours. In two minutes more we were in full possession; the doors were locked, and the struggling throngs beat against them in vain.

With a grateful farewell to our kind guide, whose rather severe duties for our sake were now over, we moved away from the station, past heaps of cotton-bales, past hills of drifting sand, and impassive groups of Persians, Tartars, and Bukharians, and slowly mounted the long grade to the level of the upland, leaving the Fair to hum and whirl in the hollow between the rivers, and the white walls and golden domes of Novgorod to grow dim on the crest of the receding hill.

The next morning, at sunrise, we were again in Moscow.

WINTER-LIFE IN ST PETERSBURG.

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WINTER-LIFE IN ST PETERSBURG.

As September drew to an end, with only here and there a suggestion of autumn in chrome-coloured leaves on the ends of birch-branches, we were told that any day might suddenly bring forth winter. I remembered that five years before, in precisely the same season, I had travelled from Upsala to Stockholm in a violent snow-storm, and therefore accepted the announcement as a part of the regular programme of the year. But the days came and went; fashionable equipages forsook their summer ground of the islands, and crowded the Nevskoi Prospekt; the nights were cold and raw; the sun's lessening declination was visible from day to day, and still winter delayed to make his appearance.

The island-drive was our favourite resort of an afternoon; and we continued to haunt it long after every summer guest had disappeared, and when the *datchas* and palaces showed plank and matting in place of balcony and window. In the very heart of St Petersburg the one full stream of the Neva splits into three main arms, which afterwards subdivide, each seeking the Gulf of Finland at its own swift, wild will. The nearest of these islands, Vassili Ostrow, is a part of the

solid city; on Kammenoi and Aptekarskoi you reach the commencement of gardens and groves; and beyond these the rapid waters mirror only palace, park, and summer theatre. The widening streams continually disclose the horizon-line of the Gulf; and at the farthest point of the drive, where the road turns sharply back again from the freedom of the shore into mixed woods of birch and pine, the shipping at Cronstadt—and sometimes the phantoms of fortresses—detach themselves from the watery haze, and the hill of Pargola, in Finland, rises to break the dreary level of the Ingrian marshes.

During the sunny evenings and the never-ending twilights of midsummer, all St Petersburg pours itself upon these islands. A league-long wall of dust rises from the carriages and droshkies in the main highway; and the branching Neva-arms are crowded with skiffs and diminutive steamers bound for pleasure-gardens where gipsies sing and Tyrolese *yodel* and jugglers toss their knives and balls, and private rooms may be had for gambling and other cryptic diversions. Although with shortened days and cool evenings the tide suddenly took a reflux and the Nevskoi became a suggestion of Broadway, (which, of all individual streets, it most nearly resembles,) we found an indescribable charm in the solitude of the fading groves and the waves whose lamenting murmur foretold their speedy imprisonment. We had the whole superb drive to ourselves. It is true that Ivan, upon the box, lifted his brows in amazement,

and sighed that his jaunty cap of green velvet should be wasted upon the desert air, whenever I said, "*Na Ostrowa*," but he was too genuine a Russian to utter a word of remonstrance.

Thus, day by day, unfashionable, but highly satisfied, we repeated the lonely drive, until the last day came, as it always will. I don't think I shall ever forget it. It was the first day of November. For a fortnight the temperature had been a little below the freezing point, and the leaves of the alder-thickets, frozen suddenly and preserved as in a great out-door refrigerator, maintained their green. A pale blue mist rose from the Gulf and hung over the islands, the low sun showing an orange disk, which touched the shores with the loveliest colour, but gave no warmth to the windless air. The parks and gardens were wholly deserted, and came and went, on either side, phantom-like in their soft, gray, faded tints. Under every bridge flashed and foamed the clear, beryl-green waters. And nobody in St Petersburg, except ourselves, saw this last and sunniest flicker of the dying season!

The very next day was cold and dark, and so the weather remained, with brief interruptions, for months. On the evening of the 6th, as we drove over the Nikolai Bridge to dine with a friend on Vassili Ostrow, we noticed fragments of ice floating down the Neva. Looking up the stream, we were struck by the fact that the remaining bridges had been detached from the St Petersburg side, floated over, and anchored along the

opposite shore. This seemed a needless precaution, for the pieces of drift-ice were hardly large enough to have crushed a skiff. How surprised were we, then, on returning home, four hours later, to find the noble river gone, not a green wave to be seen, and, as far as the eye could reach, a solid floor of ice, over which people were already crossing to and fro!

Winter, having thus suddenly taken possession of the world, lost no time in setting up the signs of his rule. The leaves, whether green or brown, disappeared at one swoop; snow-gusts obscured the little remaining sunshine; the inhabitants came forth in furs and bulky wrappings; oysters and French pears became unreasonably dear; and sledges of frozen fish and game crowded down from the northern forests. In a few days the physiognomy of the capital was completely changed. All its life and stir withdrew from the extremities and gathered into a few central thoroughfares, as if huddling together for mutual warmth and encouragement in the cold air and under the gloomy sky.

For darkness, rather than cold, is the characteristic of the St Petersburg winter. The temperature, which at Montreal or St Paul would not be thought remarkably low, seems to be more severely felt here, owing to the absence of pure daylight. Although both Lake Ladoga and the Gulf of Finland are frozen, the air always retains a damp, raw, penetrating quality, and the snow is more frequently sticky and clammy than dry and crystalline. Few, indeed, are the days which are not

cheerless and depressing. In December, when the sky is overcast for weeks together, the sun, rising after nine o'clock, and sliding along just above the horizon, enables you to dispense with lamplight somewhere between ten and eleven; but by two in the afternoon you must call for lights again. Even when a clear day comes, the yellow, level sunshine is a combination of sunrise and sunset, and neither tempers the air nor mitigates the general expression of gloom, almost of despair, upon the face of Nature.

The preparations for the season, of course, have been made long before. In most houses the double windows are allowed to remain through the summer, but they must be carefully examined, the layer of cotton between them, at the bottom, replenished, a small vessel of salt added to absorb the moisture and prevent it from freezing on the panes, and strips of paper pasted over every possible crack. The outer doors are covered with wadded leather, overlapping the frames on all sides. The habitations being thus almost hermetically sealed, they are easily warmed by the huge porcelain stoves, which retain warmth so tenaciously that one fire per day is sufficient for the most sensitive constitutions. In my own room, I found that one armful of birch-wood, reduced to coal, every alternate morning, created a steady temperature of 64°. Although the rooms are always spacious, and arranged in suites of from three to a dozen, according to the extent and splendour of the residence, the atmosphere soon becomes

close and characterised by an unpleasant odour, suggesting its diminished vitality; for which reason pastilles are burned, or *eau de Cologne* reduced to vapour in a heated censer, whenever visits are anticipated. It was a question with me, whether or not the advantage of a thoroughly equable temperature was counterbalanced by the lack of circulation. The physical depression we all felt seemed to result chiefly from the absence of daylight.

One winter picture remains clearly outlined upon my memory. In the beginning of December we happened once to drive across the Admiralty Square in the early evening twilight,—three o'clock in the afternoon. The temperature was about 10° below zero, the sky a low roof of moveless clouds, which seemed to be frozen in their places. The pillars of St Isaac's Cathedral—splendid monoliths of granite, sixty feet high—had precipitated the moisture of the air, and stood silvered with rime from base to capital. The Column of Alexander, the bronze statue of Peter, with his horse poised in air on the edge of the rock, and the trees on the long esplanade in front of the Admiralty, were all similarly coated, every twig rising as rigid as iron in the dark air. Only the huge golden hemisphere of the Cathedral dome, and the tall, pointed golden spire of the Admiralty, rose above the gloom, and half shone with a muffled, sullen glare. A few people, swaddled from head to foot, passed rapidly to and fro, or a droshky, drawn by a frosted horse, sped away to the entrance of

the Nevskoi Prospekt. Even these appeared rather like wintry phantoms than creatures filled with warm blood and breathing the breath of life. The vast spaces of the capital, the magnitude of its principal edifices, and the display of gold and colours, strengthened the general aspect of unreality, by introducing so many inharmonious elements into the picture. A bleak moor, with the light of a single cottage-window shining across it, would have been less cold, dead, and desolate.

The temperature, I may here mention, was never very severe. There were three days when the mercury fluctuated between 15° and 20° below zero, five days when it reached 10° below, and perhaps twenty when it fell to zero, or a degree or two on either side. The mean of the five winter months was certainly not lower than + 12°. Quite as much rain fell as snow. After two or three days of sharp cold, there was almost invariably a day of rain or fog, and for many weeks walking was so difficult that we were obliged to give up all out-door exercise except skating or sliding. The streets were either coated with glassy ice or they were a foot deep in slush. There is more and better sleighing in the vicinity of Boston almost any winter than in St Petersburg during the winter of 1862–3. In our trips to the Observatory of Pulkova, twelve miles distant, we were frequently obliged to leave the highway and put our sled-runners upon the frosted grass of the meadows. The rapid and continual changes of temperature were more trying than any amount of steady cold. *Grippe*

became prevalent, and therefore fashionable, and all the endemic diseases of St Petersburg showed themselves in force. The city, it is well known, is built upon piles, and most of the inhabitants suffer from them. Children look pale and wilted, in the absence of the sun, and special care must be taken of those under five years of age. Some little relatives of mine, living in the country, had their daily tumble in the snow, and thus kept ruddy; but in the city this is not possible, and we had many anxious days before the long darkness was over.

As soon as snow had fallen and freezing weather set in, the rough, broken ice of the Neva was flooded in various places for skating-ponds, and the work of erecting ice-hills commenced. There were speedily a number of the latter in full play, in the various suburbs, —a space of level ground, at least a furlong in length, being necessary. They are supported by subscription, and I had paid ten rubles for permission to use a very fine one on the farther island, when an obliging card of admission came for the gardens of the Taurida Palace, where the younger members of the imperial family skate and slide. My initiation, however, took place at the first-named locality, whither we were conducted by an old American resident of St Petersburg.

The construction of these ice-hills is very simple. They are rude towers of timber, twenty to thirty feet in height, the summit of which is reached by a staircase at the back, while in front descends a steep concave of planking upon which water is poured until it is covered

with a six-inch coating of solid ice. Raised planks at the side keep the sled in its place until it reaches the foot, where it enters upon an icy plain [two to four hundred yards in length, (in proportion to the height of the hill,) at the extremity of which rises a similar hill, facing towards the first, but a little on one side, so that the sleds from the opposite ends may pass without collision.

The first experience of this diversion is fearful to a person of delicate nerves. The pitch of the descent is so sheer, the height so great, (apparently,) the motion of the sled so swift, and its course so easily changed—even the lifting of a hand is sufficient—that the novice is almost sure to make immediate shipwreck. The sleds are small and low, with smooth iron runners, and a plush cushion, upon which the navigator sits bolt upright, with his legs close together, projecting over the front. The runners must be exactly parallel to the lines of the course at starting, and the least tendency to sway to either side must be instantly corrected by the slightest motion of the hand.

I engaged one of the *mujiks* in attendance to pilot me on my first voyage. The man having taken his position well forward on the little sled, I knelt upon the rear end, where there was barely space enough for my knees, placed my hands upon his shoulders, and awaited the result. He shoved the sled with his hands, very gently and carefully, to the brink of the icy steep: than there was a moment's adjustment: then a poise:

then—sinking of the heart, cessation of breath, giddy roaring and whistling of the air, and I found myself scudding along the level with the speed of an express train. I never happened to fall out of a fourth-story window, but I immediately understood the sensations of the unfortunate persons who do. It was so frightful that I shuddered when we reached the end of the course and the man coolly began ascending the steps of the opposite hill, with the sled under his arm. But my companions were waiting to see me return, so I mounted after him, knelt again, and held my breath. This time, knowing what was coming, I caught a glimpse of our descent, and found that only the first plunge from the brink was threatening. The lower part of the curve, which is nearly a parabolic line, is more gradual, and the seeming headlong fall does not last more than the tenth part of a second. The sensation, nevertheless, is very powerful, having all the attraction, without the reality, of danger.

The ice-hills in the Taurida Gardens were not so high, and the descent was less abrupt: the course was the smooth floor of an intervening lake, which was kept clear for skating. Here I borrowed a sled, and was so elated at performing the feat successfully, on the first attempt, that I offered my services as charioteer to a lady rash enough to accept them. The increased weight gave so much additional impetus to the sled, and thus rendered its guidance a more delicate matter. Finding that it began to turn even before reaching the bottom,

I put down my hand suddenly upon the ice. The effect was like an explosion; we struck the edge of a snow-bank, and were thrown entirely over it and deeply buried on the opposite side. The attendants picked us up without relaxing a muscle of their grave, respectful faces, and quietly swept the ice for another trial. But after that I preferred descending alone.

Good skaters will go up and down these ice-hills on their skates. The feat has a hazardous look, but I have seen it performed by boys of twelve. The young Grand Dukes who visited the Gardens generally contented themselves with skating around the lake at not too violent a speed. Some ladies of the court circle also timidly ventured to try the amusement, but its introduction was too recent for them to show much proficiency. On the Neva, in fact, the English were the best skaters. During the winter, one of them crossed the Gulf to Cronstadt, a distance of twenty-two miles, in about two hours.

Before Christmas, the Lapps came down from the North with their reindeer, and pitched their tents on the river, in front of the Winter Palace. Instead of the canoe-shaped *pulk*, drawn by a single deer, they hitched four abreast to an ordinary sled, and took half a dozen passengers at a time, on a course of a mile, for a small fee. I tried it once, for a child's sake, but found that the romance of reindeer travel was lost without the pulk. The Russian sleighs are very similar to our own for driving about the city: in very cold weather,

or for trips into the country, the *kibitka*, a heavy closed carriage on runners, is used. To my eye, the most dashing team in the world is the *troika*, or three-span, the thill-horse being trained to trot rapidly, while the other two, very lightly and loosely harnessed, canter on either side of him. From the ends of the thills springs a wooden arch, called the *duga*, rising eighteen inches above the horse's shoulder, and usually emblazoned with gilding and brilliant colours. There was one magnificent troika on the Nevskoi Prospekt, the horses of which were full-blooded, jet-black matches, and their harness formed of overlapping silver scales. The Russians being the best coachmen in the world, these teams dash past each other at furious speed, often escaping collision by the breadth of a hair, but never coming in violent contact.

With the approach of winter the nobility returned from their estates, the diplomatists from their long summer vacation, the Imperial Court from Moscow, and the previous social desolation of the capital came speedily to an end. There were dinners and routs in abundance, but the season of balls was not fairly inaugurated until invitations had been issued for the first at the Winter Palace. This is usually a grand affair, the guests numbering from fifteen hundred to two thousand. We were agreeably surprised at finding half-past nine fixed as the hour of arrival, and took pains to be punctual; but there were already a hundred yards of carriages in advance. The toilet, of course, must be fully completed

at home, and the huge pelisses of fur so adjusted as not to disarrange head-dresses, lace, crinoline, or uniform: the footmen must be prompt, on reaching the covered portal, to promote speedy alighting and unwrapping, which being accomplished, each sits guard for the night over his own special pile of pelisses and furred boots.

When the dresses are shaken out and the gloves smoothed, at the foot of the grand staircase, an usher, in a short, bedizened red tunic and white knee-breeches, with a cap surmounted by three colossal white plumes, steps before you and leads the way onward through the spacious halls, ablaze with light from thousands of wax candles. I always admired the silent gravity of these ushers, and their slow, majestic, almost mysterious, march—until one morning at home, when I was visited by four common-looking Russians, in blue caftans, who bowed nearly to the floor and muttered congratulations. It was a deputation of the imperial ushers, making their rounds for New Year's gifts.

Although the streets of St Petersburg are lighted with gas, the palaces and private residences are still illuminated only with wax candles. Gas is considered plebeian, but it has probably also been found to be disagreeable in the close air of the hermetically-sealed apartments. Candles are used in such profusion that I am told thirty thousand are required to light up an imperial ball. The quadruple rows of columns which support the hall of St George are spirally entwined

with garlands of wax-lights, and immense chandeliers are suspended from the ceiling. The wicks of each column are connected with threads dipped in some inflammable mixture, and each thread, being kindled at the bottom at the same instant, the light is carried in a few seconds to every candle in the hall. This instantaneous kindling of so many thousand wicks has a magical effect.

At the door of the great hall the usher steps aside, bows gravely, and returns, and one of the deputy-masters of ceremonies receives you. These gentlemen are chosen from among the most distinguished families of Russia, and are, without exception, so remarkable for tact, kindness, and discretion, that the multitude falls, almost unconsciously, into the necessary observances; and the perfection of ceremony, which hides its own external indications, is attained. Violations of etiquette are most rare, yet no court in the world appears more simple and unconstrained in its forms.

In less than fifteen minutes after the appointed time the hall is filled, and a blast from the orchestra announces the entrance of the imperial family. The ministers and chief personages of the court are already in their proper places, and the representatives of foreign nations stand on one side of the door-way in their established order of precedence, (determined by length of residence near the court,) with the ladies of their body on the opposite side.

Alexander II. was much brighter and more cheerful

than during the preceding summer. His care-worn, preoccupied air was gone; the dangers which then encompassed him had subsided; the nobility, although still chafing fiercely against the decree of emancipation, were slowly coming to the conclusion that its consummation is inevitable; and the Emperor began to feel that his great work will be safely accomplished. His dark-green uniform well becomes his stately figure and clearly chiselled, symmetrical head. He is Nicholas re-cast in a softer mould, wherein tenacity of purpose is substituted for rigid, inflexible will, and the development of the nation at home supplants the ambition for predominant political influence abroad. This difference is expressed, despite the strong personal resemblance to his father, in the more frank and gentle eye, the fuller and more sensitive mouth, and the rounder lines of jaw and forehead. A free, natural directness of manner and speech is his principal characteristic. He wears easily, almost playfully, the yoke of court ceremonial, temporarily casting it aside when troublesome. In two respects he differs from most of the other European rulers whom I have seen: he looks the sovereign, and he unbends as gracefully and unostentatiously as a man risen from the ranks of the people. There is evidently better stuff than kings are generally made of in the Romanoff line.

Grace and refinement, rather than beauty, distinguish the Empress, though her eyes and hair deserve the latter epithet. She is an invalid, and appears pale and

somewhat worn; but there is no finer group of children in Europe than those to whom she has given birth. Six sons and one daughter are her jewels; and of these, the third son, Vladimir, is almost ideally handsome. Her dress was at once simple and superb—a cloud of snowy *tulle*, with a scarf of pale-blue velvet, twisted with a chain of the largest diamonds, and tied with a knot and tassel of pearls, resting half-way down the skirt, as if it had slipped from her waist. On another occasion, I remember her wearing a crown of five stars, the centres of which were single enormous rubies and the rays of diamonds, so set on invisible wires that they burned in the air over her head. The splendour which was a part of her *rôle* was always made subordinate to rigid taste, and herein prominently distinguished her from many of the Russian ladies, who carried great fortunes upon their heads, necks, and bosoms. I had several opportunities of conversing with her, generally upon art and literature, and was glad to find that she had both read and thought, as well as seen. The honoured author of "Evangeline" numbers her among his appreciative readers.

After their majesties have made the circle of the diplomatic corps, the *Polonaise*, which always opens a court ball, commences. The Grand Dukes Nicholas and Michael, (brothers of the Emperor,) and the younger members of the imperial family, take part in it, the latter evidently impatient for the succeeding quadrilles and waltzes. When this is finished, all palpable

obtrusive ceremony is at an end. Dancing, conversation, cards, strolls through the sumptuous halls, fill the hours. The Emperor wanders freely through the crowd, saluting here and there a friend, exchanging badinage with the wittiest ladies, (which they all seem at liberty to give back, without the least embarrassment,) or seeking out the scarred and gray-haired officers who have come hither from all parts of the vast empire. He does not scrutinise whether or not your back is turned towards him as he passes. Once, on entering a door rather hastily, I came within an ace of a personal collision; whereupon he laughed good-humouredly, caught me by the hands, and saying, "It would have been a shock, *n'est-ce pas?*" hurried on.

To me the most delightful part of the Winter Palace was the garden. It forms one of the suite of thirty halls, some of them three hundred feet long, on the second story. In this garden, which is perhaps a hundred feet square by forty in height, rise clumps of Italian cypress and laurel from beds of emerald turf and blooming hyacinths. In the centre, a fountain showers over fern-covered rocks, and the gravel-walks around the border are shaded by tall camellia-trees in white and crimson bloom. Lamps of frosted glass hang among the foliage, and diffuse a mellow golden moonlight over the enchanted ground. The corridor adjoining the garden resembles a bosky alley, so completely are the walls hidden by flowering shrubbery.

Leaving the imperial family, and the kindred houses

of Leuchtenberg, Oldenburg, and Mecklenburg, all of which are represented, let us devote a little attention to the ladies, and the crowd of distinguished, though unroyal personages. The former are all *décolletées*, of course—even the Countess ——, who, I am positively assured, is ninety-five years old; but I do not notice much uniformity of taste, except in the matter of head-dresses. *Chignons* have not yet made their appearance, but there are huge coils and sweeps of hair—a mane-like munificence, so disposed as to reveal the art and conceal the artifice. The ornaments are chiefly flowers, though here and there I see jewels, coral, mossy sticks, dead leaves, birds, and birds'-nests. From the blonde locks of yonder princess hang bunches of green brook-grass, and a fringe of the same trails from her bosom and skirt: she resembles a fished-up and restored Ophelia. Here passes a maiden with a picket-fence of rose coral as a *berthe*, and she seems to have another around the bottom of her dress; but, as the mist of *tulle* is brushed aside in passing, we can detect that the latter is a clever *chenille* imitation. There is another with small moss-covered twigs arranged in the same way; and yet another with fifty black-lace butterflies, of all sizes, clinging to her yellow satin skirt. All this swimming and intermingling mass of colour is dotted over with sparkles of jewel-light; and even the grand hall, with its gilded columns and thousands of tapers, seems but a sober frame for so gorgeous a picture.

I can only pick out a few of the notable men present,

because there is no space to give biographies as well as portraits. That man of sixty, in rich civil uniform, who entered with the Emperor, and who at once reminds an American of Edward Everett both in face and in the polished grace and sauvity of his manner, is one of the first statesmen of Europe—Prince Alexander Gortchakoff. Of medium height and robust frame, with a keen, alert eye, a broad, thoughtful forehead, and a wonderfully sagacious mouth, the upper lip slightly covering the under one at the corners, he immediately arrests your attention, and your eye unconsciously follows him as he makes his way through the crowd, with a friendly word for this man, and an elegant rapier-thrust for that. His predominant mood, however, is a cheerful good nature; his wit and irony belong rather to the diplomatist than to the man. There is no sounder or more prudent head in Russia.

But who is this son of Anak, approaching from the corridor? Towering a full head above the throng, a figure of superb strength and perfect symmetry, we give him that hearty admiration which is due to a man who illustrates and embellishes manhood. In this case we can give it freely; for that finely-balanced head holds a clear, vigorous brain; those large blue eyes look from the depths of a frank, noble nature; and in that broad breast beats a heart warm with love for his country, and good-will for his fellow-men, whether high or low. It is Prince Suvóroff, the Military Governor of St Petersburg. If I were to spell

his name "Suwarrow," you would know who his grandfather was, and what place in Russian history he fills. In a double sense the present prince is cast in an heroic mould. It speaks well for Russia that his qualities are so truly appreciated. He is beloved by the people, and trusted by the Imperial Government: for, while firm in his administration of affairs, he is humane,—while cautious, energetic,—and while shrewd and skilful, frank and honest. A noble man, whose like I wish were oftener to be found in the world.

Here are two officers, engaged in earnest conversation. The little old man, with white hair, and thin, weather-beaten, wrinkled face, is Admiral Baron Wrangel, whose Arctic explorations on the northern coast of Siberia are known to all geographers. Having read of them as a boy, and then as things of the past, I was greatly delighted at finding the brave old admiral still alive, and at the privilege of taking his hand and hearing him talk in English as fluent as my own. The young officer, with rosy face, brown moustache, and profile strikingly like that of General M'Clellan, has already made his mark. He is General Ignatieff, the most prominent young man of the empire. Although scarcely thirty-five, he has already filled special missions to Bukharia and Peking, and took a leading part in the Treaty of Tien-tsin. At the time of which I write, he was Deputy-Minister of Foreign Affairs and chief of the Asiatic Department.

I might mention Count Bludoff, the venerable President of the Academy of Sciences; General Todleben, Admiral Lüttke, and the distinguished members of the Galitzin, Narischkin, Apraxin, Dolgorouky, and Scheremetieff families, who were present; but by this time the interminable mazourka is drawing to a close, and a master of ceremonies suggests that we shall step into an adjoining hall to await the signal for supper. The refreshments previously furnished consisted simply of tea, orgeat, and cooling drinks made of cranberries, Arctic raspberries, and other fruits; it is two hours past midnight, and we may frankly confess hunger.

While certain other guests are being gathered together, I will mention another decoration of the halls, peculiar to St Petersburg. On either side of all the doors of communication in the long range of halls, stands a negro in rich oriental costume, reminding one of the mute palace-guards in the Arabian tales. Happening to meet one of these men in the Summer Garden, I addressed him in Arabic; but he knew only enough of the language to inform me that he was born in Dar-Fur. I presume, therefore, they were obtained in Constantinople. In the large halls, which are illustrated with paintings of battles, in all the Russian campaigns, from Pultowa to Sebastopol, are posted companies of soldiers at the farther end—a different regiment to each hall. For six hours these men and their officers stand motionless as statues. Not a movement, except now and then of the eyelid, can be detected; even their

respiration seems to be suspended. There is something weird and uncanny in such a preternatural silence and apparent death-in-life. I became impressed with the idea that some form of catalepsy had seized and bound them in strong trance. The eyeballs were fixed: they stared at me and saw me not: their hands were glued to the weapons, and their feet to the floor. I suspect there must have been some stolen relief when no guest happened to be present, yet, come when I might, I found them unchanged. When I reflected that the men were undoubtedly very proud of the distinction they enjoyed, and that their case demanded no sympathy, I could inspect and admire them with an easy mind.

The Grand Chamberlain now advances, followed by the imperial family, behind which, in a certain order of precedence, the guests fall into place, and we presently reach a supper-hall, gleaming with silver and crystal. There are five others, I am told, and each of the two thousand guests has his chair and plate. In the centre stands the imperial table, on a low platform: between wonderful *épergnes* of gold spreads a bed of hyacinths and crocuses. Hundreds of other *épergnes*, of massive silver, flash from the tables around. The forks and spoons are gold, the decanters of frosted crystal, covered with silver vine-leaves; even the salt-cellars are works of art. It is quite proper that the supper should be substantial; and as one such entertainment is a pattern for all that succeed, I may be allowed to mention the principal dishes: *crème de l'orge, paté de foie gras*, cut-

lets of fowl, game, asparagus, and salad, followed by fruits, ices, and *bon-bons*, and moistened with claret, sauterne, and champagne. I confess, however, that the superb silver chasing, and the balmy hyacinths which almost leaved over my plate, feasted my senses quite as much as the delicate viands.

After supper, the company returns to the Hall of St George, a quadrille or two is danced to promote digestion, and the members of the imperial family, bowing first to the diplomatic corps, and then to the other guests, retire to the private apartments of the palace. Now we are at liberty to leave,—not sooner,—and rapidly, yet not with undignified haste, seek the main staircase. Cloaking and booting (Ivan being on hand, with eyes like a lynx) are performed without regard to head-dress or uniform, and we wait while the carriages are being called, until the proper *pozlannik* turns up. If we envied those who got off sooner, we are now envied by those who still must wait, bulky in black satin or cloth, in sable or racoon skin. It is half past three when we reach home, and there are still six hours until sunrise.

The succeeding balls, whether given by the Grand Dukes, the principal members of the Russian nobility, or the heads of foreign legations, were conducted on the same plan, except that, in the latter instances, the guests were not so punctual in arriving. The pleasantest of the season was one given by the Emperor in the Hermitage Palace. The guests, only

two hundred in number, were bidden to come in ordinary evening-dress, and their Imperial Majesties moved about among them as simply and unostentatiously as any well-bred American host and hostess. On a staircase at one side of the Moorish Hall sat a distinguished Hungarian artist, sketching the scene, with its principal figures, for a picture.

I was surprised to find how much true social culture exists in St Petersburg. Aristocratic manners, in their perfection, are simply democratic; but this is a truth which is scarcely recognised by the nobility of Germany, and only partially by that of England. The habits of refined society are very much the same everywhere. The man or woman of real culture recognises certain forms as necessary, that social intercourse may be *ordered* instead of being arbitrary and chaotic; but these forms must not be allowed to limit the free, expansive contact of mind with mind and character with character, which is the charm and blessing of society. Those who meet within the same walls meet upon an equal footing, and all accidental distinctions cease for the time. I found these principles acted upon to quite as full an extent as (perhaps even more so than) they are at home. One of the members of the imperial family, even, expressed to me the intense weariness occasioned by the observance of the necessary forms of court life, and the wish that they might be made as simple as possible.

I was interested in extending my acquaintance among

the Russian nobility, as they, to a certain extent, represent the national culture. So far as my observations reached, I found that the women were better read, and had more general knowledge of art, literature, and even politics, than the men. My most instructive intercourse was with the former. It seemed that most men (here I am not speaking of the members of the Imperial Government) had each his specialty, beyond which he showed but a limited interest. There was one distinguished circle, however, where the intellectual level of the conversation was as high as I have ever found it anywhere, and where the only title to admission prescribed by the noble host was the capacity to take part in it. In that circle I heard not only the Polish Question discussed, but the Unity or Diversity of Races, Modern and Classic Art, Strauss, Emerson, and Victor Hugo, the ladies contributing their share. At a *soirée* given by the Princess Lvoff, I met Richard Wagner, the composer, Rubinstein, the pianist, and a number of artists and literary men.

A society, the head of which is a court, and where externals, of necessity, must be first considered, is not the place to seek for true and lasting intimacies; but one may find what is next best, in a social sense—cheerful and cordial intercourse. The circle of agreeable and friendly acquaintance continually enlarged; and I learned to know *one* friend (and perhaps one should hardly expect more than that in any year) whom I shall not forget, nor he me, though we never meet again.

The Russians have been unjustly accused of a lack of that steady, tender, faithful depth of character upon which friendship must rest. Let us not forget that one of Washington Irving's dearest friends was Prince Dolgorouki.

Nevertheless, the constant succession of entertainments, agreeable as they were, became in the end fatiguing to quiet persons like ourselves. The routs and *soirées*, it is true, were more informal and unceremonious; one was not obliged to spend more than an hour at each, but then one was not expected to arrive before eleven o'clock. We fell, perforce, into the habits of the place,—of sleeping two or three hours after dinner, then rising, and after a cup of strong tea, dressing for the evening. After Carnival, the balls ceased; but there were still frequent routs, until Easter-week closed the season.

I was indebted to Admiral Lüttke, President of the Imperial Geographical Society, for an invitation to attend its sessions, some of which were of the most interesting character. My great regret was, that a very imperfect knowledge of the language prevented me from understanding much of the proceedings. On one occasion, while a paper on the survey of the Caspian Sea was being read, a tall, stately gentleman, sitting at the table beside me, obligingly translated all the principal facts into French, as they were stated. I afterwards found that he was Count Panin, Minister of Justice. In the transactions of the various literary

and scientific societies, the Russian language has now entirely supplanted the French, although the latter keeps its place in the *salons*, chiefly on account of the foreign element. The Empress has weekly *conversazioni*, at which only Russian is spoken, and to which no foreigners are admitted. It is becoming fashionable to have visiting-cards in both languages.

Of all the ceremonies which occurred during the winter, that of New Year's Day (January 13th, N. S.) was most interesting. After the members of the different legations had called in a body to pay their respects to the Emperor and Empress, the latter received the ladies of the court, who, on this occasion, wore the national costume, in the grand hall. We were permitted to witness the spectacle, which is unique of its kind and wonderfully beautiful. The Empress, having taken her place alone near one end of the hall, with the Emperor and his family at a little distance on her right, the doors at the other end—three hundred feet distant —were thrown open, and a gorgeous procession approached, sweeping past the gilded columns, and growing with every step in colour and splendour. The ladies walked in single file, about eight feet apart, each holding the train of the one preceding her. The costume consists of a high, crescent-shaped head-dress of velvet covered with jewels; a short, embroidered corsage of silk or velvet, with open sleeves; a full skirt and sweeping train of velvet or satin or *moiré* with a deep border of point-lace. As the first lady approached

the Empress, her successor dropped the train, spreading it by a dexterous movement to its full breadth on the polished floor. The lady, thus released, bent her knee, and took the Empress's hand to kiss it, which the latter prevented by gracefully lifting her and saluting her on the forehead. After a few words of congratulation, she passed across the hall, making a profound obeisance to the Emperor on the way.

This was the most trying part of the ceremony. She was alone and unsupported, with all eyes upon her, and it required no slight amount of skill and self-possession to cross the hall, bow, and carry her superb train to the opposite side, without turning her back on the imperial presence. At the end of an hour the dazzling group gathered on the right equalled in numbers the long line marching up on the left—and still they came. It was a luxury of colour, scarcely to be described—all flowery and dewy tints, in a setting of white and gold. There were crimson, maroon, blue, lilac, salmon, peach-blossom, mauve, magenta, silver-gray, pearl-rose, daffodil, pale orange, purple, pea-green, sea-green, scarlet, violet, drab, and pink,—and, whether by accident or design, the succession of colours never shocked by too violent contrast. This was the perfection of scenic effect; and we lingered, enjoying it exquisitely, until the last of several hundred ladies closed the radiant spectacle.

The festival of Epiphany is celebrated by the blessing of the waters of the Neva, followed by a grand

military review on the Admiralty Square. We were invited to witness both ceremonies from the windows of the Winter Palace, where, through the kindness of Prince Dolgorouki, we obtained favourable points of view. As the ceremonies last two or three hours, an elegant breakfast was served to the guests in the Moorish Hall. The blessing of the Neva is a religious festival, with the accompaniment of tapers, incense, and chanting choirs, and we could only see that the Emperor performed his part uncloaked and bareheaded in the freezing air, finishing by descending the steps of an improvised chapel and well, (the building answered both purposes,) and drinking the water from a hole in the ice. Far and wide over the frozen surface similar holes were cut, where, during the remainder of the day, priests officiated, and thousands of the common people were baptized by immersion. As they generally came out covered with ice, warm booths were provided for them on the banks, where they thawed themselves out, rejoicing that they would now escape sickness or misfortune for a year to come.

The review requires a practised military pen to do it justice, and I fear I must give up the attempt. It was a "small review," only about twenty-five thousand troops being under arms. In the uniformity of size and build of the men, exactness of equipment, and precision of movement, it would be difficult to imagine anything more perfect. All sense of the individual soldier was lost in the grand sweep and wheel and march of the

columns. The Circassian chiefs, in their steel skull-caps and shirts of chain-mail seemed to have ridden into their places direct from the Crusades. The Cossacks of the Don, the Ukraine, and the Ural, managed their little brown or black horses, (each regiment having its own colour,) so wonderfully that, as we looked down upon them, each line resembled a giant caterpillar, moving sidewise with its thousand legs creeping as one. These novel and picturesque elements constituted the principal charm of the spectacle.

The passing away of winter was signalised by an increase of daylight rather than a decrease of cold. The rivers were still locked, the ice-hills frequented, the landscape dull and dead; but by the beginning of February we could detect signs of the returning sun. When the sky was clear, (a thing of rarest occurrence,) there was *white* light at noonday, instead of the mournful yellow or orange gloom of the previous two months. After the change had fairly set in, it proceeded more and more rapidly, until our sunshine was increased at the rate of seven or eight minutes per day. When the vernal equinox came, and we could sit down to dinner at sunset, the spell of death seemed to be at last broken. The fashionable drive, of an afternoon, changed from the Nevskoi Prospekt to the Palace Quay on the Neva; the Summer Garden was cleared of snow, and its statues one by one unboxed; in fine days we could walk there, and there coax back the faded colour to a child's face. There, too, walked Alex-

ander II., one of the crowd, leading his little daughter by the hand; and thither, in a plain little *calèche*, drove the Empress, with her youngest baby on her lap.

But when the first ten days of April had passed, and there was still no sign of spring, we began to grow impatient. How often I watched the hedges around the Michaïloffsky Palace, knowing that the buds would there first swell! How we longed for a shimmer of green under the brown grass, an alder tassel, a flush of yellow on the willow wands, a sight of rushing green water! One day, a week or so later, we were engaged to dine on Vassili Ostrow. I had been busily occupied until late in the afternoon, and when we drove out upon the square, I glanced, as usual, towards Peter the Great. Lo! behind him flashed and glittered the free, the rejoicing Neva! Here and there floated a cake of sullen ice, but the great river had bared his breast to the sun, which welcomed him after six months of absence. The upper pontoon-bridges were already spanned and crowded with travel, but the lower one, carried away before it could be secured, had been borne down by the stream and jammed against and under the solid granite and iron of the Nikolaï Bridge. There was a terrible crowd and confusion at the latter place; all travel was stopped, and we could get neither forward nor backward. Presently, however, the Emperor appeared upon the scene; order was the instant result; the slow officials worked with a will; and we finally reached our host's residence half an hour behind the

time. As we returned, at night, there was twilight along the northern sky, and the stars sparkled on the crystal bosom of the river.

This was the snapping of winter's toughest fetter, but it was not yet spring. Before I could detect any sign of returning life in Nature, May had come. Then, little by little, the twigs in the marshy thickets began to show yellow and purple and brown, the lilac-buds to swell, and some blades of fresh grass to peep forth in sheltered places. This, although we had sixteen hours of sunshine, with an evening twilight which shifted into dusky dawn under the North Star! I think it was on the 13th of May that I first realised that the season had changed, and for the last time saw the noble-hearted ruler who is the central figure of these memories. The People's Festival—a sort of Russian May-Day—took place at Catharinenhof, a park and palace of the famous Empress, near the shore of the Finnish Gulf. The festival that year had an unusual significance. On the 3d of March the Edict of Emancipation was finally consummated, and twenty-two millions of serfs became for ever free: the Polish troubles and the menace of the Western Powers had consolidated the restless nobles, the patient people, and the plotting revolutionists, the orthodox and dissenting sects, into one great national party, resolved to support the Emperor and maintain the integrity of the Russian territory: and thus the nation was marvellously strengthened by the very blow intended to cripple it.

At least a hundred thousand of the common people (possibly, twice that number) were gathered together in the park of Catharinenhof. There were booths, shows, flying-horses, refreshment saloons, jugglers, circuses, balloons, and exhibitions of all kinds: the sky was fair, the turf green and elastic, and the swelling birch-buds scented the air. I wandered about for hours, watching the lazy, contented people, as they leaped and ran, rolled on the grass, pulled off their big boots and aired their naked legs, or laughed and sang in jolly chorus. About three in the afternoon there was a movement in the main avenue of the park. Hundreds of young *mujiks* appeared, running at full speed, shouting out, tossing their caps high in the air, and giving their long, blonde locks to the wind. Instantly the crowd collected on each side, many springing like cats into the trees; booths and shows were deserted, and an immense multitude hedged the avenue. Behind the leaping, shouting, cap-tossing *avant-garde* came the Emperor, with three sons and a dozen generals, on horseback, cantering lightly. One cheer went up from scores of thousands; hats darkened the air; eyes blazing with filial veneration followed the stately figure of the monarch, as he passed by, gratefully smiling and greeting on either hand. I stood among the people and watched their faces. I saw the phlegmatic Slavonic features transformed with a sudden and powerful expression of love, of devotion, of gratitude, and then I knew that the throne of Alexander II. rested on a better

basis than tradition or force. I saw therein another side of this shrewd, cunning, patient, and childlike race, whom no other European race yet understands and appreciates—a race yet in the germ, but with qualities out of which a people, in the best sense of the word, may be developed.

The month of May was dark, rainy, and cold; and when I left St Petersburg at its close, everybody said that a few days would bring the summer. The leaves were opening, almost visibly from hour to hour. Winter was really over, and summer was just at the door; but I found, upon reflection, that I had not had the slightest experience of spring.

THE LITTLE LAND OF APPENZELL.

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THE traveller who first reaches the Lake of Constance at Lindau, or crosses that sheet of pale-green water to one of the ports on the opposite Swiss shore, cannot fail to notice the bold heights to the southward which thrust themselves between the opening of the Rhine Valley and the long, undulating ridges of the Canton Thurgau. These heights, broken by many a dimly-hinted valley and ravine, appear to be the front of an Alpine table-land. Houses and villages, scattered over the steep ascending plane, present themselves distinctly to the eye; the various green of forest and pasture-land is rarely interrupted by the gray of rocky walls; and the afternoon sun touches the topmost edge of each successive elevation with a sharp outline of golden light, through the rich gloom of the shaded slopes. Behind and over this region rise the serrated peaks of the Sentis Alp, standing in advance of the farther ice-fields of Glarus, like an outer fortress, garrisoned in summer by the merest forlorn hope of snow.

The green fronts nearest the lake, and the lower lands falling away to the right and left, belong to the Canton of St Gall; but all aloft, beyond that frontier marked

by the sinking sun, lies the *Appenzeller Ländli*, as it is called in the endearing diminutive of the Swiss-German tongue,—the Little Land of Appenzell.

If, leaving the Lake of Constance by the Rhine valley, you ascend to Ragatz and the Baths of Pfeffers, thence turn westward to the Lake of Wallenstatt, cross into the valley of the Toggenburg, and so make your way northward and eastward around the base of the mountains back to the starting-point, you will have passed only through the territory of St Gall. Appenzell is an Alpine island, wholly surrounded by the former canton. From whatever side you approach, you must climb in order to get into it. It is a nearly circular tract, falling from the south towards the north, but lifted, at almost every point, over the adjoining lands. This altitude and isolation is an historical as well as a physical peculiarity. When the abbots of St Gall, after having reduced the entire population of what is now two cantons to serfdom, became more oppressive as their power increased, it was the mountain shepherds who, in the year 1403, struck the first blow for liberty. Once free, they kept their freedom, and established a rude democracy on the heights, similar in form and spirit to the league which the Forest Cantons had founded nearly a century before. An echo from the meadow of Grütli reached the wild valleys around the Sentis; and Appenzell, by the middle of the fifteenth century, became one of the original states out of which Switzerland has grown.

I find something very touching and admirable in this fragment of hardly-noticed history. The people isolated themselves by their own act, held together, organised a simple yet sufficient government, and maintained their sturdy independence, while their brethren on every side, in the richer lands below them, were fast bound in the gyves of a priestly despotism. Individual liberty seems to be a condition inseparable from mountain life; that once attained, all other influences are conservative in their character. The cantons of Unterwalden, Schwytz, Glarus, and Appenzell, retain to-day the simple, primitive forms of democracy which had their origin in the spirit of the people nearly six hundred years ago.

Twice had I looked up to the little mountain republic from the lower lands to the northward, with the desire and the determination to climb one day the green buttresses which support it on every side; so, when I left St Gall on a misty morning, in a little open carriage, bound for Trogen, it was with the pleasant knowledge that a land almost unknown to tourists lay before me. The only summer visitors are invalids, mostly from Eastern Switzerland and Germany, who go up to drink the whey of goats' milk; and, although the fabrics woven by the people are known to the world of fashion in all countries, few indeed are the travellers who turn aside from the near highways. The landlord in St Gall told me that his guests were almost wholly commercial travellers, and my subsequent experience among

an unspoiled people convinced me that I was almost a pioneer in the paths I traversed.

It was the last Saturday in April, and at least a month too soon for the proper enjoyment of the journey; but on the following day the *Landsgemeinde*, or Assembly of the People, was to be held at Hundwyl, in the manner and with the ceremonies which have been annually observed for the last three or four hundred years. This circumstance determined the time of my visit. I wished to study the character of an Alpine democracy, so pure that it has not yet adopted even the representative principle,—to be with and among a portion of the Swiss people at a time when they are most truly themselves, rather than look at them through the medium of conventional guides, on lines of travel which have now lost everything of Switzerland except the scenery.

There was bad weather behind, and, I feared, bad weather before me. "The sun will soon drive away these mists," said the postillion, "and when we get up yonder, you will see what a prospect there will be." In the rich valley of St Gall, out of which we mounted, the scattered houses and cloud-like belts of blossoming cherry-trees almost hid the green; but it sloped up and down, on either side of the rising road, glittering with flowers and dew, in the flying gleams of sunshine. Over us hung masses of gray cloud, which stretched across the valley, hooded the opposite hills, and sank into a dense mass over the Lake of Constance. As we

passed through this belt, and rejoiced in the growing clearness of the upper sky, I saw that my only prospect would be in cloud-land. After many windings, along which the blossoms and buds of the fruit-trees indicated the altitude as exactly as any barometer, we finally reached the crest of the topmost height, the frontier of Appenzell and the battle-field of Vöglisegg, where the herdsman first measured his strength with the soldier and the monk, and was victorious.

"Whereabouts was the battle fought?" I asked the postillion.

"Up and down, and all around here," said he, stopping the carriage at the summit.

I stood up and looked to the north. Seen from above, the mist had gathered into dense, rounded clouds, touched with silver on their upper edges. They hung over the lake, rolling into every bay and spreading from shore to shore, so that not a gleam of water was visible; but over their heaving and tossing silence rose, far away, the mountains of the four German states beyond the lake. An Alp in Vorarlberg made a shining island in the sky. The postillion was loud in his regrets, yet I thought the picture best as it was. On the right lay the land of Appenzell—not a table-land, but a region of mountain ridge and summit, of valley and deep, dark gorge, green as emerald up to the line of snow, and so thickly studded with dwellings, grouped or isolated, that there seemed to be one scattered village as far as the eye could reach. To the south, over forests of fir,

the Sentis lifted his huge towers of rock, crowned with white, wintry pyramids.

"Here, where we are," said the postillion, "was the first battle; but there was another, two years afterwards, over there, the other side of Trogen, where the road goes down to the Rhine. Stoss is the place, and there's a chapel built on the very spot. Duke Frederick of Austria came to help the Abbot Kuno, and the Appenzellers were only one to ten against them. It was a great fight, they say, and the women helped—not with pikes and guns, but in this way: they put on white shirts, and came out of the woods, above where the fighting was going on. Now, when the Austrians and the abbot's people saw them, they thought there were spirits helping the Appenzellers, (the women were all white, you see, and too far off to show plainly,) and so they gave up the fight after losing nine hundred knights and troopers. After that, it was ordered that the women should go first to the sacrament, so that no man might forget the help they gave in that battle. And the people go every year to the chapel, on the same day when it took place."

I looked, involuntarily, to find some difference in the population after passing the frontier. But I had not counted upon the levelling influence which the same kind of labour exercises, whether upon mountain or in valley. So long as Appenzell was a land of herdsmen, many peculiarities of costume, features, and manners must have remained. For a long time, however, Outer-

Rhoden, as this part of the canton is called, has shared with that part of St Gall which lies below it the manufacture of fine muslins and embroideries. There are looms in almost every house; and this fact explains the density of population and the signs of wealth on every hand, which would otherwise puzzle the stranger. The houses are not only so near together that almost every man can call to his neighbours and be heard, but they are large, stately, and even luxurious, in contrast to the dwellings of other country-people in Europe. The average population of Outer-Rhoden amounts to four hundred and seventy-five persons to the square mile, being nearly double that of the most thickly settled portions of Holland.

If one could only transport a few of these houses to the United States! Our country architecture is not only hideous, but frequently unpractical, being at worst shanties, and at best city residences set in the fields. An Appenzell farmer lives in a house from forty to sixty feet square, and rarely less than four storys in height. The two upper storys, however, are narrowed by the high, steep roof, so that the true front of the house is one of the gables. The roof projects at least four feet on all sides, giving shelter to balconies of carved wood, which cross the front under each row of windows. The outer walls are covered with upright, overlapping shingles, not more than two or three inches broad, and rounded at the ends, suggesting the scale armour of ancient times. This covering secures the greatest

warmth; and when the shingles have acquired from age that rich burnt-sienna tint which no paint could exactly imitate, the effect is exceedingly beautiful. The lowest story is generally of stone, plastered and whitewashed. The storys are low, (seven to eight feet,) but the windows are placed side by side, and each room is thoroughly lighted. Such a house is very warm, very durable, and, without any apparent expenditure of ornament, is externally so picturesque that no ornament could improve it.

Many of the dwellings, I was told, could not be built with the present means of the population, at the present prices of labour and material. They date from the palmy days of Appenzell industry, before machinery had reduced the cost of the finer fabrics. Then, one successful manufacturer competed with another in the erection of showy houses, and fifty thousand francs (a large sum for the times) were frequently expended on a single dwelling. The view of a broad Alpine landscape, dotted all over with such beautiful homes, from the little shelf of green hanging on the sides of a rocky gorge and the strips of sunny pasture between the ascending forests, to the very summits of the lower heights and the saddles between them, was something quite new in my experience.

Turning around the point of Vöglisegg, we made for Trogen, one of the two capitals of Outer-Rhoden, which lay before us, across the head of the deep and wild St Martin's Tobel. (*Tobel* is an Appenzell word, corres-

ponding precisely to the *gulch* of California.) My postillion mounted, and the breathed horse trotted merrily along the winding level. One stately house after another, with a clump of fruit-trees on the sheltered side, and a row of blooming hyacinths and wall-flowers on the balcony, passed by on either side. The people we met were sunburnt and ugly, but there was a rough air of self-reliance about them, and they gave me a hearty "God greet you!" one and all. Just before reaching Trogen, the postillion pointed to an old, black, tottering platform of masonry, rising out of a green slope of turf on the right. The grass around it seemed ranker than elsewhere.

This was the place of execution, where capital criminals are still beheaded with the sword, in the sight of the people. The postillion gave me an account, with all the horrible details, of the last execution, only three years ago—how the murderer would not confess until he was brought out of prison to hear the bells tolling for his victim's funeral,—how thereupon he was sentenced, and—but I will not relate further. I have always considered the death penalty a matter of policy rather than principle; but the sight of that blood-stained platform, the blood-fed weeds around it, and the vision of the headsman, in his red mantle, looking down upon the bared neck stretched upon the block, gave me more horror of the custom than all the books and speeches which have been said and written against it.

At Trogen I stopped at the principal inn, two centuries old, the quaint front painted in fresco, the interior neat and fresh as a new toy—a very gem of a house! The floor upon which I entered from the street was paved with flat stones. A solid wooden staircase, dark with age, led to the guests' room in the second story. One side of this room was given up to the windows, and there was a charming hexagonal oriel in the corner. The low ceiling was of wood, in panels, the stove a massive tower, faced with porcelain tiles, the floor polished nearly into whiteness, and all the doors, cupboards, and tables, made of brown nut-wood, gave an air of warmth and elegance to the apartment. All other parts of the house were equally neat and orderly. The hostess greeted me with, "Be you welcome!" and set about preparing dinner, as it was now nearly noon. In the pauses of her work she came into the room to talk, and was very ready to give information concerning the country and people.

There were already a little table and three plates in the oriel, and while I was occupied with my own dinner I did not particularly notice the three persons who sat down to theirs. The coarseness and harshness of their dialect, however, presently struck my ear. It was pure Appenzell, a German made up of singular and puzzling elisions, and with a very strong guttural *k* and *g*, in addition to the *ch*. Some knowledge of the Alemannic dialect of the Black Forest enabled me to understand the subject of conversation, which, to my

surprise, was—the study of the classics! It was like hearing an Irishman talk of Shelley's "Witch of Atlas" in the broadest Tipperary brogue. I turned and looked at the persons. They were well-dressed young men, evidently the best class of Appenzellers—possibly tutors in the schools of Trogen. Their speech in no wise differed from that of the common herdsmen, except that they were now and then obliged to use words which, being unknown to the people, had escaped mutilation. I entered into conversation, to ascertain whether true German was not possible to them, since they must needs read and write the language; but, although they understood me, they could only partly, and with evident difficulty, lay aside their own *patois*. I found this to be the case everywhere throughout the canton. It is a circumstance so unusual, that, in spite of myself, associating a rude dialect with ignorance, I was always astonished when those who spoke it showed culture and knowledge of the world.

The hostess provided me with a guide and pack-bearer, and I set out on foot across the country towards Hundwyl. This guide, Jakob by name, made me imagine that I had come among a singular people. He was so short that he could easily walk under my arm; his gait was something between a roll and a limp, although he stoutly disclaimed lameness; he laughed whenever I spoke to him, and answered in a voice which seemed the cuneiform character put into sound. First, there was an explosion of gutturals, and then

came a loud trumpet-tone, something like the *Honk! honk!* of wild geese. Yet, when he placed his squat figure behind a tavern table, and looked at me quietly with his mouth shut, he was both handsome and distinguished in appearance. We walked two miles together before I guessed how to unravel his speech. It is almost as difficult to learn a dialect as a new language, and but for the key which the Alemannic gave me, I should have been utterly at sea. Who, for instance, could ever guess that *a'Ma'g'si*, pronounced "amaxi," (the *x* representing a desperate guttural,) really stands for *einen Mann gewesen?*

The road was lively with country-people, many of whom were travelling in our own direction. Those we met invariably addressed us with "God greet you!" or "*Guät ti!*" which it was easy to translate into "Good-day!" Some of the men were brilliant in scarlet jackets, with double rows of square silver buttons, and carried swords under their arms; they were bound for the *Landsgemeinde*, whither the law of the Middle Ages still obliges them to go armed. When I asked Jakob if he would accompany me as far as Hundwyl, he answered, "I can't; I daren't go there without a black dress, and my sword, and a cylinder hat."

The wild *tobels*, opening downward to the Lake of Constance, which now shimmered afar through the gaps, were left behind us, and we passed westward along a broken, irregular valley. The vivid turf was sown

with all the flowers of spring,—primrose, violet, buttercup, anemone, and veronica,—faint, but sweetest-odoured, and the heralds of spring in all lands. So I gave little heed to the weird lines of cloud, twisting through and between the severed pyramids of the Sentis, as if weaving the woof of storms. The scenery was entirely lovely, and so novel in its population and the labour which, in the long course of time, had effaced its own hard traces, turning the mountains into lifted lawns and parks of human delight, that my own slow feet carried me through it too rapidly. We must have passed a slight water-shed somewhere, though I observed none; for the road gradually fell towards another region of deeply cloven *tobels*, with snowy mountains beyond. The green of the landscape was so brilliant and uniform, under the cold gray sky, that it almost destroyed the perspective, which rather depended on the houses and the scattered woods of fir.

On a ridge, overlooking all this region, was the large village of Teufen, nearly as grand as Trogen in its architecture. Here Jakob, whose service went no further, conducted me to the "Pike" inn, and begged the landlady to furnish me with "*a' Ma'*" in his place. We had refreshments together, and took leave with many shakings of the hand and mutual wishes of good luck. The successor was an old fellow of seventy, who had been a soldier in Holland, and who, with proper exertion, could make his speech intelligible. The people nowhere inquired after my business or nation-

ality. When the guide made the latter known, they almost invariably said, "But, of course; you were born in Appenzell?" The idea of a traveller coming among them, at least during this season of the year, did not enter their heads. In Teufen, the large and handsome houses, the church and schools, led me, foolishly, to hope for a less barbarous dialect; but no, it was the same thing everywhere.

The men in black, with swords under their arms, increased in number as we left the village. They were probably from the furthest parts of the canton, and were thus abridging the morrow's journey. The most of them, however, turned aside from the road, and made their way to one farm-house or another. I was tempted to follow their example, as I feared that the little village of Hundwyl would be crowded. But there was still time to claim private hospitality, even if this should be the case, so we marched steadily down the valley. The Sitter, a stream fed by the Sentis, now roared below us, between high, rocky walls, which are spanned by an iron bridge, two hundred feet above the water. The roads of Outer-Rhoden, built and kept in order by the people, are most admirable. This little population of forty-eight thousand souls has within the last fifteen years expended seven hundred thousand dollars on means of communication. Since the people govern themselves, and regulate their expenses, and consequently their taxation, their willingness to bear such a burden is a lesson to other lands.

After crossing the airy bridge, our road climbed along the opposite side of the *tobel*, to a village on a ridge thrust out from the foot of the Hundwyl Alp, beyond which we lost sight of Teufen and the beautiful valley of the Sitter. We were now in the valley of the Urnäsch, and a walk of two miles more brought us to the village of Hundwyl. I was encouraged, on approaching the little place, by seeing none except the usual signs of occupation. There was a great new tank before the fountain, and two or three fellows in scarlet vests were filling their portable tubs for the evening's supply; a few children came to the doors to stare at me, but there was no sign that any other stranger had arrived.

"I'll take you to the 'Crown,'" said the guide; "all the Landamänner will be there in the morning, and the music; and you 'll see what our Appenzell government is." The landlady gave me a welcome, and the promise of a lodging, whereupon I sat down in peace, received the greetings of all the members of the family, as they came and went, and made myself familiar with their habits. There was only one other guest in the house —a man of dignified face and intellectual head, who carried a sword tied up with an umbrella, and must be, I suppose, one of the chief officials. He had so much the air of a reformer or a philosopher that the members of a certain small faction at home might have taken him for their beloved W. P.; others might have detected in him a resemblance to that true philanthropist and

gentleman W. L. G.; and the believers in the divinity of slavery would have accepted him as Bishop ———. As no introductions are required in Appenzell, I addressed myself to him, hoping to open a profitable acquaintance; but it was worse than Coleridge's experience with the lover of dumplings. His sentiments may have been elevated and refined, for aught I knew, but what were they? My trumpeter Jakob was more intelligible than he. His upper teeth were gone, and the mutilated words were mashed out of all remaining shape against his gums. Then he had the singular habit of ejaculating the word *Ja!* (Yes!) in three different ways, after answering each of my questions. First, a decided, confirmatory *Ja!* then a pause, followed by a slow, interrogative *Ja?* as if it were the echo of some mental doubt; and finally, after a much longer pause, a profoundly melancholy, desponding, conclusive *Ja-a-a!* sighed forth from the very bottom of his lungs. Even when I only said, "Good-morning!" the next day, these ejaculations followed, in the same order of succession.

One may find a counterpart to this habit in the *Wa'al* of the Yankee, except that the latter never is, nor could it well be, so depressing to hear as the *Ja* of Appenzell.

In the evening a dozen persons gathered around one of the long tables, and drank a pale, weak cider, made of apples and pears, and called "*most*." I gave to one, with whom I found I could converse most easily, a glass

of red wine, whereupon he said, "It is very impudent in me to take it."

Upon asking the same person how it was that I could understand him so much more readily than the others, he answered, "Oh, I can talk the written language when I try, but these others can't."

"Here," said I, pointing to the philosopher, "is one who is quite incomprehensible."

"So he is to me."

They were all anxious to know whether our American troubles were nearly over; whether the President had the power to do further harm, (he had too much power, they all thought;) and whether our Congress could carry out its plan of reconstruction. Lincoln, they said, was the best man we ever had; when the play of "Lincoln's Death" was performed in the theatre at St Gall, a great many Appenzellers hired omnibuses and went down from the mountains to see it.

I was aroused at daybreak by the chiming of bells, and soon afterwards muskets began to crack, near and far. Then there were noises all over the house, and presently what seemed to be a procession of horses or elephants began to thunder up and down the wooden stairs. In vain I tried to snatch the last and best morning nap; there was no end to the racket. So I arose, dressed, and went forth to observe. The inn was already transformed, from top to bottom, into a vast booth for meat and drink. Bedding and all other furniture had disappeared; every room, and even the

open hall on each story, was filled with tables, benches, and chairs. My friend of the previous evening, who was going about with a white apron on and sleeves rolled up, said to me, "I am to be one of the waiters to-day. We have already made places for six hundred."

There were at least a dozen other amateur waiters on hand and busy. The landlord wore a leathern apron, and went from room to room, blowing into the hole of a wooden tap which he carried in his hand, as if thereby to collect his ideas. A barrel of red and a barrel of white wine stood on trestles in the guests' room, and they were already filling the schoppins by hundreds and ranging them on shelves,—honestly filling, not as lager-bier is filled in New York, one third foam, but waiting until the froth subsided, and then pouring to the very brim. In the kitchen there were three fires blazing, stacks of *Bratwurst* on the tables, great kettles for the sour-krout and potatoes; and eggs, lettuce, and other finer viands, for the dignitaries, on the shelves. "Good-morning," said the landlady, as I looked into this sanctuary; "you see we are ready for them."

While I was taking my coffee, the landlord called the waiters together, gave each a bag of small money for change, and then delivered a short, practical address concerning their duties for the day,—who were to be trusted and who not, how to keep order and prevent impatience, and, above all, how to preserve a proper circulation, in order that the greatest possible number of persons might be entertained. He closed with:

"Once again, take notice and don't forget, every one of you,—*most*, 10 rappen, (2 cents;) bread, 10; *wurst*, 15; tongue, 10; wine, 25 and 40," &c.

In the village there were signs of preparation, but not a dozen strangers had arrived. Wooden booths had been built against some of the houses, and the owners thereof were arranging their stores of gingerbread and coarse confectionery. On the open, grassy square, in front of the parsonage, stood a large platform, with a handsome railing around it, but the green slope of the hill in front was as deserted as an Alpine pasture. Looking westward over the valley, however, I could already see dark figures moving along the distant paths. The morning was overcast, but the Hundwyl Alp, streaked with snow, stood clear, and there was a prospect of good weather for the important day. As I loitered about the village, talking with the people, who, busy as they were, always found time for a friendly word, the movement in the landscape increased. Out of fir-woods, and over the ridges and out of the foldings of the hills, came the Appenzellers, growing into groups, and then into lines, until steady processions began to enter Hundwyl by every road. Every man was dressed in black, with a rusty stove-pipe hat on his head, and a sword and umbrella in his hand or under his arm.

From time to time the church-bells chimed; a brass band played the old melodies of the canton; on each side of the governing Landamman's place on the platform stood a huge two-handed sword, centuries old; and

the temper of the gathering crowd became earnest and solemn. Six old men, armed with pikes, walked about with an air of importance: their duty was to preserve order, but they had nothing to do. Policeman other than these, or soldier, was not to be seen; each man was a part of the government, and felt his responsibility. Carriages, light carts, and hay waggons, the latter filled with patriotic singers, now began to arrive, and I took my way to the "Crown," in order to witness the arrival of the members of the Council.

In order to make the proceedings of the day more intelligible, I must first briefly sketch certain features of this little democracy, which it possesses in common with three other mountain cantons—the primitive forms which the republican principle assumed in Switzerland. In the first place the government is only representative so far as is required for its permanent practical operation. The highest power in the land is the *Landsgemeinde*, or General Assembly of the People, by whom the members of the Executive Council are elected, and who alone can change, adopt, or abolish any law. All citizens above the age of eighteen, and all other Swiss citizens after a year's residence in the canton, are not only allowed, but required, to attend the *Landsgemeinde*. There is a penalty for non-attendance. Outer-Rhoden contains forty-eight thousand inhabitants, of whom eleven thousand are under obligations to be present and vote, from beginning to end of the deliberations.

In Glarus and Unterwalden, where the population is

smaller, the right of discussion is still retained by these assemblies, but in Appenzell it has been found expedient to abolish it. Any change in the law, however, is first discussed in public meetings in the several communities, then put into form by the Council, published, read from all the pulpits for a month previous to the coming together of the *Landsgemeinde,* and then voted upon. But if the Council refuses to act upon the suggestion of any citizen whomsoever, and he honestly considers the matter one of importance, he is allowed to propose it directly to the people, provided he do so briefly and in an orderly manner. The Council, which may be called the executive power, consists of the governing Landamman and six associates, one of whom has the functions of treasurer, another of military commander,—in fact, a ministry on a small scale. The service of the persons elected to the Council is obligatory, and they receive no salaries. There is, it is true, a secondary Council, composed of the first, and representatives of the communities, one for every thousand inhabitants, in order to administer more intelligently the various departments of education, religion, justice, roads, the militia system, the poor, &c.; but the Assembly of the People can at any time reject or reverse its action. All citizens are not only equal before the law, but are assured liberty of conscience, of speech, and of labour. The right of support only belongs to those who are born citizens of the canton. The old restriction of the *Heimathsrecht,*—the claim to be sup-

ported at the expense of the community in case of need, —narrow and illiberal as it seems to us, prevails all over Switzerland. In Appenzell a stranger can only acquire the right, which is really the right of citizenship, by paying twelve hundred francs into the cantonal treasury.

The governing Landamman is elected for two years, but the other members of the Council may be re-elected from year to year, as often as the people see fit. The obligation to serve, therefore, may sometimes seriously incommode the person chosen; he cannot resign, and his only chance of escape lies in leaving the canton temporarily, and publishing his intention of quitting it altogether in case the people refuse to release him from office! This year, it happened that two members of the Council had already taken this step, while three others had appealed to the people not to re-elect them. The *Landsgemeinde* at Hundwyl was to decide upon all these applications, and therefore promised to be of more than usual interest. The people had had time to consider the matter, and it was supposed had generally made up their minds; yet I found no one willing to give me a hint of their action in advance.

The two remaining members presently made their appearance, accompanied by the Chancellor, to whom I was recommended. The latter kindly offered to accompany me to the parsonage, the windows of which, directly in the rear of the platform, would enable me to hear, as well as see the proceedings. The clergyman,

who was preparing for the service which precedes the opening of the *Landsgemeinde*, showed me the nail upon which hung the key of the study, and gave me liberty to take possession at any time. The clock now struck nine, and a solemn peal of bells announced the time of service. A little procession formed in front of the inn; first the music, then the clergyman and the few members of the government, bareheaded, and followed by the two *Weibels*, (apparitors,) who wore long mantles, the right half white and the left half black. The old pikemen walked on either side. The people uncovered as the dignitaries took their way around the church to the chancel door; then as many as could be accommodated entered at the front.

I entered with them, taking my place on the men's side,—the sexes being divided, as is usual in Germany. After the hymn, in which boy's voices were charmingly heard, and the prayer, the clergyman took a text from Corinthians, and proceeded to preach a good, sound political sermon, which, nevertheless, did not in the least shock the honest piety of his hearers. I noticed with surprise that most of the men put on their hats at the close of the prayer. Only once did they remove them afterwards,—when the clergyman, after describing the duties before them, and the evils and difficulties which beset every good work, suddenly said, "Let us pray to God to help and direct us!" and interpolated a short prayer in the midst of his sermon. The effect was all the more impressive, because, though so unexpected,

it was entirely simple and natural. These democrats of Appenzell have not yet made the American discovery that pulpits are profaned by any utterance of national sentiment, or any application of Christian doctrine to politics. They even hold their municipal elections in the churches, and consider that the act of voting is thereby solemnised, not that the holy building is desecrated! But then, you will say, this is the democracy of the Middle Ages.

When the service was over, I could scarcely make my way through the throng which had meanwhile collected. The sun had come out hot above the Hundwyl Alp, and turned the sides of the valley into slopes of dazzling sheen. Already every table in the inns was filled, every window crowded with heads, the square a dark mass of voters of all ages and classes, lawyers and clergymen being packed together with grooms and brown Alpine herdsmen; and, after the Government had been solemnly escorted to its private chamber, four musicians in antique costume announced, with drum and fife, the speedy opening of the Assembly. But first came the singing-societies of Herisau, and forced their way into the centre of the throng, where they sang, simply yet grandly, the songs of Appenzell. The people listened with silent satisfaction; not a man seemed to think of applauding.

I took my place in the pastor's study, and inspected the crowd. On the steep slope of the village square and the rising field beyond, more than ten thou-

sand men were gathered, packed as closely as they could stand. The law requires them to appear armed and "respectably dressed." The short swords, very much like our marine cutlasses, which they carried, were intended for show rather than service. Very few wore them; sometimes they were tied up with umbrellas, but generally carried loose in the hand or under the arm. The rich manufacturers of Trogen and Herisau and Teufen had belts and silver-mounted dress-swords. With scarce an exception, every man was habited in black, and wore a stove-pipe hat, but the latter was in most cases brown and battered. Both circumstances were thus explained to me: as the people vote with the uplifted hand, the hat must be of a dark colour, as a background, to bring out the hands more distinctly; then, since rain would spoil a good hat, (and it rains much at this season,) they generally take an old one. I could now understand the advertisements of "second hand cylinder hats for sale," which I had noticed the day before in the newspapers of the canton. The slope of the hill was such that the hats of the lower ranks concealed the faces of those immediately behind, and the assembly was the darkest and densest I ever beheld. Here and there the top of a scarlet waistcoat flashed out of the cloud with astonishing brilliancy.

With solemn music, and attended by the apparitors, in their two-coloured mantles, and the ancient pikemen, the few officials ascended the platform. The chief of the two Landammänner present took his station in

front, between the two-handed swords, and began to address the assembly. Suddenly a dark cloud seemed to roll away from the faces of the people, commencing in front of the platform, and spreading rapidly to the edges of the compact throng, the hats disappeared, and the ten thousand faces, in the full light of the sun, blended into a ruddy mass. But no; each head retained its separate character, and the most surprising circumstance of the scene was the distinctness with which each human being held fast to his individuality in the multitude. Nature has drawn no object with so firm a hand, nor painted it with such tenacious clearness of colour, as the face of man. The inverted crescent of sharp light had a different curve on each individual brow before me; the little illuminated dot on the end of the nose under it hinted at the form of the nostrils in shadow. As the hats had before concealed the faces, so now each face was relieved against the breast of the man beyond, and in front of me were thousands of heads to be seen, touching each other like so many ovals drawn on a dark plane.

The address was neither so brief nor so practical as it might have been. Earnest, well meant, and apparently well received, there was, nevertheless, much in it which the plain, semi-educated weavers and Alpadores in the assembly could not possibly have comprehended; as, for instance, "May a garland of confidence be twined around your deliberations!" At the close, the speaker said, "Let us pray!" and for a few

moments there were bowed heads and utter silence. The first business was the financial report for the year, which had been printed and distributed among the people weeks before. They were now asked whether they would appoint a commission to test its accuracy, but they unanimously declined to do so. The question was put by one of the apparitors, who first removed his cocked hat, and cried, in a tremendous voice, "Faithful and beloved fellow-citizens and brethren of the Union!"

Now came the question of releasing the tired Landammänner of the previous year from office. The first application in order was that of the governing Landamman, Dr Zürcher. The people voted directly thereupon; there was a strong division of sentiment, but the majority allowed him to resign. His place was therefore to be filled at once. The names of candidates were called out by the crowd. There were six in all; and as both the members of the council were among them, the latter summoned six well-known citizens upon the platform, to decide the election. The first vote reduced the number of candidates to two, and the voting was then repeated until one of these received an undoubted majority. Dr Roth, of Teufen, was the fortunate man. As soon as the decision was announced, several swords were held up in the crowd to indicate where the new governor was to be found. The musicians and pikemen made a lane to him through the multitude, and he was conducted to the platform with

the sound of fife and drum. He at once took his place between the swords, and made a brief address, which the people heard with uncovered heads. He did not yet, however, assume the black silk mantle which belongs to his office. He was a man of good presence, prompt, and self-possessed in manner, and conducted the business of the day very successfully.

The election of the remaining members occupied much more time. All the five applicants were released from service, and with scarcely a dissenting hand: wherein, I thought, the people showed very good sense. The case of one of these officials, Herr Euler, was rather hard. He was the *Landessäckelmeister*, (Treasurer,) and the law makes him personally responsible for every farthing which passes through his hands. Having, with the consent of the Council, invested thirty thousand francs in a banking-house at Rheineck, the failure of the house obliged him to pay this sum out of his own pocket. He did so, and then made preparations to leave the canton in case his resignation was not accepted.

For most of the places from ten to fourteen candidates were named, and when these were reduced to two, nearly equally balanced in popular favour, the voting became very spirited. The apparitor, who was chosen on account of his strength of voice, (the candidates for the office must be tested in this respect,) had hard work that day. The same formula must be repeated before every vote, in this wise: "Herr Landamman,

gentlemen, faithful and beloved fellow-citizens and brethren of the Union, if it seems good to you to choose so and-so, as your treasurer for the coming year, so lift up your hands!" Then, all over the dark mass, thousands of hands flew into the sunshine, rested a moment, and gradually sank with a fluttering motion, which made me think of leaves flying from a hill-side forest in the autumn winds. As each election was decided, and the choice was announced, swords were lifted to show the location of the new official in the crowd, and he was then brought upon the platform with fife and drum. Nearly two hours elapsed before the gaps were filled, and the government was again complete.

Then followed the election of judges for the judicial districts, who, in most cases, were almost unanimously re-elected. These are repeated from year to year, so long as the people are satisfied. Nearly all the citizens of Outer-Rhoden were before me; I could distinctly see three fourths of their faces, and I detected no expression except that of a grave, conscientious interest in the proceedings, Their patience was remarkable. Closely packed, man against man, in the hot, still sunshine, they stood quietly for nearly three hours, and voted upwards of two hundred and seven times before the business of the day was completed. A few old men on the edges of the crowd slipped away for a quarter of an hour, in order, as one of them told me, "to keep their stomachs from giving way entirely,"

and some of the younger fellows took a schoppin of *most* for the same purpose; but they generally returned and resumed their places as soon as refreshed.

The close of the *Landsgemeinde* was one of the most impressive spectacles I ever witnessed. When the elections were over and no further duty remained, the Pastor Etter of Hundwyl ascended the platform. The governing Landamman assumed his black mantle of office, and, after a brief prayer, took the oath of inauguration from the clergyman. He swore to further the prosperity and honour of the land, to ward off misfortune from it, to uphold the constitution and laws, to protect the widows and orphans, and to secure the equal rights of all, nor through favour, hostility, gifts, or promises to be turned aside from doing the same. The clergyman repeated the oath sentence by sentence, both holding up the oath-fingers of the right hand, the people looking on silent and uncovered.

The governing Landamman now turned to the assembly, and read them their oath, that they likewise should further the honour and prosperity of the land, preserve its freedom and its equal rights, obey the laws, protect the council and the judges, take no gift or favour from any prince or potentate, and that each one should accept and perform to the best of his ability any service to which he might be chosen. After this had been read, the Landamman lifted his right hand, with the oath-fingers extended; his colleagues on the platform, and every man of the ten or eleven thousand

present, did the same. The silence was so profound that the chirp of a bird on the hillside took entire possession of the air. Then the Landamman slowly and solemnly spoke these words: "I have well understood that—which has been read to me;—I will always and exactly observe it,—faithfully and without reservation,—so truly as I wish and pray—that God help me!" At each pause, the same words were repeated by every man, in a low, subdued tone. The hush was else so complete, the words were spoken with such measured firmness, that I caught each as it came, not as from the lips of men, but from a vast supernatural murmur in the air. The effect was indescribable. Far off on the horizon was the white vision of an Alp, but all the hidden majesty of those supreme mountains was nothing to the scene before me. When the last words had been spoken, the hands sank slowly, and the crowd stood a moment locked together, with grave faces and gleaming eyes, until the spirit that had descended upon them passed. Then they dissolved; the *Landsgemeinde* was over.

In my inn, I should think more than the expected six hundred had found place. From garret to cellar every corner was occupied; bread, wine, and steamy dishes passed in a steady whirl from kitchen and tap-room into all the roaring chambers. In the other inns it was the same, and many took their drink and provender in the open air. I met my philosopher of the previous evening, who said, "Now, what do you think

of our *Landsgemiende?*" and followed my answer with his three *Ja's*, the last a more desponding sigh than ever. Since the business was over, I judged that the people would be less reserved—which, indeed, was the case. Nearly all with whom I spoke expressed their satisfaction with the day's work. I walked through the crowds in all directions, vainly seeking for personal beauty. There were few women present, but a handsome man is only less beautiful than a beautiful woman, and I like to look at the former when the latter is absent. I was surprised at the great proportion of under-sized men; only weaving, in close rooms, for several generations, could have produced so many squat bodies and short legs. The Appenzellers are neither a handsome nor a picturesque race, and their language harmonises with their features; but I learned, during that day at Hundwyl, to like and to respect them.

Pastor Etter insisted on my dining with him; two younger clergymen were also guests, and my friend the Chancellor Engwiller came to make further kind offers of service. The people of each parish, I learned, elect their own pastor, and pay him his salary. In municipal matters the same democratic system prevails as in the cantonal government. Education is well provided for, and the morals of the community are watched and guarded by a committee consisting of the pastor and two officials elected by the people. Outer-Rhoden is almost exclusively Protestant, while Inner-Rhoden —the mountain region around the Sentis—is Catholic.

Although thus geographically and politically connected, there was formerly little intercourse between the inhabitants of the two parts of the canton, owing to their religious differences: but now they come together in a friendly way, and are beginning to intermarry.

After dinner, the officials departed in carriages to the sound of trumpets, and thousands of the people followed. Again the roads and paths leading away over the green hills were dark with lines of pedestrians; but a number of those whose homes lay nearest to Hundwyl lingered to drink and gossip out the day. A group of herdsmen, over whose brown faces the high stove-pipe hat looked doubly absurd, gathered in a ring, and while one of them *yodelled* the *Ranz des Vaches* of Appenzell, the others made an accompaniment with their voices, imitating the sound of cow-bells. They were lusty, jolly fellows, and their songs hardly came to an end. I saw one man who might be considered as positively drunk, but no other who was more than affectionately and socially excited. Towards sunset they all dropped off, and when the twilight settled down heavy, and threatening rain, there was no stranger but myself in the little village. "I have done tolerably well," said the landlord; "but I can't count my gains until day after to-morrow, when the scores run up to-day must be paid off." Considering that in my own bill lodging was set down at six, and breakfast at twelve cents, even the fifteen hundred

guests whom he entertained during the day could not have given him a very splendid profit.

Taking a weaver of the place as guide, I set off early the next morning for the village of Appenzell, the capital of Inner-Rhoden. The way led me back into the valley of the Sitter, thence up towards the Sentis Alp, winding around and over a multitude of hills. The same smooth, even, velvety carpet of grass was spread upon the landscape, covering every undulation of the surface, except where the rocks had frayed themselves through. There is no greener land upon the earth. The grass, from centuries of cultivation, has become so rich and nutritious, that the inhabitants can no longer spare even a little patch of ground for a vegetable garden, for the reason that the same space produces more profit in hay. The green comes up to their very doors, and they grudge even the foot-paths which connect them with their neighbours. Their vegetables are brought up from the lower valleys of Thurgau. The first mowing had commenced at the time of my visit, and the farmers were employing irrigation and manure to bring on the second crop. By this means they are enabled to mow the same fields every five or six weeks. The process gives the whole region a smoothness, a mellow splendour of colour, such as I never saw elsewhere, not even in England.

A walk of two hours through such scenery brought me out of the Sitter Tobel, and in sight of the little Alpine basin in which lies Appenzell. It was raining

slowly and dismally, and the broken, snow-crowned peaks of the Kamor and the Hohe Kasten stood like livid spectres of mountains against the stormy sky. I made haste to reach the compact, picturesque, little town, and shelter myself in an inn, where a landlady with rippled golden hair and features like one of Dante Rossetti's women, offered me trout for dinner. Out of the back window I looked for the shattered summits of the Sentis, which rise five thousand feet above the valley, but they were invisible. The vertical walls of the Ebenalp, in which are the grotto and chapel of Wildkirchli, towered over the nearer hills, and I saw with regret that they were still above the snow-line. It was impossible to penetrate much further without better weather; but I decided, while enjoying my trout, to make another trial—to take the road to Urnäsch, and thence pass westward into the renowned valley of the Toggenburg.

The people of Inner-Rhoden are the most picturesque of the Appenzellers. The men wear a round skull-cap of leather, sometimes brilliantly embroidered, a jacket of coarse drilling, drawn on over the head, and occasionally knee-breeches. Early in May the herdsmen leave their winter homes in the valleys and go with their cattle to the *Matten*, or lofty mountain pastures. The most intelligent cows, selected as leaders for the herd, march in advance with enormous bells, sometimes a foot in diameter, suspended to their necks by bands of embroidered leather; then follow the others, and the

bull, who singularly enough carries the milking-pail garlanded with flowers, between his horns, brings up the rear. The Alpadores are in their finest Sunday costume, and the sound of yodel-songs—the very voice of Alpine landscapes—echoes from every hill. Such a picture as this, under the cloudless blue of a fortunate May day, makes the heart of the Appenzeller light. He goes joyously up to his summer labour, and makes his herb-cheese on the heights, while his wife weaves and embroiders muslin in the valley until his return.

In the afternoon I set out for Urnäsch, with a bright boy as guide. Hot gleams of sunshine now and then struck like fire across the green mountains, and the Sentis partly unveiled his stubborn forehead of rock. Behind him, however, lowered inky thunder-clouds, and long before the afternoon's journey was made it was raining below and snowing aloft. The scenery grew more broken and abrupt the further I penetrated into the country, but it was everywhere as thickly peopled and as wonderfully cultivated. At Gonten, there is a large building for the whey-cure of overfed people of the world. A great many such, I was told, come to Appenzell for the summer. Many of the persons we met not only said, "God greet you!" but immediately added, "Adieu!"—like the *Salve et vale!* of classical times.

Beyond Gonten the road dropped into a wild ravine, the continual windings of which rendered it very attractive. I found enough to admire in every farm-house by the wayside, with its warm wood-colour, its

quaint projecting balconies and coat of shingle mail. When the ravine opened, and the deep valley of Urnäsch before me appeared between cloven heights of snow, disclosing six or eight square miles of perfect emerald, over which the village is scattered, I was fully repaid for having pressed further into the heart of the land. There were still two hours until night, and I might have gone on to the Rossfall,—a cascade three or four miles higher up the valley,—but the clouds were threatening, and the distant mountain-sides already dim under the rain.

At the village-inn I found several herdsmen and mechanics, each with a bottle of Rheinthaler wine before him. They were ready and willing to give me all the information I needed. In order to reach the Toggenburg, they said, I must go over the Krätzernwald. It was sometimes a dangerous journey; the snow was many cubits deep, and at this time of the year it was frequently so soft, that a man would sink to his hips. To-day, however, there had been thunder, and after thunder the snow is always hard-packed, so that you can walk on it; but to cross the Krätzernwald without a guide—never! For two hours you were in a wild forest, not a house, nor even a *Sennhütt* (herdsman's cabin) to be seen, and no proper path, but a clambering hither and thither, in snow and mud; with this weather—yes, one *could* get into Toggenburg that way, they said, but not alone, and only because there had been thunder on the mountains.

But all night the rain beat against my chamber-window, and in the morning the lower slopes on the mountains were gray with new snow, which no thunder had packed. Indigo-coloured clouds lay heavily on all the Alpine peaks; the air was raw and chilly, and the roads slippery. In such weather the scenery is not only shrouded, but the people are shut up in their homes,—wherefore further travel would not have been repaid. I had already seen the greater part of the little land, and so gave up my thwarted plans the more cheerfully. When the post-omnibus for Herisau came to the inn-door, I took my seat therein, saying, like Schiller's "Sennbub'," "*Ihr Matten, lebt wohl! ihr sonnige Weiden!*"

The country became softer and lovelier as the road gradually fell towards Herisau, which is the richest and stateliest town of the canton. I saw little of it except the hospitable home of my friend the Chancellor, for we had brought the Alpine weather with us. The architecture of the place, nevertheless, is charming, the town being composed of country-houses, balconied and shingled, and set down together in the most irregular way, every street shooting off at a different angle. A mile beyond, I reached the edge of the mountain region, and again looked down upon the prosperous valley of St Gall. Below me was the railway, and as I sped towards Zurich that afternoon, the top of the Sentis, piercing through a mass of dark rain-clouds, was my last glimpse of the Little Land of Appenzell.

FROM PERPIGNAN TO MONTSERRAT.

FROM PERPIGNAN TO MONTSERRAT.

"OUT of France and into Spain," says the old nursery rhyme; but at the eastern base of the Pyrenees one seems to have entered Spain before leaving France. The rich vine-plains of Roussillon once belonged to the former country; they retain quite as distinct traces of the earlier Moorish occupancy, and their people speak a dialect almost identical with that of Catalonia. I do not remember the old boundaries of the province, but I noticed the change immediately after leaving Narbonne. Vine-green, with the grays of olive and rock, were the only colours of the landscape. The towns, massive and perched upon elevations, spoke of assault and defence; the labourers in the fields were brown, dark-haired, and grave, and the semi-African silence of Spain seemed already to brood over the land.

I entered Perpignan under a heavy Moorish gateway, and made my way to a hostel through narrow, tortuous streets, between houses with projecting balconies, and windows few and small, as in the Orient. The hostel, though ambitiously calling itself a hotel, was filled with that Mediterranean atmosphere and odour which you breathe everywhere in Italy and the Levant,—a

single characteristic flavour, in which, nevertheless, you fancy you detect the exhalations of garlic, oranges, horses, cheese, and oil. A mild whiff of it stimulates the imagination, and is no detriment to physical comfort. When, at breakfast, red mullet came upon the table, and oranges fresh from the tree, I straightway took off my northern nature as a garment, folded it, and packed it neatly away in my knapsack, and took out in its stead the light, beribboned, and bespangled southern nature, which I had not worn for some eight or nine years. It was like a dressing-gown after a dress-coat, and I went about with a delightfully free play of the mental and moral joints.

There were four hours before the departure of the diligence for Spain, and I presume I might have seen various historical or architectural sights of Perpignan; but I was really too comfortable for anything else than a lazy meandering about the city, feeding my eyes on quaint houses, groups of people full of noise and gesture, the scarlet blossoms of the pomegranate, and the glitter of citron-leaves in the gardens. A one-legged fellow, seven feet high, who called himself a *commissionaire*, insisted on accompanying me, and I finally accepted him, for two reasons;—first, he knew nothing whatever about the city; and secondly, tourists are so rare that he must have been very poor. His wooden leg, moreover, easily kept pace with my loitering steps, and though, as a matter of conscience, he sometimes volunteered a little information, he took my silence

meekly and without offence. In this wise, I gained some pleasant pictures of the place; and the pictures which come with least effort are those which remain freshest in memory.

There was one point, however, where my limping giant made a stand, and set his will against expostulation or entreaty. I *must* see the avenue of sycamores, he said; there was plenty of time; France, the world, had no such avenue; it was near at hand—every stranger went to see it and was amazed;—and therewith he set off, without waiting for my answer. I followed, for I saw that otherwise he would not have considered his fee earned. The avenue of sycamores was indeed all that he had promised. I had seen larger trees in Syria and Negropont, but here was a triple avenue, nearly half a mile in length, so trained and sculptured that they rivalled the regularity of masonry. Each trunk, at the height of ten or twelve feet, divided into two arms, which then leaned outwards at the same angle, and mingled their smaller boughs, fifty feet overhead. The aisles between them thus took the form of very slender pyramids, truncated near the top. If the elm gives the Gothic, this was assuredly the Cyclopean arch. In the beginning, the effect must have been artificially produced, but the trees were now so old, and had so accustomed themselves to the forms imposed, that no impression of force or restraint remained. Through the roof of this superb green minster not a beam of sunshine found its way. On the hard gravel

floor groups of peasants, soldiers, nurses, and children strolled up and down, all with the careless and leisurely air of a region where time has no particular value.

We passed a dark-haired and rather handsome gentleman and lady. "They are opera-singers, Italians," said my companion, "and they are going with you in the diligence." I looked at my watch and found that the hour of departure had nearly arrived, and I should have barely time to procure a little Spanish money. When I reached the office, the gentleman and lady were already installed in the two corners of the *coupé*. My place, apparently, was between them. The agent was politely handing me up the steps, when the gentleman began to remonstrate; but in France the regulations are rigid, and he presently saw that the intrusion could not be prevented. With a sigh and a groan he gave up his comfortable corner to me, and took the middle seat, for which I was booked! "Will you have your place?" whispered the agent. I shook my head. "You get the best seat, don't you see?" he resumed, "because"—— But the rest of the sentence was a wink and a laugh. I am sure there is the least possible of a Don Juan in my appearance; yet this agent never lost an opportunity to wink at me whenever he came near the diligence, and I fancied I heard him humming to himself, as we drove away,—

"Ma—nella Spagna—mille e tre!"

I endeavoured to be reasonably courteous, without

familiarity, towards the opera-singers, but the effect of the malicious winks and smiles made the lady appear to me timid and oppressed, and the gentleman an unexploded mine of jealousy. My remarks were civilly if briefly answered, and then they turned towards each other, and began conversing in a language which was not Italian, although melodious, nor French, although nasal. I pricked up my ears and listened more sharply than good manners allowed—but only until I had recognised the Portuguese tongue. Whomsoever I may meet in wandering over the world, it rarely happens that I cannot discover some common or "mutual" friend, and in this instance I determined to try the experiment. After preliminaries, which gently led the conversation to Portugal, I asked,—

"Do you happen to know Count M———?"

"Only by name."

"Or Senhor O———, a young man and an astronomer?"

"Very well!" was the reply. "He is one of the most distinguished young men of science in Portugal."

The ice was thereupon broken, and the gentleman became communicative and agreeable. I saw, very soon, that the pair were no more opera-singers than they were Italians; that the lady was not timid, nor her husband jealous; but he had simply preferred, as any respectable husband would, to give up his comfortable seat rather than have a stranger thrust between himself and his wife.

Once out of Perpignan, the Pyrenees lay clear before us. Over bare red hills, near at hand, rose a gray mountain rampart, neither lofty nor formidable; but westward, between the valleys of the Tech and the Tet, towered the solitary pyramid of the Canigou, streaked with snow-filled ravines. The landscapes would have appeared bleak and melancholy, but for the riotous growth of vines which cover the plain and climb the hillsides wherever there is room for a terrace of earth. These vines produce the dark, rich wine of Roussillon, the best vintage of Southern France. Hedges of aloes, clumps of Southern cypress, poplars by the dry beds of winter streams, with brown tints in the houses and red in the soil, increased the resemblance to Spain. Rough fellows, in rusty velvet, who now and then dug their dangling heels into the sides of the mules or asses they rode, were enough like *arrieros* or *contrabandistas* to be the real article. Our stout and friendly coachman even, was hailed by the name of Moreno, and spoke French with a foreign accent.

At the post-station of Le Boulou, we left the plain of Roussillon behind us. At this end of the Pyrenean chain there are not such trumpet-names as Roncesvalles, Fontarabia, and Bidassoa. Hannibal, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and the Saracens have marched through these defiles, and left no grand historic footprint, but they will always keep the interest which belongs to those natural barriers and division walls whereby races and histories were once separated. It was enough for me

that here were the Pyrenees, and I looked forward, perhaps, with a keener curiosity, to the character and forms of their scenery, than to the sentiment which any historic association could produce. A broad and perfect highway led us through shallow valleys, whose rocky sides were hung with rows of olive-trees, into wilder and more abrupt dells, where vegetation engaged in a struggle with stone, and without man's help, would have been driven from the field. Over us the mountains lifted themselves in bold bastions and parapets, disforested now, if those gray upper plateaus ever bore forests, and of a uniform slaty gray in tone except where reddish patches of oxidation showed like the rust of age.

But, like "all waste and solitary places," the scenery had its own peculiar charm. Poussin and Salvator Rosa would have seated themselves afresh at every twist of the glen, and sketched the new picture which it unfolded. The huge rocks, fallen from above, or shattered in the original upheaval of the chain, presented a thousand sharp, forcible outlines and ragged facets of shadow, and the two native growths of the Pyrenees—box and cork-oak—fringed them as thickets or overhung them as trees, in the wildest and most picturesque combinations. Indeed, during this portion of the journey, I saw scores of sketches waiting for the selected artist, who has not yet come for them,—sketches full of strength and beauty, and with a harmony of colour as simple as the chord of triple tones in music.

When to their dark grays and greens came the scarlet Phrygian cap of the Catalonian, it was brighter than sunshine.

The French fortress of Bellegarde, crowning a drum-shaped mass of rock, which blocked up the narrow valley in front, announced our approach to the Spanish frontier. The road wound back and forth as it climbed through a stony wilderness to the mouth of a gorge under the fortress, and I saw, before we entered this last gateway into Spain, the peak of the Canigou touched with sunset, and the sweep of plain beyond it black under the shadow of storm-clouds. On either side were some heaps of stone, left from forts and chapels of the Middle Ages, indicating that we had already reached the summit of the pass, which is less than a thousand feet above the sea-level. In ten minutes the gorge opened, and we found ourselves suddenly rattling along the one street of the gay French village of Perthus. Officers from Bellegarde sat at the table in front of the smart *café*, and drank absinthe; soldiers in red trousers chatted with the lively women who sold tobacco and groceries; there were trees, little gardens, arbours of vine, and the valley opened southwards, descending and broadening towards a cloudless evening sky.

At the end of the village I saw a granite pyramid, with the single word "Gallia" engraved upon it; a few paces farther, two marble posts bore the half-obliterated arms of Spain. Here the diligence paused

a moment, and an officer of customs took his seat beside the coachman. The telegraph pole behind us was of barked pine, the next one in front was painted gray; the *vente de tabac* became *estanco nacional*, and the only overlapping of the two nationalities which I observed—all things else being suddenly and sharply divided—was that some awkward and dusty Spanish soldiers were walking up the street of Perthus, and some trim, jaunty French soldiers were walking down the road, towards the first Spanish wine-shop. We also went down, and swiftly, in the falling twilight, through which, erelong, gardens and fields began to glimmer, and in half an hour drew up in the little Spanish town of La Junquera, the ancient "place of rushes." Here there was a rapid and courteous examination of baggage, a call for passports, which were opened and then handed back to us without *visé* or fee being demanded, and we were declared free to journey in Spain. Verily the world is becoming civilized, when Spain, the moral satrapy of Rome, begins to pull down her barriers and let the stranger in!

I inspected our "insides," as they issued forth, and found, in addition to a priest and three or four commercial individuals with a contraband air, a young French naval officer, and an old German who was too practical for a professor and too stubborn in his views to be anything else. He had made fifteen journeys to Switzerland, he informed me, knew Scotland from the Cheviots to John o' Groat's, and now proposed the

conquest of Spain. Here Moreno summoned us to our places, and the diligence rolled onward. Past groups of Catalans, in sandals and scarlet bonnets, returning from the harvest fields; past stacks of dusky grain and shadowy olive-orchards; past open houses, where a single lamp sometimes flashed upon a woman's head; past a bonfire, turning the cork-trees into transparent bronze, and past the sound of water, plunging under the idle mill-wheel, in the cool, delicious summer air,—we journeyed on. The stars were beginning to gather in the sky, when square towers and masses of cubic houses rose against them, and the steady roll of our wheels on the smooth highway became a dreadful clatter on the rough cobble-stones of Figueras.

The Pyrenees were already behind us. The town overlooks a wide, marshy plain; but the mountains make their vicinity felt in a peculiar manner. The north-wind, gathered into the low pass of Bellegarde, and drawn to a focus of strength, blows down the opening valley with a force which sometimes lays an embargo on travel. Diligences are overturned, postillions blown out of their saddles, and pedestrians carried off their feet. The people then pray to their saints that the *tramontana* may cease; but, on the other hand, as it is a very healthy wind, sweeping away the feverish exhalations from the marshy soil, they get up a grand annual procession to some mountain shrine of the Virgin, and pray that it may blow. So, when the Virgin takes them at their word, the saints are invoked on the other

side, and the wonder is, that both parties don't get out of patience with the people of Figueras.

The diligence drew up at the door of a *fonda*, and Moreno announced that we were to take supper and wait until midnight. This was welcome news to all; but the old German drew me aside as we entered the house, and whispered, "Now our stomachs are going to be tried." "Not at all," I answered; "we shall find very good provender." "But the guide book says it is very bad," he persisted. And he looked despondent, even with a clean table-cloth and a crisp roll of bread before him, until the soup steamed under his nose. His face brightened at the odour, grew radiant at the flavour, and long before we reached the roast pullet and salad, he expressed his satisfaction with Spanish cookery. With the dessert came a *vino rancio*, full of summer fire, and the tongues of the company were loosened. From the weather and the Paris Exposition, we leaped boldly into politics, and, being on Spanish soil, discussed France and the Mexican business. The French officer was silent and annoyed. He was a pleasant fellow, and I, for one, had a little sympathy with his annoyance, but I could not help saying that all Americans (except the Rev. ———) considered the action of France as an outrage and an impertinence, and were satisfied with her miserable failure. The Spanish passengers nodded and smiled.

I should not have spoken, had I foreseen one consequence of my words. The German snatched the reins

of conversation out of our hands, and dashed off at full speed, trampling France and her ruler under his feet. At the first pause, I said to him in German, "Pray, don't be so violent in your expressions. The gentleman beside me is a naval officer." But he answered, "I don't care; I must speak my mind, which I could not do in Paris. France has been the curse of Spain, as well as of all Europe, and there will be no peace until we put a stop to her pretensions!" Thereupon he said the same thing to the company; but the Spaniards were too politic to acquiesce openly. The officer replied, "France has not injured Spain, but, on the contrary, has protected her!" and he evidently had not the slightest suspicion that there was anything offensive in his words. The Spaniards still remained silent, but another expression came into their eyes. It was time to change the subject; so the principle of non-intervention, in its fullest, most literal sense, was proposed and accepted. A grave Majorcan gentleman distributed cigars; his daughter, with her soft, melodious voice, was oil to the troubled waters, and before midnight we were all equally courteous and cosmopolitan.

Of the four ensuing hours, I can give no account. Neither asleep nor awake, hearing with closed eyes or seeing with half-closed senses, one can never afterwards distinguish between what is seen and what is dreamed. This is a state in which the body may possibly obtain some rest, but the mind becomes inexpressibly fatigued.

One's memory of it is a blurred sketch, a faded daguerreotype. I welcomed that hour when—

"The wind blows cold
While the morning doth unfold,"

for it blew away this film, which usurped the place of the blessed mantle of sleep. Chill, even here in African Spain, where the pale pearl of the dawn foretold a burning noon, and where, in May, the harvests were already reaped, the morning brightened; but we were near the end of the journey. At sunrise, the towers of Girona stood fast and firm over the misty level of the shimmering olive-groves; then the huge dull mass of the cathedral, the walls and bastions of the hill-forts, which resisted a siege of seven months during the Peninsular war, and finally the monotonous streets of of the lower town, through which we drove.

The industrious Catalans were already awake and stirring. Smoke from domestic hearths warmed the cool morning air; cheerful noises of men, animals, and fowls broke the silence; doors were open as we entered the town, and the women were combing and twisting their black hair in the shadows within. At the post some brown grooms lounged about the door. A priest passed,—a genuine Don Basilio, in inky gown and shovel hat; and these graceless grooms looked after him, thrust their tongues into their cheeks, and made an irreverent grimace. The agent at Perpignan came into my mind; I winked at the fellows, without any

clear idea wherefore, but it must have expressed something, for they burst into a laugh and repeated the grimace.

The lower town seemed to be of immense length. Once out of it, a superb avenue of plane-trees received us, at the end of which was the railway station. In another hour the train would leave for Barcelona. Our trunks must be again examined. When I asked the reason why this annoying regulation, obsolete elsewhere in Europe, is here retained, the Spaniards gravely informed me that, if it were abolished, a great many people would be thrown out of employment. Not that they get much pay for the examination,—but they are constantly bribed not to examine! There was a *café* attached to the station, and I advised my fellow-passengers to take a cup of the delicious ropy chocolate of Spain, after which one accepts the inevitable more patiently.

I found the landscapes from Girona to Barcelona very bright and beautiful. Our locomotive had fallen into the national habit; it was stately and deliberate, it could not be hurried, its very whistle was subdued and dignified. We went forward at an easy pace, making about fifteen miles an hour, which enabled me to notice the patient industry of the people, as manifested on every plain and hillside. The Catalans are called rough and ungraceful; beside the sprightly Andalusians they seem cold and repellent; they have less of that blue blood which makes the beggar as proud

as the grandee, but they possess the virtue of labour, which, however our artistic tastes may undervalue it, is the basis from which all good must spring. When I saw how the red and rocky hills were turned into garden-terraces, how the olive-trees were pruned into health and productiveness, how the wheat stood so thick that it rolled but stiffly under the breeze, I forgot the jaunty *majos* of Seville, and gave my hearty admiration to the strong-backed reapers in the fields of Catalonia.

The passengers we took up on the way, though belonging to the better class, and speaking Spanish whenever it was necessary, all seemed to prefer the popular dialect. Proprietors of estates and elegant young ladies conversed together in the rough patois of the peasants, which to me was especially tantalising, because it sounded so familiar, and yet was so unintelligible. It is in reality the old *langue limousine* of France, kindred to the Provençal, and differs very slightly from the dialect spoken on the other side of the Pyrenees. It is terse, forcible, and expressive, and I must confess that the lisping Spanish, beside it, seems to gain in melody at the expense of strength.

We approached Barcelona across the wide plain of the Llobregat, where orange gardens and factory chimneys, fountains "i' the midst of roses," and machine-shops full of grimy workmen, succeed each other in a curious tangle of poetry and greasy fact. The Mediterranean gleams in a blue line on the left, the citadel of Monjuich

crowns a bluff in front; but the level city hides itself behind the foliage of the plain, and is not seen. At the station you wait half an hour, until the baggage is again deposited on the dissecting-tables of the custom officers; and here, if, instead of joining the crowd of unhappy murmurers in the ante-room, you take your station in the doorway, looking down upon porters, peddlers, idlers, and policemen, you are sure to be diverted by a little comedy acted in pantomime. An outside porter has in some way interfered with the rights of a station-porter; a policeman steps between the two, the latter of whom, lifting both hands to heaven in a wild appeal, brings them down swiftly and thrusts them out before him, as if descending to earthly justice. The outsider goes through the same gestures, and then both, with flashing eyes and open mouths, teeth glittering under the drawn lips, await the decision. The policeman first makes a sabre-cut with his right arm, then with his left; then also lifts his hands to heaven, shakes them there a moment, and, turning as he brings them down, faces the outside porter. The latter utters a passionate cry, and his arms begin to rise; but he is seized by the shoulder and turned aside; the crowd closes in, and the comedy is over.

We have a faint interest in Barcelona for the sake of Columbus; but, apart from this one association, we set it down beside Manchester, Lowell, and other manufacturing cities. It was so crowded within its former walls, that little space was left for architectural display.

In many of the streets I doubt whether four persons could walk abreast. Only in the Rambla, a broad central boulevard, is there any chance for air and sunshine, and all the leisure and pleasure of the city is poured into this one avenue. Since the useless walls have been removed, an ambitious modern suburb is springing up on the west, and there will, in time, be a new city better than the old.

This region appears to be the head-quarters of political discontent in Spain—probably because the people get to be more sensible of the misrule under which they languish, in proportion as they become more active and industrious. Nothing could have been more peaceable upon the surface than the aspect of things; the local newspapers never reported any disturbance, yet intelligence of trouble in Catalonia was circulating through the rest of Europe, and *something*—I could not ascertain precisely what it was—took place during my brief visit. The telegraph-wires were cut, and some hundreds of soldiers were sent into the country; but the matter was never mentioned, unless two persons whom I saw whispering together in the darkest corner of a *café* were discussing it. I believe, if a battle had been fought within hearing of the cannon, the Barcelonese would have gone about the streets with the same placid, unconcerned faces. Whether this was cunning, phlegm, or the ascendancy of solid material interests over the fiery, impulsive nature of the Spaniard, was not clear to a passing observer. In either case it was a prudent course.

If, in the darkened streets—or rather lanes—of Barcelona, I saw some suggestive pictures; if the court-yard of the cathedral, with its fountains and orange-trees, seemed a thousand miles removed from the trade and manufacture of the city; if the issuing into sunshine on the mole was like a blow in the eyes, to which the sapphire bloom of the Mediterranean became a healing balm; and if the Rambla, towards evening, changed into a shifting diorama of colour and cheerful life,—none of these things inclined me to remain longer than the preparation for my further journey required. Before reaching the city, I had caught a glimpse, far up the valley of the Llobregat, of a high, curiously serrated mountain, and that old book of the "Wonders of the World," (now, alas! driven from the library of childhood,) opened its pages and showed its rough woodcuts, in memory, to tell me what the mountain was. How many times has that wonderful book been the chief charm of my travels, causing me to forget Sulpicius on the Ægean Sea, Byron in Italy, and Humboldt in Mexico.

To those who live in Barcelona, Montserrat has become a common place, the resort of Sunday excursions and picnics, one-fourth devotional, and three-fourths epicurean. Wild, mysterious, almost inaccessible as it stands in one's fancy, it sinks at this distance into the very material atmosphere of railroad and omnibus; but, for all that, we are not going to give it up, though another "Wonder of the World" should go by the board.

Take the Tarragona train then with me, on a cloudless afternoon. In a few minutes the scattered suburban blocks are left behind, and we enter the belt of villas, with their fountained terraces and tropical gardens. More and more the dark red earth shows through the thin foliage of the olives, as the hills draw nearer, and it finally gives colour to the landscapes. The vines covering the levels and lower slopes are wonderfully luxuriant; but we can see how carefully they are cultivated. Hedges of aloe and cactus divide them; here and there some underground cavern has tumbled in, letting down irregular tracts of soil, and the vines still flourish at the bottom of the pits thus made. As the plain shrinks to a valley, the hills on either side ascend into rounded summits, which begin to be dark with pine forests; villages with square, brown church-towers perch on the lower heights; cotton-mills draw into their service the scanty waters of the river, and the appearance of cheerful, thrifty labour increases as the country becomes rougher.

All this time the serrated mountain is drawing nearer, and breaking into a wilder confusion of pinnacles. It stands alone, planted across the base of a triangular tract of open country,—a strange, solitary, exiled peak, drifted away in the beginning of things from its brethren of the Pyrenees, and stranded in a different geological period. This circumstance must have long ago impressed the inhabitants of the region —even in the ante-historic ages. When Christianity

rendered a new set of traditions necessary, the story arose that the mountain was thus split and shattered at the moment when Christ breathed His last on the cross of Calvary. This is still the popular belief; but the singular formation of Montserrat, independent of it, was sufficient to fix the anchoretic tastes of the early Christians. It is set apart by Nature, not only towering above all the surrounding heights, but drawing itself haughtily away from contact with them, as if conscious of its earlier origin.

At the station of Martorel I left the train, and took a coach which was in waiting for the village of Collbató, at the southern base of the mountain. My companion in the *coupé* was a young cotton-manufacturer, who assured me that in Spain the sky and soil were good, but the *entresol* (namely, the human race) was bad. The interior was crowded with country-women, each of whom seemed to have four large baskets. I watched the driver for half-an-hour, attempting to light a broken cigar, and then rewarded his astonishing patience with a fresh one, whereby we became good friends. Such a peaceful light lay upon the landscape, the people were so cheerful, the labourers worked so quietly in the vineyards, that the thought of a political disturbance the day before seemed very absurd. The olive-trees, which clothed the hills wherever their bony roots could find the least lodgement of soil, were of remarkably healthy and vigorous growth, and the regular cubic form into which they

were pruned, marked the climbing terraces with long lines of gray light, as the sun slanted across them.

"You see," said the Spaniard, as I noticed this peculiarity, "the *entresol* is a little better in this neighbourhood than elsewhere in Spain. The people cut the trees into this shape, in order that they may become more compact and produce better; besides which, the fruit is more easily gathered. In all those orchards you will not find a decayed or an unhealthy tree: such are dug up and burned, and young ones planted in their place."

At the village of Esparaguerra, the other passengers left, and I went on towards Collbató alone. But I had Montserrat for company, towering more grandly, more brokenly, from minute to minute. Every change in the foreground gave me a new picture. Now it was a clump of olives with twisted trunks; now an aloe, lifting its giant candelabrum of blossoms from the edge of a rock; now a bank of dull vermillion earth, upon which goats were hanging. The upper spires of the mountain disappeared behind its basal buttresses of gray rock, a thousand feet in perpendicular height, and the sinking sun, as it crept westward, edged these with sharp lines of light. Up under the tremendous cliffs, and already in shadow, lay Collbató, and I was presently set down at the gate of the *posada*.

Don Pedro, the host, came forward to meet and welcome me, and his pretty daughter, sitting on the steps, rose up and dropped a salute. In the entrance

hall I read, painted in large letters on the wall, the words of St Augustine: "*In necessariis, unitas; in dubiis, libertas; in omnibus, caritas.*" Verily, thought I, Don Pedro must be a character. I had no sooner comfortably seated myself in the doorway to contemplate the exquisite evening landscape, which the Mediterranean bounded in the distance, and await my supper, than Don Pedro ordered his daughter to bring the guests' book, and then betook himself to the task of running down a lean chicken. In the record of ten years, I found that Germans were the most frequent visitors: Americans appeared but thrice. One party of the latter registered themselves as "gentlemen," and stated that they had seen the "promanent points,"—which gave occasion to a later Englishman to comment upon the intelligence of American gentlemen. The host's daughter, Pepita, was the theme of praise in prose and raptures in poetry.

"Are you Pepita?" I asked, turning to the girl, who sat on the steps before me, gazing into the evening sky with an expression of the most indolent happiness. I noticed for the first time, and admired, her firm, regular, almost Roman profile and dark masses of *real* hair on her head. Her attitude, also, was very graceful, and she would have been, to impressible eyes, a phantom of delight, but for the ungraceful fact that she inveterately scratched herself whenever and wherever a flea happened to bite.

"No, señor," she answered; "I am Carmen. Pepita

was married first, and then Mariquita. Angelita and myself are the only ones at home."

"I see there is also a poem to Angelita," I remarked, turning over the last leaves.

"O, that was a poet!" said she,—"a funny man! Everybody knows him: he writes for the theatre, and all that is about some eggs which Angelita fried for him. We can't understand it all, but we think it's good-natured."

Here the mother came, not as duenna, but as companion, with her distaff and spindle, and talked and span until I could no longer distinguish the thread against her gray dress. When the lean chicken was set before me, Don Pedro announced that a mule and guide would be in readiness at sunrise, and I could, if I chose, mount to the topmost peak of San Geronimo. In the base of the mountain, near Collbató, there are spacious caverns, which most travellers feel bound to visit; but I think that six or seven caves, one coal mine, and one gold mine are enough for a life-time, and have renounced any further subterranean researches. Why delve into those dark, moist, oppressive crypts, when the blessed sunshine of years shows one so little of the earth and of human life? Let any one that chooses come and explore the caverns of Montserrat, and then tell me (as people have a passion for doing), "You missed the best!" The best is that with which one is satisfied.

Instead of five o'clock, when I should have been called, I awoke naturally at six, and found that Don Pedro had set out for San Geronimo four hours before, while

neither guide nor mule was forthcoming. The old woman pointed to some specks far up in the shadow of the cliffs, which she assured me were travellers, and would arrive with mules in fifteen minutes. But I applied the words *in dubiis libertas*, and insisted on an immediate animal and guide, both of which, somewhat to my surprise, were produced. The black mule was strong, and the lank old Catalan shouldered my heavy valise and walked off without a murmur. The sun was already hot; but once risen above the last painfully constructed terrace of olives, and climbing the stony steep, we dipped into the cool shadow of the mountain. The path was difficult but not dangerous, winding upward through rocks fringed with dwarf ilex, box and mastic, which made the air fragrant. Thyme, wild flax, and aconite blossomed in the crevices. The botany of the mountain is as exceptional as its geology; it includes five hundred different species.

The box-tree, which my Catalan guide called *bōsch* in his dialect, is a reminiscence, wherever one sees it, of Italy and Greece—of ancient culture and art. Its odour, as Holmes admirably says, suggests eternity. If it was not the first plant that sprang up on the cooling planet, it ought to have been. Its glossy mounds, and rude, statuesque clumps, which often seem struggling to mould themselves into human shape, cover with beauty the terrible rocks of Montserrat. M. Delavigne had warned me of the dangers of the path I was pursuing,—walls on one side, and chasms a

thousand feet deep on the other,—but the box everywhere shaped itself into protecting figures, and whispered as I went by, "Never fear; if you slip, I will hold you!"

The mountain is an irregular cone, about thirty-five hundred feet in height, and cleft down the middle by a torrent which breaks through its walls on the north-eastern side. It presents a perpendicular face, which seems inaccessible, for the shelves between the successive elevations, when seen from below, appear as narrow fringes of vegetation, growing out of one unbroken wall. They furnish, indeed, but scanty room for the bridle-path, which at various points is both excavated and supported by arches of masonry. After nearly an hour, I found myself over Collbató, upon the roofs of which it seemed I might fling a stone. At the next angle of the mountain the crest was attained, and I stood between the torn and scarred upper wilderness of Montserrat on the one hand, and the broad, airy sweep of landscape, bounded by the sea, on the other. To the northward a similar cape thrust out its sheer walls against the dim, dissolving distances, and it was necessary to climb along the sides of the intervening gulf, which sank under me into depths of shadow. Every step of the way was inspiring, for there was the constant threat, without the reality, of danger. My mule paced securely along the giddy brinks; and though the path seemed to terminate fifty paces ahead, I was always sure to find a loop-hole or coigne of vantage which the box and mastic had hidden from sight. So in another hour the opposite

foreland was attained, and from its crest I saw, all along the northern horizon, the snowy wall of the Pyrenees.

Here a path branched off to the peak of San Geronimo, —a two hours' clamber through an absolute desert of rock. My guide, although panting and sweating with his load, proposed the ascent; but in the film of heat which overspread the land I should have only had a wider panorama in which all distinct forms were lost,— vast, no doubt, but as blurred and intangible as a metaphysical treatise. I judged it better to follow the example of a pious peasant and his wife whom we had overtaken, and who, setting their faces towards the renowned monastery, murmured an *Ave* from time to time. Erelong, on emerging from the thickets, we burst suddenly upon one of the wildest and most wonderful pictures I ever beheld. A tremendous wall of rock arose in front, crowned by colossal turrets, pyramids, clubs, pillars, and ten-pin shaped masses, which were drawn singly, or in groups of incredible distortion, against the deep blue of the sky. At the foot of the rock, the buildings of the monastery, huge and massive, the church, the houses for pilgrims, and the narrow gardens completely filled and almost overhung a horizontal shelf of the mountain, under which it again fell sheer away, down, down into misty depths, the bottom of which was hidden from sight. I dropped from the mule, sat down upon the grass, and, under pretence of sketching, studied this picture for an hour. In all the galleries of memory I could find nothing resembling it.

The descriptions of Montserrat must have made a powerful impression upon Goethe's mind, since he deliberately appropriated the scenery for the fifth act of the Second Part of Faust. Goethe was in the steadfast habit of choosing a local and actual habitation for the creations of his imagination; his landscapes were always either painted from nature, or copied from the sketch-books of others. The marvellous choruses of the fifth act floated through my mind as I drew; the "Pater Ecstaticus" hovered in the sunny air, the anchorites chanted from their caves, and the mystic voices of the undeveloped child-spirits came between, like the breathing of an Æolian harp. I suspect that the sanctity of the mountain really depends as much upon its extraordinary forms, as upon the traditions which have been gradually attached to it. These latter, however, are so strange and grotesque, that they could only be accepted here.

The monastery owes its foundation to a miraculous statue of the Virgin, sculptured by St Luke, and brought to Spain by no less a personage than St Peter. In the year 880, some shepherds, who had climbed the mountain in search of stray goats, heard celestial harmonies among the rocks. This phenomenon coming to the ears of Bishop Gondemar, he climbed to the spot, and was led by the music to the mouth of a cave, which exhaled a delicious perfume. There, enshrined in light, lay the sacred statue. Gondemar and his priests, chanting as they went, set out for Manresa, the seat of

the diocese, carrying it with them; but on reaching a certain spot, they found it impossible to move farther. The statue obstinately refused to accompany them—which was taken as a sign that there, and nowhere else, the shrine should be built. Just below the monastery there still stands a cross, with the inscription, "Here the Holy Image declared itself immovable, 880."

The chapel when built was intrusted to the pious care of Fray Juan Garin, whose hermitage is pointed out to you, on a peak which seems accessible only to the eagle. The devil, however, interfered, as he always does in such cases. He first entered into Riquilda, the daughter of the count of Barcelona, and then declared through her mouth that he would not quit her body except by the order of Juan Garin, the hermit of Montserrat. Riquilda was therefore sent to the mountain and given into the hermit's charge. A temptation similar to that of St Anthony followed, but with exactly the opposite result. In order to conceal his sin, Juan Garin cut off Riquilda's head, buried her, and fled. Overtaken by remorse he made his way to Rome, confessed himself to the Pope, and prayed for a punishment proportioned to his crime. He was ordered to become a beast, never lifting his face towards heaven, until the hour when God himself should signify his pardon.

Juan Garin went forth from the Papal presence on his hands and knees, crawled back to Montserrat, and there lived seven years as a wild animal, eating grass and bark, and never lifting his face towards heaven.

At the end of this time his body was entirely covered with hair, and it so happened that the hunters of the count snared him as a strange beast, put a chain around his neck, and took him to Barcelona. In the mansion of the count there was an infant only five months old, in its nurse's arms. No sooner had the child beheld the supposed animal, than it gave a loud cry and exclaimed: "Rise up, Juan Garin, God has pardoned thee!" Then, to the astonishment of all, the beast arose and spoke in a human tongue. He told his story, and the count set out at once with him to the spot where Riquilda was buried. They opened the grave and the maiden rose up alive, with only a rosy mark, like a thread, around her neck. In commemoration of so many miracles, the count founded the monastery.

At present, the monks retain but a fragment of their former wealth and power. Their number is reduced to nineteen, which is barely enough to guard the shrine, perform their offices, and prepare and bless the rosaries and other articles of devotional traffic. I visited the church, courts, and corridors, but took no pains to get sight of the miraculous statue. I have already seen both the painting and the sculpture of St Luke, and think him one of the worst artists that ever existed. Moreover, the place is fast assuming a secular, not to say profane air. There is a modern restaurant, with bill of fare and wine list, inside the gate, ticket-office for travellers, and a daily omnibus to the nearest railway station. Ladies in black mantillas lounge about

the court-yards, gentlemen smoke on the balconies, and only the brown-faced peasant-pilgrims, arriving with weary feet, enter the church with an expression of awe and of unquestioning faith. The enormous wealth which the monastery once possessed—the offerings of kings—has disappeared in the vicissitudes of Spanish history, the French, in 1811, being the last pillagers. Since then, the treasures of gold and jewels have not returned; for the crowns, offered to the Virgin by the city of Barcelona and by a rich American, are of gilded silver, set with diamonds of paste!

I loitered for hours on the narrow terraces around the monastery, constantly finding some new and strange combination of forms in the architecture of the mountain. The bright silver-gray of the rock contrasted finely with the dark masses of eternal box, and there was an endless play of light and shade as the sun burst suddenly through some unsuspected gap, or hid himself behind one of the giant ten-pins of the summit. The world swam in dim red undulations, for the colour of the soil showed everywhere through its thin clothing of olive-trees. In hue as in form, Montserrat had no fellowship with the surrounding region."

The descent on the northern side is far less picturesque, inasmuch as you are perched upon the front seat of an omnibus, and have an excellent road—a work of great cost and labour—the whole way. But, on the other hand, you skirt the base of a number of the detached pillars and pyramids into which the mountain

separates, and gain fresh pictures of its remarkable structure. There is one isolated shaft, visible at a great distance, which I should judge to be three hundred feet in height by forty or fifty in diameter. At the western end, the outline is less precipitous, and here the fields of vine and olive climb much higher than elsewhere. In an hour from the time of leaving the monastery, we were below the last rampart, rolling through dust in the hot valley of the Llobregat, and tracing the course of the invisible road across the walls of Montserrat, with a feeling of incredulity that we had really descended from such a point.

At the village of Montrisol, on the river, there is a large cotton factory. The doors opened as we approached, and the workmen came forth, their day's labour done. Men and women, boys and girls, in red caps and sandals, or bareheaded and barefooted, they streamed merrily along the road, teeth and eyes flashing as they chatted and sang. They were no pale, melancholy factory slaves, but joyous and light-hearted children of labour, and, it seemed to me, the proper successors of the useless idlers in the monastery of Montserrat. Up there, on the mountain, a system, all-powerful in the past, was swiftly dying; here, in the valley, was the first life of the only system that can give a future to Spain.

BALEARIC DAYS.

I.

BALEARIC DAYS.

As the steamer *Mallorca* slowly moved out of the harbour of Barcelona, I made a rapid inspection of the passengers gathered on deck, and found that I was the only foreigner among them. Almost without exception they were native Majorcans, returning from trips of business or pleasure to the Continent. They spoke no language except Spanish and Catalan, and held fast to all the little habits and fashions of their insular life. If anything more had been needed to show me that I was entering upon untrodden territory, it was supplied by the joyous surprise of the steward when I gave him a fee. This fact reconciled me to my isolation on board, and its attendant awkwardness.

I knew not why I should have chosen to visit the Balearic Islands, unless for the simple reason that they lie so much aside from the highways of travel, and are not represented in the journals and sketch-books of tourists. If any one had asked me what I expected to see, I should have been obliged to confess my ignorance; for the few dry geographical details which I possessed were like the chemical analysis of a liquor wherefrom no one can reconstruct the taste. The *flavour* of a land is a thing quite apart from its statistics. There is no

special guide-book for the islands, and the slight notices in the works on Spain only betray the haste of the authors to get over a field with which they are unacquainted. But this very circumstance, for me, had grown into a fascination. One gets tired of studying the bill of fare in advance of the repast. When the sun and the Spanish coast had set together behind the placid sea, I went to my berth with the delightful certainty that the sun of the morrow, and of many days thereafter, would rise upon scenes and adventures which could not be anticipated.

The distance from Barcelona to Palma is about a hundred and forty miles; so the morning found us skirting the south-western extremity of Majorca—a barren coast, thrusting low headlands of gray rock into the sea, and hills covered with parched and stunted chaparral in the rear. The twelfth century, in the shape of a crumbling Moorish watch-tower, alone greeted us. As we advanced eastward into the Bay of Palma, however, the wild shubbery melted into plantations of olive, solitary houses of fishermen nestled in the coves, and finally a village of those soft ochre-tints which are a little brighter than the soil, appeared on the slope of a hill. In front, through the pale morning mist which still lay upon the sea, I saw the cathedral of Palma, looming grand and large beside the towers of other churches, and presently, gliding past a mile or two of country villas and gardens, we entered the crowded harbour.

Inside the mole, there was a multitude of the light craft of the Mediterranean,—xebecs, feluccas, speronaras, or however they may be termed,—with here and there a brigantine which had come from beyond the Pillars of Hercules. Our steamer drew into her berth beside the quay, and after a very deliberate review by the port physician we were allowed to land. I found a porter, Arab in everything but costume, and followed him through the water-gate into the half-awake city. My destination was the Inn of the "Four Nations," where I was cordially received, and afterwards roundly swindled, by a French host. My first demand was for a native attendant, not so much from any need of guide as simply to become more familiar with the people through him; but I was told that no such serviceable spirit was to be had in the place. Strangers are so rare that a class of people who live upon them has not yet been created.

"But how shall I find the Palace of the Government, or the monastery of San Domingo, or anything else?" I asked.

"Oh, we will give you directions, so that you cannot miss them," said the host; but he laid before me such a confusion of right turnings and left turnings, ups and downs, that I became speedily bewildered, and set forth, determined to let the spirit in my feet guide me. A labyrinthine place is Palma, and my first walks through the city were so many games of chance. The streets are very narrow, changing their direction, it seemed to

me, at every tenth step; and whatever landmark one may select at the start is soon shut from view by the high, dark houses. At first, I was quite astray, but little by little I regained the lost points of the compass.

After having had the Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, and Saracens as masters, Majorca was first made Spanish by King Jaime of Arragon, the Conquistador, in the year 1235. For a century after the conquest, it was an independent kingdom, and one of its kings was slain by the English bowmen at the battle of Crecy. The Spanish element has absorbed, but not yet entirely obliterated, the characteristics of the earlier races who inhabited the island. Were ethnology a more positively developed science, we might divide and classify this confused inheritance of character; as it is, we vaguely feel the presence of something quaint, antique, and unusual, in walking the streets of Palma and mingling with the inhabitants. The traces of Moorish occupation are still noticeable everywhere. Although the Saracenic architecture no longer exists in its original forms, its details may be detected in portals, court-yards, and balconies, in almost every street. The conquerors endeavoured to remodel the city, but in doing so they preserved the very spirit which they sought to destroy.

My wanderings, after all, were not wholly undirected. I found an intelligent guide, who was at the same time an old acquaintance. The whirligig of time brings about, not merely its revenges, but also its compensa-

tions and coincidences. Twenty-two years ago, when I was studying German as a boy in the old city of Frankfort, guests from the south of France came to visit the amiable family with whom I was residing. There were M. Laurens, a painter and a musical enthusiast, his wife, and Mademoiselle 'Rosalba, a daughter as fair as her name. Never shall I forget the curious letter which the artist wrote to the manager of the theatre, requesting that Beethoven's *Fidelio* might be given (and it was !) for his own especial benefit, nor the triumphant air with which he came to us one day, saying, "I have something of most precious," and brought forth out of a dozen protecting envelopes, a single gray hair from Beethoven's head. Nor shall I forget how Madame Laurens taught us French plays, and how the fair Rosalba declaimed André Chénier to redeem her pawns; but I might have forgotten all these things, had it not been for an old volume* which turned up at need, and which gave me information, at once clear, precise, and attractive, concerning the streets and edifices of Palma. The round, solid head, earnest eyes, and abstracted air of the painter came forth distinct from the limbo of things overlaid but never lost, and went with me through the checkered blaze and gloom of the city.

The Monastery of San Domingo, which was the head-quarters of the Inquisition, was spared by the

* *Souvenirs d'un Voyage d'Art à l'Isle de Majorque.* Par J. B. Laurens.

progressive government of Mendizabal, but destroyed by the people. Its ruins must have been the most picturesque sight of Palma; but since the visit of M. Laurens they have been removed, and their broken vaults and revealed torture-chambers are no longer to be seen. There are, however, two or three buildings of more than ordinary interest. The *Casa Consistorial*, or City Hall, is a massive Palladian pile of the sixteenth century, resembling the old palaces of Pisa and Florence, except in the circumstance that its roof projects at least ten feet beyond the front, resting on a massive cornice of carved wood with curious horizontal caryatides in the place of brackets. The rich burnt-sienna tint of the carvings contrasts finely with the golden-brown of the massive marble walls—a combination which is shown in no other building of the Middle Ages. The sunken rosettes, surrounded by raised arabesque borders, between the caryatides, are sculptured with such a careful reference to the distance at which they must be seen, that they appear as firm and delicate as if near the spectator's eye.

The Cathedral, founded by the Conquistador, and built upon, at intervals, for more than three centuries, is not yet finished. It stands upon a natural platform of rock, overhanging the sea, where its grand dimensions produce the greatest possible effect. In every view of Palma, it towers solidly above the houses and bastioned walls, and insists upon having the sky as a background for the light Gothic pinnacles of its flying buttresses.

The government has recently undertaken its restoration, and a new front of very admirable and harmonious design is about half completed. The soft amber-coloured marble of Majorca is enriched in tint by exposure to the air, and even when built in large, unrelieved masses retains a bright and cheerful character. The new portion of the cathedral, like the old, has but little sculpture, except in the portals; but that little is so elegant that a greater profusion of ornament would seem out of place.

Passing from the clear, dazzling day into the interior, one finds himself at first in total darkness; and the dimensions of the nave—nearly three hundred feet in length by one hundred and forty in height—are amplified by the gloom. The wind, I was told, came through the windows on the sea side with such force as to overturn the chalices, and blow out the tapers on the altar, whereupon every opening was walled up, except a rose at the end of the chancel, and a few slits in the nave, above the side-aisles. A sombre twilight, like that of a stormy day, fills the edifice. Here the rustling of stoles and the muttering of prayers suggest incantation rather than worship; the organ has a hollow, sepulchral sound of lamentation; and there is a spirit of mystery and terror in the stale, clammy air. The place resembles an ante-chamber of Purgatory much more than of Heaven. The mummy of Don Jaime II., son of the Conquistador and first king of Majorca, is preserved in a sarcophagus of black marble.

This is the only historic monument in the Cathedral, unless the stranger chooses to study the heraldry of the island families from their shields suspended in the chapels.

When I returned to the "Four Nations" for breakfast, I found at the table a gentleman of Palma, who invited me to sit down and partake of his meal. For the first time this Spanish custom, which really seems picturesque and fraternal when coming from shepherds or muleteers in a mountain inn, struck me as the hollowest of forms. The gentleman knew that I would not accept his invitation, nor he mine; he knew, moreover, that I knew he did not wish me to accept it. The phrase, under such conditions, becomes a cheat, which offends the sacred spirit of hospitality. How far the mere form may go was experienced by George Sand, who having accepted the use of a carriage most earnestly offered to her by a Majorcan count, found the equipage at her door, it is true, but with it a letter expressing so much vexation, that she was forced to withdraw her acceptance of the favour at once, and to apologise for it! I have always found much hospitality among the common people of Spain, and I doubt not that the spirit exists in all classes; but it requires some practice to distinguish between empty phrase and the courtesy which comes from the heart. A people who boast of some special virtue generally do not possess it.

My own slight intercourse with the Majorcans was very pleasant. On the day of my arrival, I endeavoured

to procure a map of the island, but none of the book-stores possessed the article. It could be found in one house in a remote street, and one of the shopmen finally sent a boy with me to the very door. When I offered money for the service, my guide smiled, shook his head, and ran away. The map was more than fifty years old, and drawn in the style of two centuries ago, with groups of houses for the villages, and long files of conical peaks for the mountains. The woman brought it down, yellow and dusty, from a dark garret over the shop, and seemed as delighted with the sale as if she had received money for useless stock. In the streets, the people inspected me curiously as a stranger, but were always ready to go out of their way to guide me. The ground-floor being always open, all the features of domestic life and of mechanical labour are exposed to the public. The housewives, the masters and apprentices, busy as they seem, manage to keep one eye disengaged, and no one passes before them without notice. Cooking, washing, sewing, tailoring, shoemaking, coopering, rope and basket making, succeed each other, as one passes through the narrow streets. In the afternoon, the mechanics frequently come forth and set up their business in the open air, where they can now and then greet a country acquaintance, or a city friend, or sweetheart.

When I found that the ruins of San Domingo had been removed, and a statue of Isabella II. erected on the Alameda, I began to suspect that the reign of old

things was over in Majorca. A little observation of the people made this fact more evident. The island costume is no longer worn by the young men, even in the country; they have passed into a very comical transition state. Old men, mounted on lean asses or mules, still enter the gates of Palma, with handkerchiefs tied over their shaven crowns, and long gray locks falling on their shoulders — with short, loose jackets, shawls around the waist, and wide Turkish trousers gathered at the knee. Their gaunt brown legs are bare, and their feet protected by rude sandals. Tall, large-boned, and stern of face, they hint both of Vandal and of Moslem blood. The younger men are of inferior stature, and nearly all bow-legged. They have turned the flowing trousers into modern pantaloons, the legs of which are cut like the old-fashioned *gigot* sleeve, very big and baggy at the top, and tied with a drawing-string around the waist. My first impression was, that the men had got up in a great hurry, and put on their trousers hinder end foremost. It would be difficult to invent a costume more awkward and ungraceful than this.

In the city the young girls wear a large triangular piece of white or black lace, which covers the hair, and tightly encloses the face, being fastened under the chin, and the ends brought down to a point on the breast. Their almond-shaped eyes are large and fine, but there is very little positive beauty among them. Most of the old countrywomen are veritable hags, and their appear-

ance is not improved by the broad-brimmed stove-pipe hats which they wear. Seated astride on their donkeys, between panniers of produce, they come in daily from the plains and mountains, and you encounter them on all the roads leading out of Palma. Few of the people speak any other language than the *Mallorquin*, a variety of the Catalan, which, from the frequency of the terminations in *ch* and *tz*, constantly suggests the old Provençal literature. The word *vitch* (son) is both Celtic and Slavonic. Some Arabic terms are also retained, though fewer, I think, than in Andalusia.

In the afternoon I walked out into the country. The wall, on the land side, which is very high and massive, is pierced by five guarded gates. The dry moat, both wide and deep, is spanned by wooden bridges, after crossing which, one has the choice of a dozen highways, all scantily shaded with rows of ragged mulberry-trees, glaring white in the sun and deep in impalpable dry dust. But the sea-breeze blows freshening across the parched land; shadows of light clouds cool the arid mountains in the distance; the olives roll into silvery undulations; a palm in full, rejoicing plumage rustles over your head; and the huge spatulate leaves of a banana in the nearest garden twist and split into fringes. There is no languor in the air, no sleep in the deluge of sunshine; the landscape is active with signs of work and travel. Wheat, wine, olives, almonds, and oranges are produced, not only side by side, but from the same fields, and the painfully thorough

system of cultivation leaves not a rood of the soil unused.

I had chosen, at random, a road which led me west toward the nearest mountains, and in the course of an hour I found myself at the entrance of a valley. Solitary farm-houses, each as massive as the tower of a fortress and of the colour of sunburnt gold, studded the heights, overlooking the long slopes of almond orchards. I looked about for water, in order to make a sketch of the scene; but the bed of the brook was as dry as the highway. The nearest house toward the plain had a splendid sentinel palm beside its door—a dream of Egypt, which beckoned and drew me towards it with a glamour I could not resist. Over the wall of the garden the orange-trees lifted their mounds of impenetrable foliage; and the blossoms of the pomegranates, sprinkled against such a background, were like coals of fire. The fig-bearing cactus grew about the house in clumps twenty feet high, covered with pale-yellow flowers. The building was large and roomy, with a court-yard, around which ran a shaded gallery. The farmer, who was issuing therefrom as I approached, wore the shawl and Turkish trousers of the old generation, while his two sons, reaping in the adjoining wheat-fields, were hideous in the modern *gigots*. Although I was manifestly an intruder, the old man greeted me respectfully, and passed on to his work. Three boys tended a drove of black hogs in the stubble, and some women were so industriously weeding and hoeing in the

field beyond, that they scarcely stopped to cast a glance upon the stranger. There was a grateful air of peace, order, and contentment about the place; no one seemed to be suspicious, or even surprised, when I seated myself upon a low wall, and watched the labourers.

The knoll upon which the farm-house stood sloped down gently into the broad, rich plain of Palma, extending many a league to the eastward. Its endless orchards made a dim horizon-line, over which rose the solitary double-headed mountain of Felaniche, and the tops of some peaks near Arta. The city wall was visible on my right, and beyond it a bright arc of the Mediterranean. The features of the landscape, in fact, were so simple, that I fear I cannot make its charm evident to the reader. Looking over the nearer fields, I observed two peculiarities of Majorca, upon which depends much of the prosperity of the island. The wheat is certainly, as it is claimed to be, the finest of any Mediterranean land. Its large, perfect grains furnish a flour of such fine quality that the whole produce of the island is sent to Spain for the pastry and confectionery of the cities, while the Majorcans import a cheap, inferior kind in its place. Their fortune depends on their abstinence from the good things which Providence has given them. Their pork is greatly superior to that of Spain, and it leaves them in like manner; their best wines are now bought up by speculators and exported for the fabrication of sherry; and their oil, which might be the finest in the world, is

so injured by imperfect methods of preservation that it might pass for the worst. These things, however, give them no annoyance. Southern races are sometimes indolent, but rarely epicurean in their habits; it is the northern man who sighs for his flesh-pots.

I walked forward between the fields towards another road, and came upon a tract which had just been ploughed and planted for a new crop. The soil was ridged in a labyrinthine pattern, which appeared to have been drawn with square and rule. But more remarkable than this was the difference of level, so slight that the eye could not possibly detect it, by which the slender irrigating streams were conducted to every square foot of the field, without a drop being needlessly wasted. The system is an inheritance from the Moors, who were the best natural engineers the world has ever known. Water is scarce in Majorca, and thus every stream, spring, rainfall—even the dew of heaven—is utilised. Channels of masonry, often covered to prevent evaporation, descend from the mountains, branch into narrow veins, and visit every farm on the plain, whatever may be its level. Where these are not sufficient, the rains are added to the reservoir, or a string of buckets, turned by a mule, lifts the water from a well. But it is in the economy of distributing water to the fields that the most marvellous skill is exhibited. The grade of the surface must not only be preserved, but the subtle, tricksy spirit of water so delicately understood and humoured that the streams

shall traverse the greatest amount of soil with the least waste or wear. In this respect, the most skilful application of science could not surpass the achievements of the Majorcan farmers.

Working my way homeward through the tangled streets, I was struck with the universal sound of wailing which filled the city. All the tailors, shoemakers, and basketmakers, at work in the open air, were singing, rarely in measured strains, but with wild, irregular, lamentable cries, exactly in the manner of the Arabs. Sometimes the song was antiphonal, flung back and forth from the furthest visible corners of a street; and then it became a contest of lungs, kept up for an hour at a time. While breakfasting, I had heard, as I supposed, a *miserere* chanted by some procession of monks, and wondered when the doleful strains would cease. I now saw that they came from the mouths of some cheerful coopers, who were heading barrels a little farther down the street. The Majorcans still have their troubadours, who are hired by languishing lovers to improvise strains of longing or reproach under the windows of the fair, and perhaps the latter may listen with delight; but I know of no place where the enraged musician would so soon become insane. The isle is full of noises, and a Caliban might say that they hurt not; for me they murdered sleep, both at midnight and at dawn.

I had decided to devote my second day to an excursion to the mountain paradise of Valldemosa, and

sallied forth early, to seek the means of conveyance. Up to this time I had been worried—tortured, I may say, without exaggeration—by desperate efforts to recover the Spanish tongue, which I had not spoken for fourteen years. I still had the sense of possessing it, but in some old drawer of memory, the lock of which had rusted and would not obey the key. Like Mrs Dombey with her pain, I felt as if there were Spanish words somewhere in the room, but I could not positively say that I had them—a sensation which, as everybody knows, is far worse than absolute ignorance. I had taken a carriage for Valldemosa, after a long talk with the proprietor, a most agreeable fellow, when I suddenly stopped, and exclaimed to myself, "You are talking Spanish, did you know it?" It was even so: as much of the language as I ever knew was suddenly and unaccountably restored to me. On my return to the "Four Nations," I was still further surprised to find myself repeating songs, without the failure of a line or word, which I had learned from a Mexican as a school-boy, and had not thought of for twenty years. The unused drawer had somehow been unlocked or broken open while I slept.

Valldemosa is about twelve miles north of Palma, in the heart of the only mountain-chain of the island, which forms its western, or rather north-western coast. The average altitude of these mountains will not exceed three thousand feet; but the broken, abrupt character of their outlines, and the naked glare of their immense

precipitous walls, give them that intrinsic grandeur which does not depend on measurement. In their geological formation they resemble the Pyrenees; the rocks are of that *palombino*, or dove-coloured limestone, so common in Sicily and the Grecian islands—pale bluish gray, taking a soft orange tint on the faces most exposed to the weather. Rising directly from the sea on the west, they cease almost as suddenly on the land-side, leaving all the central portion of the island a plain, slightly inclined towards the south-east, where occasional peaks or irregular groups of hills interrupt its monotony.

In due time my team made its appearance — an omnibus of basket-work, with a canvas cover, drawn by two horses. It had space enough for twelve persons, yet was the smallest vehicle I could discover. There appears to be nothing between it and the two-wheeled cart of the peasant, which, on a pinch, carries six or eight. For an hour and a half we traversed the teeming plain, between stacks of wheat worthy to be laid on the altar at Eleusis, carob-trees with their dark, varnished foliage, almond-orchards bending under the weight of their green nuts, and the country houses with their garden clumps of orange, cactus, and palm. As we drew near the base of the mountains, olive-trees of great size and luxuriance covered the earth with a fine sprinkle of shade. Their gnarled and knotted trunks, a thousand years old, were frequently split into three or four distinct and separate trees, which in the

process assumed forms so marvellously human in their distortion, that I could scarcely believe them to be accidental. Doré never drew anything so weird and grotesque. Here were two club-headed individuals fighting, with interlocked knees, convulsed shoulders, and fists full of each other's hair; yonder a bully was threatening attack, and three cowards appeared to be running away from him with such speed that they were tumbling over one another's heels. In one place a horrible dragon was devouring a squirming, shapeless animal; in another, a drunken man, with whirling arms and tangled feet, was pitching forward upon his face. The living wood in Dante was tame beside these astonishing trees.

We now entered a wild ravine, where, nevertheless, the mountain-sides, sheer and savage as they were, had succumbed to the rule of man, and nourished an olive or a carob-tree on every corner of earth between the rocks. The road was built along the edge of the deep, dry bed of a winter stream, so narrow that a single arch carried it from side to side, as the windings of the glen compelled. After climbing thus for a mile in the shadows of threatening masses of rock, an amphitheatre of gardens, enframed by the spurs of two grand, arid mountains, opened before us. The bed of the valley was filled with vines and orchards, beyond which rose long terraces, dark with orange and citron-trees, obelisks of cypress and magnificent groups of palm, with the long white front and shaded balconies of a hacienda

between. Far up, on a higher plateau between the peaks, I saw the church-tower of Valldemosa. The sides of the mountains were terraced with almost incredible labour, walls massive as the rock itself being raised to a height of thirty feet, to gain a shelf of soil two or three yards in breadth. Where the olive and the carob ceased, box and ilex took possession of the inaccessible points, carrying up the long waves of vegetation until their foam-sprinkles of silver-gray faded out among the highest clefts. The natural channels of the rock were straightened and made to converge at the base, so that not a wandering cloud could bathe the wild growths of the summit without being caught and hurried into some tank below. The wilderness was forced by pure toil to become a Paradise; and each stubborn feature, which toil could not subdue, now takes its place as a contrast and an ornament in the picture. Verily, there is nothing in all Italy so beautiful as Valldemosa!

Lest I should be thought extravagant in my delight, let me give you some words of George Sand, which I have since read. "I have never seen," she says, "anything so bright, and at the same time so melancholy, as these perspectives where the ilex, the carob, pine, olive, poplar, and cypress, mingle their various hues in the hollows of the mountain—abysses of verdure, where the torrent precipitates its course under mounds of sumptuous richness and inimitable grace. . . . . While you hear the sound of the sea on the northern coast, you perceive it only as a faint shining line beyond the

sinking mountains and the great plain which is unrolled to the southward—a sublime picture, framed in the foreground by dark rocks covered with pines; in the middle distance by mountains of boldest outline, fringed with superb trees; and beyond these by rounded hills which the setting sun gilds with burning colours, where the eye distinguishes, a league away, the microscopic profile of trees, fine as the antennæ of butterflies, black and clear as pen-drawings of India ink on a ground of sparkling gold. It is one of those landscapes which oppress you because they leave nothing to be desired, nothing to be imagined. Nature has here created that which the poet and the painter behold in their dreams. An immense *ensemble*, infinite details, inexhaustible variety, blended forms, sharp contours, dim, vanishing depths—all are present, and art can suggest nothing further. Majorca is one of the most beautiful countries of the world for the painter, and one of the least known. It is a green Helvetia under the sky of Calabria, with the solemnity and silence of the Orient."

The village of Valldemosa is a picturesque, rambling place, brown with age, and buried in the foliage of fig and orange-trees. The highest part of the narrow plateau where it stands is crowned by the church and monastery of the Trappists, (*Cartusa,*) now deserted. My coachman drove under the open roof of a venta, and began to unharness his horses. The family, who were dining at a table so low that they appeared to be sitting on the floor, gave me the customary invitation

to join them, and when I asked for a glass of wine brought me one which held nearly a quart. I could not long turn my back on the bright, wonderful landscape without; so, taking books and colours, I entered the lonely cloisters of the monastery. Followed first by one small boy, I had a retinue of at least fifteen children before I had completed the tour of the church, court-yard, and the long drawn, shady corridors of the silent monks; and when I took my seat on the stones at the foot of the tower, with the very scene described by George Sand before my eyes, a number of older persons added themselves to the group. A woman brought me a chair, and the children then planted themselves in a dense row before me, while I attempted to sketch under such difficulties as I had never known before. Precisely because I am no artist, it makes me nervous to be watched while drawing; and the remarks of the young men on this occasion were not calculated to give me courage.

When I had roughly mapped out the sky with its few floating clouds, some one exclaimed, "He has finished the mountains, there they are!" and they all crowded around me, saying, "Yes, there are the mountains!" While I was really engaged upon the mountains, there was a violent discussion as to what they might be; and I don't know how long it would have lasted, had I not turned to some cypresses nearer the foreground. Then a young man cried out, "Oh, that 's a cypress! I wonder if he will make them all,

—how many are there? One, two, three, four, five,—yes, he makes five!" There was an immediate rush, shutting out earth and heaven from my sight, and they all cried in chorus, "One, two, three, four, five—yes, he has made five!"

"Cavaliers and ladies," I said, with solemn politeness, "have the goodness not to stand before me."

"To be sure! Santa Maria! How do you think he can see?" yelled an old woman, and the children were hustled away. But I thereby won the ill-will of those garlic-breathing and scratching imps, for very soon a shower of water-drops fell upon my paper. Next a stick, thrown from an upper window, dropped on my head, and more than once my elbow was intentionally jogged from behind. The older people scolded and threatened, but young Majorca was evidently against me. I, therefore, made haste to finish my impotent mimicry of air and light, and get away from the curious crowd.

Behind the village there is a gleam of the sea, near, yet at an unknown depth. As I threaded the walled lanes seeking some point of view, a number of lusty young fellows, mounted on unsaddled mules, passed me with a courteous greeting. On one side rose a grand pile of rock, covered with ilex-trees—a bit of scenery so admirable that I fell into a new temptation. I climbed a little knoll and looked around me. Far and near no children were to be seen; the portico of an unfinished house offered both shade and seclusion. I concealed

myself behind a pillar, and went to work. For half an hour I was happy; then a round black head popped up over a garden wall, a small brown form crept towards me, beckoned, and presently a new multitude had assembled. The noise they made provoked a sound of cursing from the interior of a stable adjoining the house. They only made a louder tumult in answer; the voice became more threatening, and at the end of five minutes the door burst open. An old man, with wrath flashing from his eyes, came forth. The children took to their heels; I greeted the new-comer politely, but he hardly returned the salutation. He was a very fountain of curses, and now hurled stones with them after the fugitives. When they had all disappeared behind the walls, he went back to his den, grumbling and muttering. It was not five minutes, however, before the children were back again, as noisy as before; so, at the first thunder from the stable, I shut up my book, and returned to the inn.

While the horses were being harnessed, I tried to talk with an old native, who wore the island costume, and was as grim and grizzly as Ossawatomie Brown. A party of country people from the plains, who seemed to have come up to Valldemosa on a pleasure trip, clambered into a two-wheeled cart drawn by one mule, and drove away. My old friend gave me the distances of various places, the state of the roads, and the quality of the wine; but he seemed to have no conception of the world outside of the island. Indeed, to a native of the village, whose fortune has simply placed him beyond

the reach of want, what is the rest of the world? Around and before him spreads one of its loveliest pictures; he breathes its purest air; and he may enjoy its best luxuries, if he heeds or knows how to use them.

Up to this day the proper spice and flavour had been wanting. Palma had not only interested me, but in Valldemosa I found the inspiration, the heat and play of vivid, keen sensation, which one (often somewhat unreasonably) expects from a new land. As my carriage descended, winding around the sides of the magnificent mountain amphitheatre, in the alternate shadows of palm and ilex, pine and olive, I looked back, clinging to every marvellous picture, and saying to myself over again, "I have not come hither in vain." When the last shattered gate of rock closed behind me, and the wood of insane olive-trunks was passed, with what other eyes I looked upon the rich orchard-plain! It had now become a part of one superb whole; as the background of my mountain view, it had caught a new glory, and still wore the bloom of the invisible sea.

In the evening I reached the "Four Nations," where I was needlessly invited to dinner by certain strangers, and dined alone on meats cooked in rancid oil. When the cook had dished the last course, he came into a room adjoining the dining apartment, sat down to a piano in his white cap, and played loud, long, and badly. The landlord had papered this room with illustrations from all the periodicals of Europe: dancing-girls pointed their toes under cardinals' hats, and bulls were

baited before the shrines of saints. Mixed with the wood-cuts were the landlord's own artistic productions, wonderful to behold. All the house was proud of this room, and with reason; for there is assuredly no other room like it in the world. A notice in four languages, written with extraordinary flourishes, announced in the English division that travellers will find "confortation and modest prices." The former advantage, I discovered consisted in the art of the landlord, the music and oil of the cook, and the attendance of a servant so distant that it was easier to serve myself than seek him; the latter may have been "modest" for Palma, but in any other place they would have been considered brazenly impertinent. I should therefore advise travellers to try the "Three Pigeons," in the same street, rather than the "Four Nations."

The next day, under the guidance of my old friend, M. Laurens, I wandered for several hours through the streets, peeping into court-yards, looking over garden-walls, or idling under the trees of the Alameda. There are no pleasant suburban places of resort, such as are to be found in all other Spanish cities; the country commences on the other side of the moat. Three small cafés exist, but cannot be said to flourish, for I never saw more than one table occupied. A theatre has been built, but is only open during the winter, of course. Some placards on the walls, however, announced that the national (that is, Majorcan) diversion of baiting bulls with dogs would be given in a few days.

The nôblesse appear to be even haughtier than in Spain, perhaps on account of their greater poverty; and much more of the feudal spirit lingers among them, and gives character to society than on the main-land. Each family has still a crowd of retainers, who perform a certain amount of service on the estates, and are thenceforth entitled to support. This custom is the reverse of profitable; but it keeps up an air of lordship, and is therefore retained. Late in the afternoon, when the new portion of the Alameda is in shadow, and swept by a delicious breeze from the sea, it begins to be frequented by the people; but I noticed that very few of the upper class made their appearance. So grave and sombre are these latter, that one would fancy them descended from the conquered Moors, rather than the Spanish conquerors.

M. Laurens is of the opinion that the architecture of Palma cannot be ascribed to an earlier period than the beginning of the sixteenth century. I am satisfied, however, either that many fragments of Moorish sculpture must have been used in the erection of the older buildings, or that certain peculiarities of Moorish art have been closely imitated. For instance, that Moorish combination of vast, heavy masses of masonry with the lightest and airiest style of ornament, which the Gothic sometimes attempts, but never with the same success, is here found at every step. I will borrow M. Laurens' words, descriptive of the superior class of edifices, both because I can find no better of my own,

and because this very characteristic has been noticed by him. "Above the ground-floor," he says, "there is only one story and a low garret. The entrance is a semicircular portal without ornament; but the number and dimensions of the stones, disposed in long radii, give it a stately aspect. The grand halls of the main story are lighted by windows divided by excessively slender columns, which are entirely Arabic in appearance. This character is so pronounced, that I was obliged to examine more than twenty houses constructed in the same manner, and to study all the details of their construction, in order to assure myself that the windows had not really been taken from those fairy Moresque palaces, of which the Alhambra is the only remaining specimen. Except in Majorca, I have nowhere seen columns which, with a height of six feet, have a diameter of only three inches. The fine grain of the marble of which they are made, as well as the delicacy of the capitals, led me to suppose them to be of Saracenic origin."

I was more impressed by the *Lonja*, or Exchange, than any other building in Palma. It dates from the first half of the fifteenth century, when the kings of the island had built up a flourishing commerce, and expected to rival Genoa and Venice. Its walls, once crowded with merchants and seamen, are now only opened for the Carnival balls and other festivals sanctioned by religion. It is a square edifice, with light Gothic towers at the corners, displaying little

ornamental sculpture, but nevertheless a taste and symmetry, in all its details, which are very rare in Spanish architecture. The interior is a single vast hall, with a groined roof, resting on six pillars of exquisite beauty. They are sixty feet high, and fluted spirally from top to bottom, like a twisted cord, with a diameter of not more than two feet and a half. It is astonishing how the airy lightness and grace of these pillars relieve the immense mass of masonry, spare the bare walls the necessity of ornament, and make the ponderous roof light as a tent. There is here the trace of a law of which our modern architects seem to be ignorant. Large masses of masonry are always oppressive in their effect; they suggest pain and labour, and the Saracens, even more than the Greeks, seem to have discovered the necessity of introducing a sportive, fanciful element, which shall express the delight of the workman in his work.

In the afternoon, I sallied forth from the western coast-gate, and found there, sloping to the shore, a village inhabited apparently by sailors and fishermen. The houses were of one story, flat-roofed, and brilliantly whitewashed. Against the blue background of the sea, with here and there the huge fronds of a palm rising from among them, they made a truly African picture. On the brown ridge above the village were fourteen huge windmills, nearly all in motion. I found a road leading along the brink of the overhanging cliffs, toward the castle of Belver, whose brown mediæval

turrets rose against a gathering thunder-cloud. This fortress, built as a palace for the kings of Majorca immediately after the expulsion of the Moors, is now a prison. It has a superb situation, on the summit of a conical hill, covered with umbrella-pines. In one of its round, massive towers, Arago was imprisoned for two months in 1808. He was at the time employed in measuring an arc of the meridian, when news of Napoleon's violent measures in Spain reached Majorca. The ignorant populace immediately suspected the astronomer of being a spy and political agent, and would have lynched him at once. Warned by a friend, he disguised himself as a sailor, escaped on board a boat in the harbour, and was then placed in Belver by the authorities, in order to save his life. He afterwards succeeded in reaching Algiers, where he was seized by order of the Bey, and made to work as a slave. Few men of science have known so much of the romance of life.

I had a long walk to Belver, but I was rewarded by a grand view of the Bay of Palma, the city, and all the southern extremity of the island. I endeavoured to get into the fields, to seek other points of view; but they were surrounded by such lofty walls that I fancied the owners of the soil could only get at them by scaling-ladders. The grain and trees on either side of the road were hoary with dust, and the soil, of the hue of burnt chalk, seemed never to have known moisture. But while I loitered on the cliffs the cloud in the west

had risen and spread; a cold wind blew over the hills, and the high gray peaks behind Valldemosa disappeared, one by one, in a veil of rain. A rough *tartana*, which performed the service of an omnibus, passed me returning to the city, and the driver, having no passengers, invited me to ride. "What is your fare?" I asked. "Whatever people choose to give," said he,—which was reasonable enough; and I thus reached the "Four Nations" in time to avoid a deluge.

The Majorcans are fond of claiming their island as the birthplace of Hannibal. There are some remains, supposed to be Carthaginian, near the town of Alcudia; but, singularly enough, not a fragment to tell of the Roman domination, although their *Balearis Major* must have been then, as now, a rich and important possession. The Saracens, rather than the Vandals, have been the spoilers of ancient art. Their religious detestation of sculpture was at the bottom of this destruction. The Christians could consecrate the old temple to a new service, and give the names of saints to the statues of the gods; but to the Moslem every representation of the human form was worse than blasphemy. For this reason, the symbols of the most ancient faith, massive and unintelligible, have outlived the monuments of those which followed.

In a forest of ancient oaks near the village of Arta, there still exist a number of Cyclopean constructions, the character of which is as uncertain as the date of their erection. They are cones of huge, irregular blocks,

the jambs and lintels of the entrances being of single stones. In a few, the opening is at the top, with rude projections resembling a staircase to aid in the descent. Cinerary urns have been found in some of them, yet they do not appear to have been originally constructed as tombs. The Romans may have afterwards turned them to that service. In the vicinity there are the remains of a Druid circle, of large upright monoliths. These singular structures were formerly much more numerous, the people (who call them "the altars of the Gentiles") having destroyed a great many in building the village and the neighbouring farm-houses.

I heard a great deal about a cavern on the eastern coast of the island, beyond Arta. It is called the Hermit's Cave, and the people of Palma consider it the principal thing to be seen in all Majorca. Their descriptions of the place, however, did not inspire me with any very lively desire to undertake a two days' journey for the purpose of crawling on the belly through a long hole, and then descending a shaky rope-ladder for a hundred feet or more. When one has performed these feats, they said, he finds himself in an immense hall, supported by stalactitic pillars, the marvels of which cannot be described. Had the scenery of the eastern part of the island been more attractive, I should have gone as far as Arta; but I wished to meet the steamer *Minorca* at Alcudia, and there were but two days remaining.

BALEARIC DAYS.

II.

BALEARIC DAYS.

THE same spacious omnibus and span of dun-coloured ponies which had taken me to Valldemosa came to carry me across the island. As there is an excellent highway, and the distance to Alcudia is not more than ten leagues, I could easily have made the journey in a day; but I purposely divided it, in order to secure a quiet, unhurried enjoyment of the scenery of the interior. It had rained violently all night, and the morning of my departure from Palma was cold and overcast. The coachman informed me that four months had elapsed since a drop of rain had fallen, and that for two years past the island had suffered from drought. I therefore wrapped myself in my cloak, contented with the raw air and threatening sky, since the dry *acequias* would now flow with new streams, and the empty tanks of the farmers be filled.

It was like a rainy day in the tropics. There was a gray veil all over the sky, deepening into blackness where the mountains drew down the showers. The soil, yesterday as dry as a cinder, already looked soggy and drenched, and in place of white, impalpable dust, puddles of water covered the road. For the first two leagues, we drove over a dead level, seeing nothing but fig, olive

and almond trees, with an occasional palm or cactus fading out of sight in the rain. Majorca is in reality the orchard of the Mediterranean. All its accessible surface is not only covered with fruit-trees, but the fruit is of the most exquisite quality. The apricots are not dry and insipid, but full of juice, and with a flavour as perfect as that of a peach. The oranges and figs seemed to me the finest I had ever tasted; even the date-palm matures its fruit, and the banana grows in the same garden with the cherry and apple. The valley of Soller, the only port on the western side of the mountains, was described to me as one unbroken orchard of superb orange-trees, a league or two in length. The difficulty of transportation has hitherto robbed the people of the profits of their production, and a new prosperity has come with the recent improvement of their roads. Within a league of Palma an entire village has been built within the last five years; and most of the older towns are in rapid process of enlargement.

After the second league, the country became undulating, the trees were loftier and more luxuriant, and woods of picturesque Italian pine covered the rocky crests of the hills. The mountains on the left assumed very bold and violent forms, rising through the dim atmosphere like so many detached towers and fortresses. There were two dominant peaks, which in the sheer escarpment of their summits resembled the crags of Königstein and Lilienstein in Saxony. They were the Torella and the Puig (Peak) Major—grand, naked,

almost inaccessible mountains, which shed the rain like a roof. The water-courses which came down from them were no longer dry hollows, but filled to the brim with swift roaring, turbid floods. These peaks appeared to be detached nearly to the base, and between their steep abutments the mouths of dim, folding gorges gave promise of rare and original scenery within their recesses.

We passed Santa Maria, a beautiful little village of two streets, at the intersection of which rises a fine square belfry, connected with the buildings of a defunct monastery. The picture was so pleasant that I brought its outlines away with me. In spite of the rain, the people were at work in the fields, turning the red soil about the roots of the olive-trees. The flowing trousers were no longer to be seen; even the old men here wore the *gigot*. Others, with the words *Peon caminero* on their caps, were breaking stones by the roadside. I received a friendly *Bŏn di'* / from each and all. Both robbery and beggary are unknown in Majorca; they have no place in a land of so much material order and cheerful industry.

Beyond Santa Maria the road again became quite level, and the courses of the streams pointed to the northern shore. The fruit-trees temporarily gave place to vineyards so luxuriant that the shoots, unsupported by stake or trellis, threw their tendrils around each other, and hid the soil under a deluge of green. The wine of Benisalem (Arabic *beni-salaam*, "the children

of peace") is considered the best on the island. It is a fiery, golden-brown vintage, resembling ripe old Malaga in flavour.

We were within a league of Inca,—my destination,—when the rain, which had already blotted out the mountains, began to drive over the plain. A fine spray beat through the canvas cover of the omnibus, condemning me to a blind, silent, and cheerless half-hour of travel. Then, between garden-walls, over which the lemon-trees hung great boughs breaking with fruit, and under clumps of rustling and dripping palms, I entered Inca. My equipage drew up before the door of a new *fonda* in a narrow old street. There were billiards and coffee on the ground-floor; over them a long hall, out of which all the doors and staircases issued, served as a dining-room. The floors were tiled, the walls white-washed and decorated with the lithographed histories of Mazeppa and Hernan Cortez, and the heavy pine joists of the ceiling were fresh and unpainted. There was an inconsiderate waste of space in the disposition of the rooms and passages which was pleasant to behold. Contrary to the usual habit of travellers, I ventured into the kitchen, and found it—as it ought to be—the most cheerful and attractive part of the house. The landlord brought a glass of the wine of Benisalem to stay my hunger; but I was not obliged to wait over-long for the excellent meal of eggs, kid with pepper-sauce, and an exquisite dish of lobster stewed with leeks and tomatoes, which I tasted for the first time.

Towards evening the rain subsided, and I went forth to view the place, finding a picture at every turn. First, a group of boys burning shavings before a church-door; then a gable embowered with one enormous grape-vine, and touched with sunshine, while beneath, in the gloom of a large arch, the family ate their supper; then a guitar-player in the door of a barber's shop, with a group around him, or a company of women, filling their jars at a fountain. The town is built upon an irregular hill, overlooking the finest orchards of Majorca. The clusters of palm-trees which spring from its topmost gardens are far more beautiful than its church-towers. Nothing can be more picturesque than the narrow valleys on either side, which slope sufficiently to bring out in sumptuous contrast the foliage of the terraced gardens. The people looked at me curiously, but with no unfriendly air, as I followed the winding streets into the country, or loitered through some country lane back into the town. Only two persons spoke to me—the letter-carrier, and a boy who was trying to knock down swallows with a long pole. The latter made a remark which I did not understand, but it was evidently witty, for we both laughed. The workmen at their avocations sang with all their force, and very dismally. It was difficult to say which were the more insignificant—the melodies or the words of their songs. One specimen of the latter will suffice to give an idea of both:—

"On Sundays the young girls you may view,
(Since they nothing better have then to do),

Watering their pots of carnation sweet :
Saying, Drink, my dears, for you cannot eat!"

When I returned to the fonda, the landlord took me into a part of his house which was built like a tower above the level of the city roofs. A thunderous mass of clouds still hung over the Puig Major, but between its rifts the low sun cast long lines of brassy radiance over the wide landscape. Westward rose the torn and shattered mountains; eastward the great orchard-plain stretched away into purple dimness, only broken by the chapel crowned peak of Santa Maddalena, near at hand, and the signal mountain of Felaniche in the distance. Inca, under my feet, resounded with wailing noises, which, nevertheless, expressed the cheerfulness and content of the inhabitants. Through the lanes dividing the rich vegetation, the labourers were flocking homeward from their fields; rude *tartanas* rattled along the broad white highway; and the chimes of vesper presently floated over the scene in slow soothing vibrations. "You see how beautiful the country is!" said the landlord; "I suppose there is nothing finer in the world. You will think so too, when you have been to the cemetery, and have seen the new monument. It is wonderful! A basket full of flowers, and if they were not all white, you would take them to be real. They say it cost an immense amount of money."

When I asked for *juevos* (eggs) for my supper, the landlady shook her head until somebody suggested *joãos!* with a sound like the whistling of wind through

a keyhole. They were then speedily forthcoming, with another dish of the lobster and leeks, and a bottle of excellent wine. I was kept awake for a long time that night, by the thrumming of guitars and the click of billiard balls in the café below; and when sleep finally came, it was suddenly broken by the bursting open of the doors and windows of my room. The house seemed to rock under the stress of the hurricane; the lightning played through the torrents of rain in rapid flashes of transparent silver, accompanied with peals like the crashing down of all the *Puigs* in the mountain-chain. But at sunrise, when I went upon the roof, I found the island sparkling under the purest of morning skies, every leaf washed, every outline of the landscape recut, and all its colours bright as if newly dyed. A bracing north wind blew over the fields, and there was an expression of joy in the very dance of the boughs and the waving of the vines.

When we set out for Alcudia, the coachman first drove to a fountain at the foot of the hill, and watered his horses. There was a throng about the place,—old women with huge earthen amphoræ, young girls with jars, which they carried on the hip, donkeys laden with casks, and children carrying all sorts of smaller vessels. The water is brought from the mountains to this fountain, which never fails in its supply. It is shaded by grand old plane and carob trees, which throw a network of light and gloom over the great stone tanks and the picturesque moving crowds. Rising out of the

glen where it stands, I saw the mountains bare in the morning sun, every crevice and jag of their rocky fronts painted with a pre-Raphaelite pencil. Past the foot of the solitary mountain of Santá Maddalena ran our road, and then northward over a second plain, even richer than that of Palma.

The olive and almond trees by the roadside had been washed clean of dust, but they hissed in the breeze as dryly as if they had never known rain. The very colours of the olive, ilex, and myrtle express aridity. Their dry leaves seem to repel moisture, even as the mellow, sappy green of the North seems to attract it. But their soft grays relieve the keen, strong tints of soil, sea, and sky, and we could ill spare them from these landscapes. As accessories to sun-browned houses, or masses of ruined architecture, they are invaluable. They belong naturally to an atmosphere of age and repose, while fresh turf and deciduous trees perpetually reproduce the youth of Nature. Something of Attica always comes to me with the olive, something of Tusculum and the Sabine farm with the ilex. The box, I know not why, suggests the Euphrates; and the myrtle in bloom, the Garden of Eden.

While these thoughts were passing through my mind, the road slowly fell to the northward; and I beheld in the distance fields of a green so dazzling that the hackneyed term "emerald" seems much too dull to express it. It positively *burned* in the sun, drawing into itself the lustre of the sky, the distant sea, and the

leagues of glittering foliage. Over it rose, as a completer foil, the gray mountains of the peninsula dividing the bays of Pollenza and Alcudia. I was at a loss to guess what plant could give such an indescribable colour; and not until we were within a stone's-throw did I recognise the leaves of hemp. An open, marshy plain, entirely bare of trees, bordered the bay at this point. The splendid orchards ceased; the road crossed some low hills overgrown with ilex and pine, a turbid, roaring stream, with poplars on its banks; and then a glimmer of the sea, on either hand, showed that we had reached the peninsula. There were Moorish *atalayas*, or watch-towers, on the summits nearest the sea, and a large ruined fortress of the Middle Ages on a hill inland. Alcudia, with its yellow walls, its cypress and palm-trees, now appeared at the foot of the barren heights, oriental in every feature. It was a picture from the Syrian coast, needing only the old Majorcan costume for the labourers in the fields to be perfect.

Contrasted with those parts of the island which I had seen, the country appeared singularly lonely and deserted. Few persons met us on the road, and we passed none on their way to the town. Grass grew on the huge walls of defence, the stones were slipping from the arch of the gateway, and we passed into a silent street, without seeing a living thing. My coachman stopped before a mean-looking house, with no sign or other indication of its character, and informed me that it was the only fonda in the place. A woman who

came to the door confirmed this statement, modestly adding, "We are not very fine, but we will give you what we have." A narrow room on the ground-floor was at once entrance-hall, dining-room, and kitchen; it contained one table, three chairs, much dirt, and very nimble insects. The inmates were two women, and a small dog with a bell on his neck, which, whenever he scratched his head with his hind foot, rang a peal of alarm through the house. Feeling the need of consolation, I summoned a boy from the street, and gave him some money to bring me cigars from the *estanco;* but the hostess, taking the coin, cried out in great excitement: "Don't send that! Holy Mother, don't send that! You'll lose a *'chavo* on it!" The coachman burst into a laugh, repeating, "Lose a *'chavo!*"—which is about the eighth part of a cent; but the woman was so horrified at the idea that I gave the boy another coin.

While the eggs and tough scraps of beef destined for my meal were simmering in pans of strong oil, the hostess conducted me into a room above, which contained a large and very ancient bed, five blue chests, and twenty-three pictures of saints. "There!" she exclaimed, with a wave of the arm and a look of triumph, "my own room, but you shall have it! We may not be very fine, but we give what we have.' Whatever my thoughts may have been, it was quite impossible to avoid expressing my entire satisfaction.

I took my books, went outside the walls to a tower which I had noticed on the ridge, and there found the

very view of the town, the mountains, and the bay, which a stranger would desire to take home with him. In the full noonday sunshine, there was scarcely shadow enough to relieve the clear golden tints of the landscape; but the place was entirely deserted, which was a better fortune than I enjoyed at Valldemosa. Three peasants were reaping wheat in a little field behind the tower; now and then a donkey and rider jogged slowly along the distant highway; but no one seemed to notice the mysterious stranger. I had an undisturbed dream of two hours, for the forms before me, half borrowed from my memories of Oriental life, half drawn from those landscapes which rise in our minds as we read the stories of the Middle Ages, satisfied both the eye and the fancy. Some scenes suggest the sound of a flute and Theocritan idyls; others, horns and trumpets, and fragments of epic poetry; but here the only accompaniment was cymbals, the only poems suggested were "Fatima" and "Rudel to the Lady of Tripoli."

In the afternoon I walked around the city walls, climbed upon them, visited the deserted monastery of San Diego, and wandered at will through its picturesque ruins. The place is surrounded by double walls of great strength, divided by a moat cut out of the solid rock. The caper-plant, the ivy, and the wild fig-tree have taken possession of the parapet and the rifts between the stones, goats browse in the bottom of the moat, and children's faces peep forth from the watch-towers on the ramparts. Outside the principal gate, I

came upon a Gothic cross, resting on an octagonal base, so very old and weather-beaten that it must certainly have been erected during the first years of the conquest. The walls of the city are said to be Saracenic; but the people are poor authority on this or any other historical point. It is certain, at least, that Alcudia was formerly much more important than now. Its bay was a naval station, whence expeditions were sent out to Africa or the Levant; and there were times when the kings of Spain built whole fleets from the forests of the island.

Of late, a little fresh life has begun to flow into the silent old town. On the shore of the bay, a few miles off, an English company has undertaken agricultural operations on a grand scale. Many square leagues of the former useless pestiferous marches have been drained, steam-engines erected to supply water for irrigation, and an attempt made to cultivate cotton. Concerning the success of the undertaking, I heard the most contradictory accounts. The people could only tell me of the immense sums expended,—sums which appeared almost fabulous to them. The agents, of course, claimed to be entirely successful, notwithstanding the cotton-plants, this year, will scarcely produce enough to pay for the seed. Last year (1866), I was informed the yield was very fine: the staple being equal to that of our Sea-island cotton. The intention of the English capitalists was probably to produce a similar article, and it cannot be denied that they have shrewdly chosen the spot for the experiment.

When the afternoon shadow filled the street, I seated myself at the door of the fonda, and amused myself with the movements of some carpenters in an opposite shop. Two lusty apprentices were engaged in the slow labour of sawing beams into boards, while the master fitted together the parts of a door. The former used an upright saw, one standing on a frame overhead, and the other on the floor below; they were just an hour and a half in sawing five boards from a beam a foot wide and sixteen feet long. Whenever a neighbour dropped in to gossip with the master, the saw stopped, and the apprentices took an active part in the conversation. There was also a boy of twelve years old, who did no work except in the way of singing. With his head thrown back, and his mouth open to its fullest extent, he poured forth an endless succession of piercing cries, recommencing, at the end of each lamentable close of the measure, with a fury and frenzy which nearly drove me wild. The little dog in the fonda, from time to time, rang a suggestive peal upon his bell, and echoes from other streets, and distant bells from other tormented dogs, filled up the pauses of the performance.

At sunset the other inmates of the fonda began to collect. First there arrived two French workman, of mean aspect; then a Spanish cavalier, who was evidently a person of some importance, for he invited nobody to partake of his supper. He was a large, olive-coloured man, with a loud voice and opaque gray eyes,

in which, as he fixed them upon my face, I read the question, "Are you not going to salute me?" I returned the look, and my eyes answered, "Who art thou, that I should salute thee?" After these remarks, which both understood, we spoke no more. Several natives came, during the evening, to be paid for some service; but they received no money. The two Frenchmen supped with the hostess and her family, but the important Spaniard and myself had our meals apart. Finally the comedy became tiresome, and I went to bed.

Not to sleep, alas! The little dog's bell was silent through the night, but had there been one around my neck it would have chimed the quarter-hours without a single failure. The steamer for Minorca was expected in the bay at sunrise; so I arose with the first stir in the house, and found two gentlemen who had come from Palma during the night, and three man-of-war's men, waiting in the street for an omnibus which was to carry us to the mole. We all waited together an hour, took chocolate, and then, after another half-hour, were requested to climb into a two-wheeled cart, drawn by a single horse. The hostess said to me, "We are not very fine, and I don't know how much you ought to pay, but I will take what you think right,"—which she did, with honest thanks, and then we clattered out of the gate.

A descent of two miles between fields of wheat and olives brought us to the mole, where we found only a few lazy boatmen lying upon heaps of iron castings,

which were waiting, apparently, for the English engineers. Shoals of young sardines sprinkled the clear green deeps of the sea with a million points of light, and some dead flounders lay like lozenges of silver among the dark weeds of the bottom. A new fish-crate, floating beside the pier, was a mild evidence of enterprise. The passengers sat in the sun until it became too powerful, then in the shade, and so another hour and a half rolled away. With the first appearance of the steamer, we got into a boat, and slowly floated out between two crystal atmospheres (so transparent is the sea) into the roadstead.

The extent of the Bay of Alcudia cannot be less than fifteen miles, for our deliberate steamer was nearly two hours in getting its southern headland a-beam. Once outside, the eastern coast of Majorca opened finely with a long, diminishing group of mountains, and the dim, nearly level outline of Minorca appeared in front. The sea was like a mirror, broken only at times by a floating turtle or the leap of a dolphin. I found the Mahonese on board to be a very different class of persons from the Majorcans in whose company I had left Barcelona. Port Mahon was for twenty years our Mediterranean naval station; and although for twenty years it has ceased to be so, there are still traces of intelligence, of sympathy, of language, and of blood, which our quasi-occupation has left behind. Two of the passengers had visited America, one had an American wife in Minorca, and all became friendly and communicative when

my nationality was announced. They had faithfully followed the history of our navy through the war, and took especial pains to claim Admiral Farragut as a countryman. His father, they said, was a Minorcan, and the farm in the interior of the island upon which he once lived still bears the family name. I was brought back suddenly from the times of Tancred (which had faded out of sight with the walls of Alcudia) to our stormy politics and the new names they have given to history.

All the afternoon we skirted the southern coast of Minorca. The town of Ciudadela, at its western extremity, showed like a faint white mark in the distance; then some groups of hills interrupted the level table of the island, and, farther eastward, the solitary mountains of El Toro. The two gentlemen of Palma, neither of whom had ever before made a journey, went below and slept the sleep of indifference. Many of the Mahonese followed their example; and, the quarter-deck being left clear, I stretched myself out over the cabin skylight, and quietly watched the moving shore, as if it were some immense diorama unrolled for my eyes only. The white cliffs along the sea, the tawny harvest-fields, the gray olives embosoming villages and country-houses, and the occasional shafts of cypress or palm, slowly photographed themselves upon my consciousness, and became enduring pictures. Had I climbed and hammered the cliffs as a geologist, scoured the fields as a botanist, analyzed the soil, or even measured its undulations, I

could not have obtained a completer impression of Minorca.

El Toro was drifting astern, and the island of Ayre showed its light-house in front, when the sound of a guitar disturbed my comfortable process of absorption, and brought the sleepy passengers upon deck. The performer was a blind Spaniard, a coarse-featured, clumsy man, whose life and soul had gone into his instrument, separating light, beauty, and refinement, from earthy darkness. When he played, the guitar really seemed to be the man, and his body a mere holder, or music-stand. The Mahonese, I was glad to see, not only appreciated the performance, but were very liberal in their contributions.

The island of Ayre lies off the south-eastern extremity of Minorca. In the intervening strait, the sea was so wonderfully transparent that the alternations of bare limestone floor and fields of sea-weed far below our keel, changed the colour of the water from a turquoise so dazzling, that I can only call it blue fire, to an emerald gloom, pierced with golden lightnings. Even that southern temperament, which cares so little for Nature, was aroused by the sight of these splendours. The passengers hung over the railing with cries of admiration, and the blind minstrel was left to soliloquise on his guitar. Against a headland in front, the smooth sea suddenly rose in a crest of foam, behind which a gleam of darker sapphire denoted the mouth of a harbour. In a few minutes more we were abreast of the entrance to Port

Mahon, with a great ascending slope of new fortifications on the north. Hundreds of men are now employed on defences which the new developments in naval warfare have rendered useless; and the officials conceal, with the most jealous fear, the plan of a system of forts and batteries which no other nation need care to know.

The lower ground, on the southern side of the entrance to the inner harbour, is entirely covered with the ruins of the immense fortress of San Felipe, built by the English during their occupation of Minorca from 1708 to 1802. The fate of Admiral Byng, executed for a naval victory over the French, gives a tragic interest to these ruins, which, in their extent, resemble those of a city. All governments (our own included) know how to make their individual servants the scapegoats for their blunders or their incapacity; but I know not, in all history, of a case so flagrant as that of Byng. The destruction of Fort San Felipe cost nearly half a million of dollars, and yet it appears to be only partial.

On passing the channel between the fort and Cape Mola, we found ourselves in the port, but only at its entrance; the city was not yet visible. A bright white town crowned the low cliffs of the southern shore—the former Georgetown of the English, the present Villa Carlos of the Spaniards. Opposite to it, the long quarantine island divided the intensely blue water; and my fellow-passengers claimed with pride that it was capable of accommodating a whole fleet. Beyond this island the harbour bends southward, shutting out of sight the sea

entrance; it becomes a still lake, inclosed by bare, bright hills. The Isle of the King, with a splendid military hospital; the ship-yard with a vessel of a thousand tons on the stocks, and various other public constructions, appeared successively on our right. The nearer southern shore, a wall of dark gray rock, broken by deep gashes in which houses were hidden and steep roads climbed to the summit, increased in height: as we approached the end of the harbour, quays along the water, and a fresh, many-coloured, glittering town on the rocks, showed that we had reached Port Mahon. Nature has made this basin as picturesque as it is secure. The wild cliffs of the coast here pierce inland, but they are draped with splendid gardens; fields of wheat climb the hills, and orchards of olive clothe their feet; over the table-land of the island rises in the distance the purple peak of El Toro; and the city before you, raised on a pedestal a hundred feet in height, seems to be one of the most beautiful of the Mediterranean. "Did you ever see a place like that?" asked a Mahonese at my elbow. "Captain ——, of your navy, used to say that there were only three good harbours in the Mediterranean,—the months of July and August, and Port Mahon!" Captain ——, however, as my friend perhaps did not know, borrowed the remark from Admiral Andrea Doria, who made it centuries ago.

The "Fonda del Oriente" looked down upon me invitingly from the top of the rock, which was made accessible by a road carried up in steep, zigzag ramps.

At the door of the hotel, I was received by a stout old man with a cosmopolitan face, who, throwing his head on one shoulder, inspected me for a few moments with a remarkably knowing air. Then, with a nod of satisfaction at his own acuteness, he said, "Walk in, sir; how do you find yourself?" Ushering me into a chamber furnished with an old mahogany secretary, heavy arm-chairs, and antiquated prints,—the atmosphere of Portsmouth or Gravesend hanging over everything, — he continued, after another critical survey, "Mr Alexander, I believe?"

"That is not my name," I said.

"Not Alexander! Then it must be Sykes; they are brothers-in-law, you know," persisted the stout old man.

I answered him with a scrutinising stare, and the words, "Your name is Bunsby, I think?"

"O no!" he exclaimed; "I am Antonio. You can't be Mr Sykes, either, or you'd know me."

"You are talking of Englishmen; I am not English."

"Not English?" he cried. "H'm, well, that's queer; but, to be sure, you must be American. I know all the American officers that ever were here, and they know me. Ask Commodore —— and —— if they don't know Antonio! The greatest mistake I ever made was that I didn't move to Spezia with the squadron."

"Can you give me dinner?" I asked, cutting off the coming yarn.

"Stop!" he said; "don't tell me; I can guess what you want. A beefsteak rare, hey? and mixed pickles,

hey? and potatoes with their jackets on, hey? But it's to late to make a pudding, and there's no Stilton cheese! Never mind! let me alone; nobody in Port Mahon can come nearer the real thing than I can."

In vain I declared my willingness to take the Minorcan dishes. Such a taste had probably never before been expressed in all Antonio's experience of English and Americans; and my meals then and thenceforth were a series of struggles to reproduce Portsmouth or Gravesend. But the hotel was large, airy, and perfectly clean. Antonio honestly endeavoured to make me comfortable; he knew a great many of my naval friends, and I had no complaint to make with his reckoning at the close of my stay. He was, moreover, a man of progress; he corned beef, and cured hams, and introduced the making of butter (not very successfully), and taught the people how to cook potatoes. He even despatched a cheese, as a present, to Marshal Serrano, before I left Port Mahon.

Refreshed by a long sleep, which was not disturbed by any little dog with a bell on his neck, or that which the sound of the latter suggested, I sallied forth in the morning without any objective point. The city must first be seen, because it lay between me and the country. I was delighted to find wide, well-paved streets as compared with those of Palma, clean, cheerful houses, and an irregularity sufficient for picturesque effect, without being bewildering to a stranger. Very few of the buildings appeared to

be older than the last century; there was nothing characteristic in their architecture; but the city, from end to end, was gay, sunny, full of colour, *riante*, and without a trace of the usual Spanish indolence and uncleanliness. It has somewhat fallen from its former estate. Grass grows in many of the streets, and there is less noise and movement than one would look for with the actual population—some fifteen thousand. Three or four small craft in the harbour did not indicate an active commerce, and I presume the place is kept alive mainly by the visits of foreign men-of-war. A great many of the common people speak a few words of English, and you may even read "Adams, Sastre," over the door of a native tailor!

The climate, although considered harsh by the Spaniards, seemed to me perfect. The sun of June shone in a cloudless sky, flooding the sharp, clear colours of the town with a deluge of light; yet a bracing wind blew from the north, and the people in the fields and gardens worked as steadily as Connecticut farmers. I saw no loafers upon the island; and I doubt whether there are enough of them to form a class among the native population. While there was evidently a great deal of poverty, I encountered no beggars. I felt, as in Majorca, that I was among a simple-minded, ignorant, but thoroughly honest and industrious people.

The street I had chosen gradually rose as I proceeded inland; walled gardens succeeded to the

houses, and then fields of wheat or vines, separated by huge agglomerations of stones. I looked over an undulating table-land, covered with such lines and mounds of rocky *débris*, that they seemed to be the ruins of a city. Every patch of grain or fruit was inclosed by a cannon-proof fortification, and the higher ridges terminated in bald parapets, whereupon the dark mounds of box and ilex held fast and flourished without any appearance of soil. At the foot of these wild growths the fig-tree grew with wonderful luxuriance, and very often the foliage of the untamable rock was mingled with that of the gardens. Here every foot of ground had been won by the rudest, the most patient toil. Even the fields, conquered centuries ago, are not yet completely manageable; hundreds of stony fangs still protrude from the surface, and the labourer is obliged to follow the plough with hoe and spade. Thus, in spite of the almost incredible triumphs of agriculture with which the island is covered, its general aspect is that of a barren, torn, hopeless wilderness. Without broad or grand features of landscape, it is crowded with startling contrasts and picturesque details.

I wandered southward between the high, loose walls, towards a mound which promised me a wider inland view; but on approaching it, the road entered an impenetrable shade, and passed beyond. There was no gate or entrance of any kind into the fields, so I took advantage of a jagged corner of the wall, and climbed to the top.

On the other side there was a wheat-field, in which three men were reaping. I now saw that what I had taken for a mound was a circular tower, the top of which had been torn down, forming a slope around its base, which was covered with rank thickets of mastic and myrtle. I asked the men, who had stopped work, and were curiously regarding me, whether I might cross their field and visit the ruin. "Certainly, Señor," said the master; "come down and walk about where you please." He then called, in a loud voice, "Miguel!" and presently a small boy came to light from behind a pile of rocks. "Miguel," said he, "go with the Señor to the *atalaya*, and show him the steps."

I clambered down into the little field, which, sunken between enormous walls of stone, somewhat resembled a volcanic crater. Miguel piloted me silently across the stubble, between solid mounds of ilex, which seemed no less ancient and indestructible than the rocks upon which they grew, and by a gap in an outer wall into the bed of a dry moat around the tower. The latter, though only ten feet wide, stood thick with ripe wheat; but it was bridged in one place by a line of stones, and we thus crossed without trampling down the precious stalks. There were no steps to the tower, but a zigzag path had been trampled among the ruins, at the foot of which I dismissed Miguel, and then mounted to the summit. I first looked abroad upon the bright, busy, wild, savage, wonderfully cultivated fields and gardens, the white towers and tiled roofs of the city behind me,

and a single blue fragment of the sea (like a piece chipped out of the edge of a bowl) in the east. The characteristics of Minorcan scenery, which I have already described, gave the view a character so novel and so remarkable, that I studied them for a long time before examining more closely the ruin upon which I stood.

The farmer had called it an *atalaya*, and the tower was clearly of Moorish construction. Its height must have been originally much greater, or it could not have answered its purpose of watching the sea. The hollow interior is entirely filled with the fragments, so that nothing of the structure remains except its circular form. Outside of the dry moat there is a massive pentangular wall, with a lozenge-shaped pile of solid masonry at each corner; the whole evidently designed for defence, and of later date than the tower itself. Such quantities of stones had been heaped upon the old foundations by the farmers, in clearing spaces for their crops, that very little of the masonry was to be seen. To be of service, however, the walls must have been at least twenty feet higher than at present. Many of the stones have no doubt been carried away for buildings, and there are still huge piles of them in the adjacent fields. Towering out of one of these piles I caught a glimpse of another relic of a still remoter past—an object so unexpected that I at first took it for an accidental disposition of the stones. I descended to the moat, clambered over the outer wall, and made my way to the spot.

It was a Celtic *tor*, or altar—a large upright block of

gray limestone, supporting a horizontal block about ten feet in length. The pillar was so buried in fragments, which had been piled about it, that I could not ascertain its height; but the character of the monument was too distinctly marked to admit of a question. After returning to Port Mahon, I found that its existence was well known. In fact, the first question asked me was, "Have you seen the Phœnician altar?" When and by whom these remarkable monuments—which are found in all the Mediterranean islands between Greece and Gibraltar—were erected, is a point which I will leave antiquarians to discuss. It pleased me, as I sat under a fig-tree which shot up through the stones, to fancy that the remains of three memorable phases in the history of man were before me,—of the Druids in the crumbling altar, of the Saracens in the watch-tower, and of the house of Aragon or Castile in the fortress enclosing it.

According to Strabo, the Balearic Islands were colonised by the Rhodians; but Strabo probably knew less about the matter than any respectable antiquarian of our own day. The people of Minorca firmly believe that Magon, the brother of Hannibal, founded Port Mahon, and they attribute the Druidic stones and the Cyclopean constructions (which are here found side by side) to the Phœnicians. The English occupation, which left at least a good map behind it, led to no historic investigations; and I cannot learn that any detailed account of the antiquities of the island has ever been published. Those remains which we call Druidic are very numerous;

some of the upright monoliths are more than twenty feet in height, supporting horizontal stones of nearly equal dimensions. Nothing but the lack of archæological knowledge prevented me from making a journey through the interior for the purpose of examining the other monuments.

I made use of my brief visit, however, to test the truth of another story, which is among the permanent traditions of the American navy. Every one has read the account of a captain's son leaping from the main-truck of a frigate; and in the days when Morris was popular, his verses commencing—

> "Old Ironsides at anchor lay
> In the harbour of Mahon,"

went the rounds of all the country newspapers. There was a melodramatic air about the incident which made me suspicious. I suppose the lines recalled themselves to my mind from the fact that Port Mahon is nowhere else noted in song. The Consul, who kindly seconded my curiosity in a matter of so little importance, went to an old Mahonese, who has had the greatest experience of our vessels and officers, and questioned him, taking care not to suggest the story in advance. But the old man instantly said: "O yes! I remember all about it. Fifty years ago or more, when the *Constitution* frigate was here, a boy climbed to the very top of the main-mast, and was obliged to jump into the harbour, as there was no other way of getting down. Not many persons saw the act, but it was much talked about, and

nobody doubted that the boy had done it." Whether the captain forced his son to take the terrible leap by threatening to shoot him with a rifle, the old man could not tell.

The next morning the Consul accompanied me on another excursion into the country. We passed through the town, and descended to an alameda which skirts the harbour to its western end, where the highway to Ciudadela strikes off towards the centre of the island. The harbour once penetrated a mile deeper into the country than at present, so the people say; but it must have been a shallow, marshy basin, as the hills around could not possibly spare enough soil to fill up and make fruitful the valley which one now enters after leaving the harbour-wall. This valley is the largest tract of unbroken garden land which I saw in Minorca. Its productiveness is apparently unlimited. Maize, cabbages, sweet potatoes, hemp, vines, vegetables of all kinds, covered the surface; date-palms and orange-trees, so overwhelmed with fruit that scarcely a green leaf showed through the dazzling gold, turned it into a garden of the tropics; while precipitous walls of limestone, resting on rough natural vaults and arches, shut out the rocky upper plateau from view. The labourers were planting new crops in the place of the old; so valuable is this rich basin that no part of its surface is allowed to lie fallow for a day.

On the left, the enclosing walls were broken by the mouth of a glen, the sides of which—regular terraces of

rock, resting on arched foundations—seemed at first sight to be the work of ark. Here, in the shade of a group of poplars and sycamores, stood the chapel of San Juan, white, cool, and solitary. A fountain, issuing from the base of the rocks near it, formed a little pool in which some women were washing clothes. The picture was Oriental in every feature,—so much so, that I was surprised not to hear "Saba'el-kheyr!" when the women said to us, "Bōn di' tenga!"

Entering the glen behind the chapel, a few paces brought us into a different world. Except upon some painfully constructed shelf of soil, built up or rescued in some way from the rocks, there was no cultivation. Our path was a natural pavement, torn by the occasional rains; bare cliffs of gray limestone, vaulted at the base, overhung us on either side, and the mounds of box on the summit sparkled against the sky. Every feature of the scenery bore the marks of convulsion. Enormous blocks had been hurled from above; the walls were split with deep irregular crevices; and even the stubborn evergreen growths took fantastic shapes of horns, fluttering wings, tufts of hair, or torn garments. Now and then a dry-leaved ilex rustled and rattled in the breeze; and the glen, notwithstanding it brimmed over with intensest sunshine, would have seemed very drear and desolate but for the incessant songs of the nightingales. While I crept under a rock to sketch a singularly picturesque combination of those crag-forms,—every one of which was a study,—the joyous birds made the place ring with

their pæans. The *day*-song of the nightingale is as cheerful as that of the lark; its passion and sorrow is kept for the night.

If I had been an artist, I should have spent a fortnight in the glen of San Juan; but as it was, having only another day in Minorca, I could not linger there beyond an hour. At the point where I sat it divides into two branches, which gradually rise, as they wind, to the level of the table-land; and the great stone-heaps commence immediately behind the topmost fringe of box. The island, in fact, is a single rock, upon the level portions of which a little soil has lodged. Wherever one may travel in the interior, it presents the same appearance. The distance from Port Mahon to the old town of Ciudadela, at the western extremity of Minorca, is about twenty-five miles; and the Consul informed me that I should find the same landscapes all the way. There is nothing remarkable in Ciudadela except a cathedral of the thirteenth century, and some Saracenic walls. On the way are the three other principal towns of the island—Alayor, Mercadal, and Ferrerias,—all of which are rudely built, and have an equal air of poverty. It was for a moment a question with me whether I should employ my little remaining time in a rapid journey to Ciudadela and back, or in strolling leisurely through the country around Port Mahon, and setting down my observations as typical of all Minorca. The reports of the Consul justified me in adopting the latter and easier course.

In the afternoon we walked to the village of San Luis, about four miles distant, and recently made accessible by a superb highway. The great drought which has prevailed in all the Balearic Islands during the past two years has seriously injured the crops, and there is much suffering in Minorca, which is so much less favoured by nature than its larger sister island. I heard of families of five persons living for months on less than twenty-five cents-a-day. Agriculture is profitable in good seasons, on account of the excellent quality of the wheat, oil, and oranges; but the deposit of soil, as I have already explained, is very shallow, there is no sheltering range of mountains as in Majorca, no supply of water for irrigation, and the average production is therefore much less certain. The price of land is high, for the reason that the proprietors are satisfied if it yields them annually two per cent of its value. Shoe making is one of the principal branches of industry in Port Mahon; but of late the foreign market has been disturbed, and the profits are so slight—whether through slow and imperfect labour or the sharpness of contractors, I did not ascertain—that any check in the trade brings immediate suffering. The people, nevertheless, are very patient; they invariably prefer work to mendicancy, and are cheerful and contented so long as they succeed in clothing and feeding themselves.

The Minorcans seemed to me even more independent and original in character than the Majorcans. There is still less of the Spaniard, but also less of the Moor, about

them. I should guess their blood to be mostly Vandal, but I stand ready to be corrected by any ethnologist who knows better. They have a rugged, sturdy air, little grace and elegance, either of body or of manner, and a simplicity which does not exclude shrewdness or cunning. It is considered almost an insult if the stranger speaks of them as Spaniards. The Governor of the island said to Marshal Serrano, the other day, when the latter was in Port Mahon in temporary exile: "The Minorcans are a curious people. You probably find that they do not take off their hats to you in the street, as you are accustomed to be saluted in Madrid?" "Yes," answered the Marshal, "I have already learned that they care nothing whatever for either you or me." The older people look back on the English occupation with regret; the younger generation would be exceedingly well satisfied if Spain would sell the island to the United States for a naval station. But all unite in calling themselves Minorcans, or Mahonese, and in drawing a very broad line between themselves and the Spaniards of the Peninsula.

The Consul confirmed my first impressions of the honesty of the people. "You may walk on any road in the island," said he, "at any hour of the day or night, with the most perfect security," He also gave them the highest praise for cleanliness and order in their domestic life, which are certainly not Spanish qualities. The young men and woman who are betrothed save every penny of their earnings, and invest them in the articles

of furniture necessary to the establishment of a household. Simple as are these latter, many years often elapse before they are all procured and the nuptials may be celebrated, the parties remaining steadfastly constant to each other during the long time of waiting. They are a people in whom almost any honest system of education, any possible sound ideas of progress, would take immediate root; but under the combined shadow of Spain and Rome, what progress *is* possible?

I have never seen Broek, in Holland, but I think San Luis must be the cleanest village in Europe. I attributed its amazing brightness, as we approached, to the keen, semi-African sun and the perfectly clear air; but I found that all the houses had been whitewashed that very afternoon, as they regularly are every Saturday. The street was swept so conscientiously that we might have seated ourselves and taken our dinner anywhere, without getting more than each man's inevitable proportion of dust in the dishes. In the open doors, as I passed, I saw floors of shining tiles, clean wooden furniture, women in threadbare but decent dresses, and children—no, the children *were* dirty, and I confess I should not have been pleased to see them otherwise. The sand and fig-stains on those little faces and hands were only health-marks, and they made the brightness of the little village endurable. It would else have seemed to be struck with an unusual disease. We went into a house where two old women—very, very poor they were, but uncomplaining—received us with simple,

unaffected friendliness. I spoke in Spanish and they in Minorcan, so that the conversation was not very intelligible; but the visit gave me a fleeting impression of the sterling qualities of the people, inasmuch as it harmonised with all that I had previously seen and heard.

The Consul conducted me to a little *casino*, where refreshments, limited in character, were to be procured. The *maestro*, a stout fellow, with the air of a Bowery butcher, opened his heart on learning that we were Americans. He had served a year on board one of our men-of-war, and repeated, over and over again, "The way things were managed there satisfied me,—it corresponded with my own ideas!" He made me read, around a spiral pillar, the words, "Casino del Progreso," saying "*That*'s what I go for!" There was a church nearly opposite, and from its architecture a man with half an eye could see that the Jesuits had had a hand in building it. This I sketched, and the progressive host, leaning over my shoulder, interpreted the drawing correctly. His extravagant admiration made me feel that I had done well, and we parted mutually satisfied. Indeed, this little village interested me even more than Port Mahon, because it was more purely Minorcan in character.

The quantities of the fig-bearing cactus about the country-houses surprised me, until I learned that the fleshy leaves are used during the dry season as food for the mules and asses. The fruit, which is said to be remarkably fine on the island, is eaten by the inhabitants,

and must form, in times of want, an important article of their food; yet so much space would not be given to the plant, or rather tree, if the animals had not been taught to subsist upon it. I have never before heard, in any part of the world, of the cactus being made useful in this way. Its huge, grotesque masses are an inseparable part of every landscape on the island.

We walked back to Port Mahon in the face of a north wind which was almost cold, which blew away the rich colour from the sunset sky, leaving it pale, clear, and melancholy in tone; yet thunder and violent rain followed in the night. I spent my last evening with the Consul and his agreeable family, and embarked on the steamer for Barcelona in the morning. As we passed out of the harbour, Antonio's daughter waved her handkerchief from the window high above, on the cliff. The salute was not intended for me, but for her husband, who was bound for Madrid, carrying with him the cheese for Marshal Serrano. Rocked on a rough sea, and with a keen wind blowing, we again coasted along the southern shore of Minorca, crossed the strait, touched at Alcudia, and then, passing the mouth of the Bay of Pollenza, reached the northern headland of Majorca at sunset. Here the mountain-chain falls off in perpendicular walls a thousand feet in height, the bases of which are worn into caverns and immense echoing vaults. The coast-forms are as grand and wonderful as those of Norway. Point after point, each more abrupt and distorted than the last, came into view as we cleared the

headland—all growing luminous in the mist and the orange light of the setting sun.

Then the light faded; the wild mountain-forms were fused together in a cold gray mass above the sea; the stars came out, and my last Balearic day was at an end.

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